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THE

TRICOLOR ON THE ATLAS;

OR,

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ALGERIA AND THE FRENCH CONQUEST.

From the German of Dr. Wagner and Other Sources,

BY

FRANCIS PULSZKY, Esq.

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PREFACE.

Among the Tourists who have given us an account of the Regency of Algeria, the Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Moritz Wagner, has distinguished himself by the liveliness of his descriptions, the earnestness of his researches, and the frankness with which he has expressed his views. He remained for three years in the Regency, and published in 1841 an amusing and instructive account of his journey. A great portion of his Work having become antiquated, I have condensed his first volume, translated his second, added an account of later events, from the capture of Constantine to the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, and given a general view of the present state of the French possessions on the north coast of Africa I have made careful use of the most recent French works on Algeria, and principally of the official Blue Book, published by imperial authority in 1853, under the title "Tableau de la Situation des Etablissements Francais dans l'Algérie, 1850–52."

FRANCIS PULSZKY.

May, 1854.

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THE

TRICOLOR ON THE ATLAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

Amongst the Arabs, Algiers is known under the name of El Jesair, which means in Arabic "The Valiant." The city is likewise called so by the Kabyles and the Negroes of the interior. As often as the natives are asked why they call this city the "Valiant," they invariably answer, "because it has humbled the Christians." But it has retained the name to this day, though the Christians have taken their revenge. We have corrupted this appellation into Algiers.

The city has a triangular form, and is situated on the amphi theatrical slope of a hill, rising 372 feet above the sea, which washes its foot. The houses are all whitewashed; they are not surmounted by gable roofs, but form terraces; and only the new buildings have windows towards the street. All the Moorish houses present a dead wall towards the thoroughfares; the city looks therefore very strange, and its aspect from the sea resembles a gigantic marble quarry. The harbour is small, scarcely affording shelter to thirty ships; but its depth is sufficient for middle sized men-of-war. A dyke thrown into the sea, and

running for 300 feet from west to east, protected the ships against the surf of the sea. The French have continued this dyke ever since 1830, and the harbour is now large enough for the requirements of trade. The population of Algiers—French troops not included—was in 1839, estimated to be 28,000: 9000 Moors, 6000 Jews, 5000 natives of the interior, Arabs, Kabyles, Biskaris, and Mozabites, and 8000 Europeans. It is therefore by no means probable, that previous to 1830, the number of inhabitants should have amounted to more than 35,000, as the number of the Mohammedans who left the city since the conquest, does not amount to more than 15,000. In 1852, the census return shows for Algiers a population of 35,197 Europeans, and 23,303 natives.

Algiers consists of two great parts. The lower portion begins at the port, and extends to the old palace of the Dey, which is situated almost in the centre of the town. The majority of the inhabitants are here Europeans, living in nice houses. The three principal streets are: Marine Street, leading from the port to the large market-place; Bab-a-Zun, leading through the gate of the same name to the country east of Algiers, and to the camps of Mustapha and Kuba; and the street Bab-el-Wad, which likewise leads from the large market-place, in a western direction, to the gate Bab-el-Wad (water gate). These three streets are the only ones where carriages can pass, being just wide enough for two carriages. Most of the houses are new; their juttings form vaulted arcades, which cover a continued row of neat trottoirs, in the style of the Rue Rivoli, in Paris, shielding the passenger from sun and rain. A great number of dark alleys, which only allow a couple of persons to pass, intersect the three principal streets in all directions; the greatest portion bears French names. The upper part of the town is dark, angular, and irregular. The narrow streets ascend so steeply, that every walk gives ample opportunity for climbing, most trying to elderly people. In rainy weather, it is impossible to descend the Citadel Street, which leads through this upper part, without

incessant stumbling and falling. A visit to the elevated portion of Algiers, which is occupied almost exclusively by natives, proves at such times a serious expedition. Yet, if we get familiar with the climate of Algiers, we also soon grow reconciled to the narrowness of its streets which are rarely more than four feet in width. In summer, when the sun's rays are glowingly reflected from the rocks, and in winter, when the floods of rain wash the stones, one always walks cool and dry over the town, shielded from heat and wet by the architecture of the houses, as the upper storeys of the buildings project over the lower floors, in the same way, and even more than we see in the ancient English towns. No doubt, this style makes the streets dark, but yields shade and cover, which is of especial benefit in this latitude to all persons inclined to intermittent fevers. All the older houses are built in the well-known Moorish style; though not so grand as in the Alhambra and other ancient Moorish buildings in Southern Spain; yet, its form is attractive and pleasing. The outside of these houses is very plain, in fact, in streets so narrow, a stately façade, if it existed, could not be viewed; besides, they have only small grated holes for windows. But inside, they strike by their architecture; which is as comfortable and nice, as it is magnificent and dazzling. A hall supported by columns leads to a stair, the walls of which are covered with gaudy glazed pottery; passing this, we get into the hall within, a square usually paved with marble, and enclosed by a colonnade which admits the light from above. Another stair leads to an upper colonnade, which, like the lower, runs all round the hall, and conducts to four apartments. In wealthier houses there is a fountain, or a basin for bathing, or a grove of orange-trees in the middle of the hall, which, as mentioned, receives the light from above; and as the Moors had no glass-ceiling, the rain freely fell into the hall, which certainly made the apartments often damp. Many French had constructed glass-roofs, which prevent this nuisance, yet likewise deprive the hall of its airy freshness. Such is the construction of all the houses in Algiers. The man-

sion of the wealthy differs from the abode of the poor only in size, and the sumptuousness of the ornamental arrangements. The floors and the columns are, with the former, commonly of white marble; large plates of gaudy glazed pottery cover the walls and passages, and contribute no less to the ornament than to the coolness of the building. As to the rest, the abodes are all alike in their furniture, and in the simplicity of implements. Some carpets or mats plaited of palm-leaves, a couple of prettily-carved, gaily painted and gilded chests, often likewise vases with rose-water, form almost the entire furniture of a Moorish room. Chairs are unknown to the inhabitants; they always take their seats on the covering of the floor, crossing their legs. Regular kitchens are not to be found in the house; the dishes are warmed in the court-yard on a moveable iron hearth. The larder contains the curious earthen cooking utensils, gigantic kegs for butter, &c. The houses are generally kept very clean; nothing but overwhelming poverty reconciles itself to filth. Every building has only two storeys, distributed in exactly the same way; the roof is flat, and surrounded by a parapet, forming airy terraces, on which the inhabitants used to walk about after sunset. The Moorish ladies likewise show themselves here in their magnificent attire, commonly without veil, but spying carefully whether any man's eye watches them from the neighbouring terrace. They, therefore, always carry a muslin handkerchief in their hand during these evening walks, instantly to cover their face if any curious look should be turned towards them. Nevertheless, this affectation of modesty, sanctified by the ancient custom of the country, is a little less strictly observed by them towards Europeans than with natives. Not as if they felt a peculiar predilection for us, but because they know that the Christian women are allowed to show themselves before the eye of man without infringing the rules of custom, or lowering themselves in our estimation. It would also be difficult for a Moorish lady—if she does not choose altogether to give up her regular exercise on the terrace—to avoid the glance of curious eyes, as many Europeans

live in the Moorish part of the town, and on mild evenings, steadily persevere in spying at the mysteries of the neighbouring houses.

The Moorish architecture, if not as grand as the venerable Gothic, or the classical Greek style of the great monuments in Europe, yet, with all its imperfections, presents an attractive sight by its general effect, nearly in the same way as the picturesque Moorish dress itself. The pleasant impression on the traveller is here yet heightened, because he scarcely expects it in a city so lately the abode of Corsairs. The interior of several buildings at Algiers—for instance, the Mansion-house or dwelling of the Governor, and the hall of justice—would, even in European capitals, allure those who delight in sights. In day-time, when a blue dazzling sky forms a vault over the colonnaded halls, when the veins of the marble paving, the complicated adornment of the porcelain walls, the curiously-sculptured columns, the horse-shoe arches, and the peculiar carving of the doors, are lighted from above by the golden rays, then a Moorish house makes an impression similar to that of a bird of the tropical lands in rich brightness; and the oddity of the form proves as little repulsive to our eye as an attractive fairy tale to the imagination of children. There is nothing mysterious in these uncommon shapes, when permeated by a flood of bright sunshine. We enjoy wandering about the galleries with the solemn gait of an Easterner, now resting our cheek against the smooth and fresh marble wall, then again listening to the monotonous gurgling of the fountain.

Among the remarkable buildings of Algiers, none is better known than the Citadel, the residence of the last Dey, which commands the whole of the city, since it is the most elevated edifice on the hill on whose ridge Algiers rises. It is a very large and strong fortress, with many apartments, courts, and shell-proof cellars. Yet, as to beauty and elegance, neither the castle, nor the ancient palace of the Deys, where the princes of Algeria held their residence up to 1818, are superior to the other structures. Though both are more spacious than the old barracks of

the janissaries, they by no means equal them, or even some private Moorish houses, in wealth and magnificence. From a distance, the castle appears as a white irregular mass of buildings, and it is only by the enormous guns stretching their mouths through the loop-holes that we perceive it to be a fort. The French have connected it with the country by the erection of side-gates; previously it had only one exit—namely, the gate which led to the "Citadel" Street. This gate is lofty enough for a man on horseback. It is of white marble, ornamented by an Arabic inscription, such as were sculptured over all the houses belonging to the Dey. Formerly a large wooden cage, filled with white doves, was placed at the side of the gate, and above it yawned the mouth of a very large gun, threatening the streets in case of riot. Passing the gate, we are in sight of a dark vaulted passage, where the water of a fountain falls into a white marble basin. Having passed it, we perceive two alleys, one leading to the late abode of Hussein-Dey, the other to the powder magazine, and to the batteries which are pointed toward the city. By a gallery, next to the vaulted passage, we get into an oblong court-yard, close to the large square colonnaded hall, which is surrounded by the apartments of the late Dey. Magnificent lemon-trees stood here formerly, and a large fountain spouted the water into a couple of ample white marble basins. The gallery at the south side of the hall is twice as wide as the others, and is supported by a double row of columns; it was used as the reception hall by Hussein-Dey, where he daily saw his officers, and publicly held his court. Along the walls, benches with gold-embroidered velvet cushions were placed, on which the Dey and the members of his council used to take their seats. The walls were covered with porcelain, ornamented with very pretty drawings; but now most of them are destroyed or injured, and the furniture of value—even the fine old-fashioned mirrors with gilded frames, the English clocks, the Moorish cushions—have all disappeared. Behind this gallery were the apartments of the Kasnaji, or first minister, and the vaults of the state's treasure, rummaged in 1830 by the

cunning treasure-seekers of the Seine, who fully well understood how to resuscitate Spanish piastres and Turkish gold from their centenary grave. The cash, amounting to fifty millions francs, was locked up in large iron boxes. Of the other treasures—jewels, gold and silver vases, and magnificent arms—a great portion was stolen, and in Algiers the pilfering is almost generally imputed to the most immediate attendants of General Bourmont, yet it was impossible to prove this charge. In the first floor, behind the hall, there are mostly small rooms, which were formerly inhabited by the household officers of Hussein-Dey. The Prince occupied the upper storeys, connected with the first floor by a magnificent marble flight of stairs. In front of the Dey's apartments, we see an open gallery, with a view over the country and the sea. Hussein-Dey lived in the eastern portion of this floor; he inhabited four rooms, two of which were very spacious, decorated in the Oriental taste, but they contained nothing remarkable. On the same side of the castle, there are yet three other rooms, two of which were filled with splendid arms and garments when the French took possession of the city; the third room was the mint. Opposite to the apartments of the Dey were the rooms of his wives. Above the second terrace there are only small rooms, affording a wide view, spreading over the city, the country, and the sea. The Dey, never venturing to leave the castle, often used to walk here, looking down upon the city, and watching what happened there. From this very spot he saw likewise the French fleet approaching the coast, which was to put an end to his sway. At present the castle is turned into barracks, grog-shops, and store-houses; the ancient magnificence has almost disappeared from the residence of the Dey. In 1830, fifty guns of very heavy calibre were found here; they were painted green on the outside, and their mouths red; their carriages were massive and immoveable. The greater portion of these cannons still remain here; some were carried to France, and put up as trophies in the Hotel des Invalides.

Previous to 1818, the Deys occupied the large building which

forms the southern façade of the market-place. It is the highest, and, next to the castle, the most extensive building of the city; but it is likewise deprived of its former riches. It has been turned into barracks and a military store-house.

The fortress called the "Emperor's Fort," beyond the city, on a hill rising 630 feet above the sea, is built of bricks, as are all the houses at Algiers. It got the name of the "Emperor's Fort" since the Emperor Charles V., in 1541, had his head-quarters on this hill, and erected here several fortifications. At the attack of the French in 1830, the greatest portion of the fort was blown up; yet the outside walls remained, and the barracks in the interior have been restored. The fortress contains two large vaults for keeping the powder stores, and is defended by fifty Turkish guns in very bad repair. On the whole, the fortifications of the city on this side are much neglected, since an attack from the natives never was feared by the French, for they never have succeeded in taking even a block-house; the slightest trench defended by a few cannons always proved an invincible obstacle to the Arabs as well as to the Kabyles.

Towards the sea, Algiers is strongly fortified. In the year 1816, the bold Lord Exmouth could yet venture to sail into the port, and to anchor so close to the pier that his bowsprit almost touched the houses. At present, even a strong fleet would dearly pay for such boldness, as, since 1816, very massive fortifications, well supplied with cannons, have been erected round the bay. In the west stands the fort, named by the French, Fort de Vingt-quatre-heures; in the east, the fort Bab-a-Zun. Other fortifications were erected all along the gulf, from Cape Caxines to Cape Matifu. At the Cape Caxines there are the "Forts de la Pointe Pescade." Two hours eastward from Algiers, on a high plateau, the camp Kuba is built, the artillery of which reaches far into the gulf. Then we find the fortified "Maison Carrée," and farther east we see the Fort de l'Eau, whose guard is intrusted to the Aribes; and lastly, the Fort Matifu, which is now quite abandoned.

Amongst the European buildings at Algiers, one only is worth

mentioning; it is the abode of Mr. Latour du Pin, a rich officer of the general staff, which forms the western façade of the large market-place. The building cost about one million of francs, and it would prove an ornament even to a European capital. In the street Bab-a-Zun there is a new structure, in half Moorish, half European style. It contains the college, the library, and the Protestant chapel, and owes its existence to the excellent Civil Intendant Bresson, an enlightened man of noble character, who, in spite of the innumerable troubles of his position, yet remained several years in Algiers, making it his task to raise a new world in Africa by education. He persisted in his efforts, though, with his aptitude for business and his oratorical talent, he might have expected a much more brilliant career in France. The exterior of the building which he founded is somewhat gaudy, and not in the best taste, but nothing has been spared for its interior arrangement and comfort. The college has separate halls for every class of scholars, who are taught both in French and in Arabic. Children of the most different nations—Germans, Spaniards, Moors, and Negroes—here write their exercises in common with Parisian boys. The library comprises two large halls, ornamented with marble. It contains many Arabic manuscripts, some of them captured in the house of Ben-Aissa, and in the different mosques of Constantine.

Previous to the French conquest, Algiers had ten large and fifty small mosques. Now these are reduced to one-half of the number. Many have been pulled down to enlarge the streets, or to make room for houses. This was likewise the fate of the most splendid temple of Algiers, which stood on the market-place. The ornamental portions of it, particularly the white marble columns, were partly preserved, and used for the improvement of the large mosque in the Rue de la Marine. One of the mosques has been turned into a theatre, another became a store-house for hay, a third is a barrack. The French government has been often accused of bad policy for such wanton desecration of the Mohammedan houses of worship, and certainly this was one of

the measures which the natives could least forget or pardon in their new rulers. But, on the other side, the number of mosques was much too large for the population. The Turks were banished from the city; many Moors emigrated to the East or other parts of Barbary; and the number of those anxious to visit the mosques decreased daily, whilst the army and the first settlers were in great want of convenient shelter. Store-houses, barracks, hospitals, had to be established, and private persons, of course, could not be turned out of their houses. The government, therefore, may certainly find excuses for their severely-censured measures, though we cannot but regret that, by this violation of religious feelings, so many natives have been estranged from the new lords of the country.

The finest work of architecture undertaken by the French government was the restoration of a large mosque in the Rue de la Marine, for which the Duke of Nemours laid the corner-stone in 1836. All the columns and marble ornaments which had been preserved from the buildings pulled down were lavished on this structure, which exhibits now a long façade of white marble columns. But the interior is not grand. A long portico, not above twenty-five feet high, surrounds several courts, where colossal orange-trees and cypresses protect a marble basin from the rays of the sun by the screen of their unfading green leaves. At this fountain the pious Mohammedans wash their hands, feet, and faces, with the utmost care, whenever they step in or out. The floor of the temple is covered with velvet carpets of different colours, richer around the sanctuary, which consists of an arched niche, in which the Mufti, Imam, or Marabut, says the prayer. Since the French rule in Algiers, the entrance into the mosques is no longer prohibited to Christians; they only must, like the Mohammedans, take off their shoes before the gate—the sacred carpet may only be trodden by bare feet. Previous to 1830, every Christian who entered a mosque was punished with death, and the floor of the mosque had to be carefully washed, and the walls freshly painted; for they were deemed to have been desecrated by the pre-

sence of a Christian. But now the Mohammedans in the seaport towns of Algeria have grown accustomed to see Frenchmen in their temples. A closer acquaintance with the infidels, under circumstances totally different from before, has greatly conciliated them to their antagonists in faith, and they do not now consider the presence of Christians as desecrating their places of worship. The calm and freshness pervading the wide colonnades of the large mosque make it a most attractive place of refuge during the hot months. I often remained there for hours, leaning against a column, and watching the single worshippers at day-time, or their more numerous groups at the evening prayers. There were among them most interesting countenances—many an old, melancholy, silver-haired Moor, longing for the promised blessings beyond this world; beside him sat his grandchild, a pretty rosy-cheeked boy, in whose heart, to tell by his appearance, fanaticism had not yet sprung up. Then again, it was so pleasant to wander about in the interior courts, under the orange-trees, and to indulge in dreamy thoughts at the rippling fountain. Every Mohammedan place of worship has a slender minaret, commonly of a rectangular form, the summit of which is adorned by the crescent. On its top the tower is surrounded by a gallery, from whence the Muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. A wooden pole rises above that gallery, on which a white flag is reared as the signal for prayers.

Another handsome mosque stands at the entrance of the Rue de la Marine, on the large place. It is painted shiningly white, much nicer and cleaner than any other building. A cupola rises above the terrace, and above the cupola a minaret, covered with slabs of porcelain of curious form and design. A third remarkable mosque stands in the Rue de la Porte Neuve, not distinguished by size, but by a pomp and elegance in its interior far superior to all the other buildings. Its form is almost round. An artistically worked column supports the cupola, the vault of which is decorated with golden ornaments and slabs of porcelain. The side of the holy niche, the place of the Imam, is ornamented by a pulpit of white marble. The balustrade of the pulpit-stairs, and

the marble canopy above the preacher, are of the most exquisite workmanship, but they probably were worked by Italians.

Close to the gate Bab-a-Zun, stands a very small mosque, rarely opened; but its splendour is to be perceived through a grated air-hole. Whilst in most of the mosques magnificence is displayed in the marble floors only, and the walls are white and bare,—in that small mosque, the walls, ceiling, and floors, are all richly decorated with velvet, and silk interwoven with gold. Above the niche, verses of the Koran are sculptured with ornamental letters. In the niche itself stands a kind of altar of marble, almost bearing the form of a sarcophagus, covered with a quantity of flags, which are heavy with resplendent embroideries and of curious forms; it is the monument of the most celebrated Prince of this Corsair republic, Hayraddin Barbarossa, who defeated the expedition of Charles V., in 1541.

The Roman Catholic Church, the cathedral of Algiers, was formerly a mosque. It is situated in the upper part of the Divan Street; and though not larger than the two mosques in the Rue de la Marine, its style of building is much purer and grander. Even the finest of the mosques are adorned only with low colonnades; but in the cathedral, columns of fifty feet support the cupola, which gets its light from above through stained glass. The altar is on the north side, decorated by a picture of the Virgin, which has been bestowed on this church by the Pope; nevertheless above the picture we still see the sentences of the Koran in interlaced Arabic characters, proclaiming that there is only one God and Mohammed his Prophet. That these sentences, though they form a most elegant ornament of arabesques, should be allowed to remain in a Christian temple is rather strange; in fact, not only are they shocking to the Christian, but the Mohammedan also would rather see them effaced than placed above the image of a deified female. And yet more strange than the interior arrangement, appeared to me the service and the assembly in the cathedral; which indeed was composed of the most incongruous elements. The mass is here almost a

military spectacle; the soldiers are drilled for it. A gay martial music resounds in the building whilst the priest mumbles his Latin formulas; the noise of twenty drums thunders through the hall as soon as the sacristan rings the bell; the soldiers standing in a square before the altar, present the musket at the command of their officer, and bend, at the same time, their right knee, and bow their heads to the ground, whilst the thundering march of the drums lasts until the priest has finished the Lord's Prayer. Then the regimental music plays pieces of Auber's and Meyerbeer's Operas; the priest raises the host and presents it to the congregation, amongst which some people have prayed, many have listened to the music, others again have turned their attention to the pious young Spanish ladies; and now,—all are talking and walking about the wide hall as if it were a public promenade.

The Protestant hall of worship is in the New Library building, a plain apartment, where a chair stands for the pulpit, and a table for the altar. Every Sunday evening the usual service of the Calvinist Church is held here; song, sermon, and once a month the communion. Whilst I was at Algiers two Protestant clergymen were there, who, at the same time, had the spiritual care of the country people, especially of the Germans, in the village Deli Ibrahim, many of whom had emigrated from Wurtemberg. In spite of the religious indifference predominant in Algiers, the Protestant service was always numerously attended; and in this congregation, partly composed of Roman Catholics, I always noticed pious devotion and respectful silence.

The eight synagogues here, stand all in the lower part of the town. Their architecture much resembles that of the mosques, with the exception of the minarets, and of the interior courts with fountains, which are wanting in the synagogues. Through a vestibule, in some of them very spacious, we entered a hall of square or oblong form, covered with carpets, or more commonly with mats; the walls are ornamented with porcelain. In the centre is a pulpit, adorned by different colours, sometimes by carvings. The text of the Old Testament, written on rolled parchment, is

kept in side-boards ornamented with great costliness. At evening service candles are lighted.

There were about one hundred Mohammedan schools in Algiers before the occupation of the French; at present half the number is closed. The boys are taught to read the Koran, to write, and a little arithmetic. In this consists the whole Mohammedan instruction at Algiers. Most of the schools are in the upper part of the city, in the Citadel Street. The classes are held in very small apartments, which are open during the lessons, so that everything going on is to be seen and heard from the street. The floor is covered with mats, on which the scholars sit barefooted with crossed legs. The schoolmaster stands in the centre with the stick in his hand. The scholars have pens carved of reed, and wooden tables on which they inscribe sentences of the Koran dictated by the teacher. One after the other glides on his knees to the schoolmaster and shows his scrawl; then they all read it together. A great deal of noise is going on in these schools; but the schoolmaster never for one moment loses his patience, or his dignified demeanour, and but very seldom uses the stick. On the whole, the scholars show much attention and zeal; the noise created by the singing and declamation of the sentences they have learnt, diverts their attention as little as the transactions in the street, or the presence of an audience. A pleasant relation and mutual confidence subsists between the schoolmaster and the scholars. The teacher very rarely displays severity, and then the pupil is commonly so deeply afflicted with sorrow, that the schoolmaster has to appease him by kind words. There are seldom more than twelve pupils in one school. The common price for every scholar is four rabbia—boojoos (one shilling and four pence) a month. Commonly the young Moors leave school in their fourteenth year, but the friendly relation between the teacher and his former pupils continues, and the old preceptor rarely fails to appear at the nuptials of the grown-up scholar.

CHAPTER II.

ALGERINE LIFE.

THE different religious communities have in Algiers different courts of justice. "The Tribunal Supérieur" consisted at the time of my stay, of a chairman and five judges, amongst whom was one Jew, and one Mohammedan. According to a later ordonnance, it had been reduced to three members, the president and two judges. It decides all civil suits (except commercial matters, which belong to the Tribunal de Commerce); and besides, every difference between a Christian, or Jew, and a Mussulman, is decided there. Misdemeanours or law-suits amongst Mohammedans come before the Kadi; differences of Jews before the chief of the Jewish nation. The member of the Chamber of Deputies, Laurence, has considerable merit in respect to the administration of justice in Algiers. He thoroughly investigated the complicated relations, and appreciated the difficulty and danger of hasty and subversive reforms in the laws of the natives, with whom so many religious prejudices were to be considered, which, though often strange and ridiculous, are yet deeply-rooted, and had grown almost sacred by their antiquity. The French code has, therefore, not been introduced among the natives; Mr. Laurence himself attended the inauguration of the new system, which had been planned almost entirely according to his views; and he had its details completed with great sagacity, so that it met with universal applause among all classes, and persons of the most different creed, mainly on account of the wise forbearance toward the ancient institutions and customs.

The building of the court of justice is situated in the upper part of the town, in the Rue de l'état Major. The sessions are held in the court-yard of the interior colonnade; the Moorish arrangement of the houses being uncommonly well-adapted to this aim, so much so that this architecture should be recommended for

all the courts of justice in Europe. The audience finds ample room in the galleries, the square of the hall being occupied by the judges, solicitors, witnesses, the beadles (huissier) and interpreters. The loftiness of the hall, its fine adornment with porcelain and marble, and the magic light admitted from above, powerfully contribute to enhance the solemnity of the public courts. Many interesting suits happened during my stay, often raised by ludicrous incidents, since men of the most different nations of Europe and Africa appeared as plaintiffs and witnesses, whose evidence and answers were often misconstrued in the most curious way by translation. With important suits the sessions of the court not seldom last till late at night; the galleries are, at such times, thronged by Europeans and natives, and in the vestibule, or at the door of the court of justice, we see likewise many veiled Moorish women, whose dark eyes brilliantly glisten through the muslin covering, and who watch the issue of the suit with intense curiosity.

The court-martial holds its sessions in a small by-street, not far from the gate Bab-a-Zun. It is almost permanently assembled, as, in consequence of the system by which the felons of the European army of France are transported to Africa and formed into battalions, crimes are frequent. The court-martial consists of seven officers, presided over by a colonel, nearly always some brave officer, bowed by age and wounds, and therefore little adapted for difficult expeditions into the interior of the country. He presides with great dignity, and is strictly severe, well aware of the character of the culprits. The most common crime in the French-African army is the sale of military accoutrement and ammunition. The temptation to drown the hardships of camp-life in wine, so as to become unconscious of them for a couple of hours, proves so irresistible to many, that even the certainty of becoming still more wretched, and to pay for the short indulgence with a year of forced labour, does not deter them from selling their military accoutrement, and even their ammunition and arms to the sutlers or the Jews of the town. Almost every Sunday we saw soldiers degraded before the garrison on the large market-

place, from whence they are taken to forced labour in the grey attire of felons. Even executions were not rare, and took place almost every week, during the rule of the stern Duke of Rovigo. An interesting case which I witnessed before the court-martial of Algiers, was that of the deserter Moncel, a man of remarkable energy of character, whose fate aroused sympathy. He had served as private among the Spahis, after he had lost his grade as non-commissioned officer, in consequence of his unruly disposition. One day he had a dispute with his lieutenant, and the latter turned him out with a kick. Moncel swore to take revenge. He fled in company with a native Spahi, equally weary of discipline, to the Hajutes, where he met with a friendly reception. The unsettled life well suited his adventurous spirit, and the Arabs had acquired in him a bold leader for all their piratical excursions to the neighbourhood of Algiers. Moncel took an Arab wife, became Sheikh of an encampment, and stood in high consideration with Abd-el-Kader, for whom he repeatedly fought bravely. The Emir sent him even on a mission to the Emperor of Morocco, who at that time paid an ample subsidy to the Arab chief. Moncel, on his return, again lived with the Hajutes, they being his adopted tribe, to which he clung with great attachment.

In November, 1836, the same squadron of Spahis, in which the adventurer had served, made an excursion to the Shiffa. A great number of Hajutes waited for them in an ambuscade, and Moncel hailed this opportunity of revenge with eagerness. The Spahis suddenly saw themselves surrounded by an enemy three times superior, and in the affray Moncel fell in with the very identical officer, who formerly had ill-treated him. Lieutenant Goert was killed, twenty Spahis remained on the field, the others escaped. Whilst the Hajutes plundered the corpses, and dreadfully mutilated them according to their wont, Moncel cut the words, "Moncel 1836," on the corpse of his former superior with his dagger. The mutilated corpses were found by the French, and roused their thirst for revenge; but all attempts failed to get Moncel into a trap. A year later, however, he was captured on the market El-

Arba, in the territory of the tribe Beni Musa, by an officer of the Bureau Arabe, who had, in disguise, ventured to the fair with a number of Spahis. The case created the greatest sensation. The access to the narrow by-street Bab-a-Zun, was quite blockaded by French people and natives, who took almost yet more lively interest in the trial, since Moncel had become their co-religionist. In former days already when he served in the infantry, he had been well known as a first rate "blagueur;" he used to amuse his comrades at the camp-fire with all kind of adventurous tales of his own life and imagination. His stay among the Arabs, where he had adopted the energetic and richly coloured language of the country, had yet more developed his remarkable oratorical talent. He stood before the court-martial in the Arab garb, appearing rather like a Marabut than as an accused culprit. His language, describing the unworthy treatment he had met from his superior, was impressed with such vigour and dignity, that it created the greatest sympathy in his audience. The slain Lieutenant Goert was forgotten, and a general outcry was heard—"Pardon, pardon, for Moncel." Every other court most likely would have admitted mitigating circumstances, but the judges of Moncel were all stern disciplinarians, grown old in service, who, though perhaps moved themselves, knew how to conquer any feeling of compassion. Colonel Schauenburg led the debate in his own hard and vigorous way, and the "rapporteur" directed the attention of the judges to the necessity of giving a warning example to all the "mauvaises têtes" of the army. These reasons prevailed; Moncel was sentenced to death, and shot before the gate Bab-el-Wad. His death made a great impression upon the natives, as well as upon the soldiers of the corps in which he had served, and whom he had exhorted, even in the moment preceding his death, never to submit to ill treatment. His friends, the Hajutes, swore to avenge his death, as if he had been a Marabut. They kept this oath faithfully; and all the murders which had been averted for a while by the peace at the Tafna, but which, towards the close of 1837, spread again with renewed terror, were committed on

account of the executed renegade, whose death the Arabs did not forgive to General Damrémont, as little as they ever forgave the execution of El-Arbi-ben-Mussa, which had taken place under the Duke of Rovigo.

Near to the street Bab-el-Wad is the Mohammedan court of justice, as public as the French "Tribunal Supérieur," and no less dignified. The Kadi-Maleki is in Algiers the most powerful and the most respected civil officer of the Mussulmans, as the Mufti El-Hanefi is the most important of their priests. At the period of my stay it was Sidi-Hamet-ben-Jadun who filled this office, a mild and calm old man, who possessed the oriental dignity, in the highest degree, that majesty of a prophet so strikingly impressive with noble manliness, and attractively set forth by the picturesque costume. The Kadi-Maleki holds his judiciary sessions in a single apartment adorned by carpets only. He is distinguished from the other Moors by the high and ample turban, plaited in many regular folds, which is likewise the costume of his clerks. The same style of turban is the attribute of the Mohammedan priests of every kind in the cities, and of the Imams, Talebs (doctor) and Marabuts (saints) in the country. The Kadi occupies a raised seat at the head of an oval table, before him lies the open Koran bound in gold. To his right and left, at the same table, sit the Khojas (clerks), who pen every case, write all the documents of sales or other transactions, and who sometimes, in questions of importance, whisper their advice to the Kadi. There are twelve of those Khojas at Algiers, but they relieve one another in their lucrative functions. Most of them are fine men, with splendid beards; some with grey hair and wrinkled countenance, others manly and vigorous with glistening eyes and raven hair. The plaintiff and defendant, led by Shaushs (beadles), advance to the end of the table, opposite to the Kadi. If there are women among the plaintiffs, they are not admitted to the justice hall, but they state their case to the Kadi, whilst remaining in the yard, and addressing him through a grated window. The law-suits are very amusing, even for those who have but scanty

or no knowledge of the Arabic, especially if women are the plaintiffs. Their volubility, well supported by their animated gesticulations, is most striking, in contrast with the never-to-be-disturbed calmness of the Kadi, who listens to the protracted and passionate disputes of the plaintiff and defendant, without evincing the slightest impatience either by movements or expression of countenance. No quarrel can affect the dignified deportment of the Kadi. With bowed head, calmly, thoughtfully, he listens to the shrill voices; then occasionally puts a question, takes the evidence of the witnesses, if there are any, and at last pronounces his sentence with the same well-calculated and measured dignity. His judgment is always accepted without appeal, and with humble resignation, and both parties kiss his hands both before and after the trial. The sentence is commonly immediately executed. The bastinado on the soles is the most frequent punishment of culprits, and is preferred by them to prison. It does credit to the French government, that it has attempted to abolish this barbarous mode of punishment. But the measure did not meet with any sympathy, thanks, or support with the natives. Of course it could not be carried against the inclination of the parties concerned, though reasonable remonstrances were not spared; but they were all in vain. The humane aim was not appreciated. The French, with whom, among all the nations of Europe, the feeling for the dignity of man is most deeply rooted and most vigorously developed, are roused to indignation by the very idea of corporal punishment, and such a sentiment is always the sign of the culture of a people. But barbarians consider the physical pain alone in this mode of punishment, and if this has been endured, it leaves no moral impression, no feeling of dishonour. Every disgraced officer and minister of the state had to submit to blows under the rule of the Deys; he then quietly again retired into private life, enjoyed his existence and was personally looked up to as before, no dishonour sticking to him for having been bastinadoed. Prison is more formidable to the Arab, since he is taken from his family, disabled from bestowing his care on

its members, prevented from watching and praying in his mosque, and altogether, because this mode of punishment is not familiar to his ideas. Fines are perhaps yet more dreaded by the natives, avaricious as they are; they rather sacrifice their limbs than their duros and sultanis (silver and gold coins). Even the most creditable reforms, proposed by Mr. Laurence in this line, were rejected with a kind of horror. Not one single voice applauded his advice of abolishing the bastinado, therefore the French government did wisely not to insist upon doing away with the ancient institution of its Mohammedan subjects.

There are several large bazaars at Algiers, where the foreign merchants exhibit their wares. But one must not fancy to meet here with the magnificent ancient bazaars of Bagdad or Delhi, studded with the rich produce and manufactures of the East, such as they are described by the accounts of Arabian writers. Even beside the bazaars of Smyrna or Constantinople, which are yet far from conveying a high notion of Asiatic splendour, the bazaars of Algiers would appear poor enough. They consist in extensive buildings, constructed in the Moorish style. Every bazaar has two or three storeys, and contains as many rooms as the space will allow. Formerly, whenever a foreign merchant, Mussulman, or Jew, had got permission to put up his quarters at Algiers, he used to rent one or more rooms at the bazaar, where he exhibited his wares at the doors. He never failed here of numerous visitors, who, in fact, were oftener gazers than buyers, because trade was as little flourishing in Algiers as in the other states of Barbary. In these countries, where to be considered rich was almost equivalent to a sentence of death, the circulation of money must have been, of course, very scanty.

There were formerly bazaars at Algiers which had more than forty apartments. The greater portion, and the most remarkable of them, have been demolished, and storehouses and shops of European traders have risen in their stead, taking the Paris fashions for their standard. We see now here as smart shops as in any European city of second rank, for instance in Toulon and

Nice. The stalls of the natives are small and shabby, but interesting for a European by the curious forms, if not also by the variety of objects. These stalls are sometimes little better than square holes, closed at night by a clumsy wooden shutter. In the Divan Street alone, there are some richer shops, in which wares are exhibited with taste, nicety, and symmetry. Most of the shopkeepers to whom they belong are Kuruglis.* Their articles consist in gold embroideries, slippers, pocket-books, &c., mostly of red and green velvet, which usually captivate the eye, more by peculiar finery than by tasteful beauty; further, in perfumes of roses and jasmin, in home-made silks woven with great neatness, but which cannot compete with our silk manufactures, neither in style, nor as to the prices. Many objects woven of aloe-fibres, bags, shoes for children &c., are more remarkable for the rarity of the material than for their magnificence. The proprietors of these shops, Kuruglis and Turks, are often very wealthy, and buy up the articles manufactured by gold embroiderers and Moorish women. The export of these wares to Europe is not unimportant, as no French soldier, or any other traveller ever sails from hence to Toulon, without bringing some African keepsakes home to his friends.

Among the places which I recommend every tourist to visit at Algiers, I must especially mention the Moorish coffee-houses, of which, in the upper part of the city alone, there are above sixty. I spent an hour there almost every evening, and I seldom regretted my visit; for, whoever is interested in the people and their language, finds instruction here. No place is more favourable for the acquirement of the Arabic language. Even if not much talk is going on, still the Moors are here less taciturn than anywhere else. The long rows of different guests, sitting with crossed legs, offer a most interesting opportunity for the study of physiognomies. At the side of the immoveably calm Moor, or Kurugli in gaudy Turkish garb, we behold a sable Negro in the same style of attire,

* Kuruglis are the children of Turks and Mooresses.

but mostly of dirty yellow material. Next to him is a fine tall Arab with sunburnt face, his mighty frame clad in white garments, and a rope of camel's hair twisted round his head. Then again we notice a short grown Kabyle, ragged, wild, with piercing glance, or a Mozabite of the Sahara, and a Biskari from the Belad-el-Jerid, and among them again, a Frenchman in regimentals, or clad according to Paris fashion, adapting himself to every society, and everywhere happy by his merry turn of mind. The finest Moorish coffee-house was formerly situated in the Rue de la Marine, not far from the large mosque. It had a hall partitioned into several galleries, and supported by columns which could accommodate hundreds of people. Another coffee-house of the same style, though not as spacious, I saw as late as at the close of 1836, in the street Bab-a-Zun. Now, however, both have disappeared. European speculators have bought these houses, and have raised stately buildings in their stead—hotels and store-houses, which enrich Algiers with some good French architecture, but have impoverished it of specimens of building characteristically Moorish, for among all yet existing coffee-houses, there is not one as remarkable for its style, as those which have been destroyed. The present ones are lengthy vaults without marble columns, furnished only with two rows of stone benches which are covered with mats, braided of palm-leaves. On these the guests sit down in the well-known Oriental way. The kitchen, a small smoky corner, is in a niche at the outside of the vault. The coffee is served in small china cups, resting on tin stands, and mixed for the French with moist sugar; it is pretty strong and of pleasant flavour; the sediment fills almost half the cup. It is offered together with a red earthenware pipe on a long tube, filled with excellent tobacco. The whole costs one sou (about one halfpenny), it is hardly possible to fancy a cheaper treat. The proprietor of a larger coffee-house usually little troubles himself with his business; but, sitting at the entrance with calm gravity, he greets his European guest with "Good evening, sir," and his own co-religionists with the warmer welcome, "Peace be

upon thee;" and then he shouts to the servants, "Bring coffee, bring a pipe." The cook is usually a Negro, the waiters, Moorish lads with milkwhite and rosy faces, who, instead of the turban, wear a red skull-cap on their completely shorn heads. The larger coffee-houses have regularly music in the evening; the orchestra is placed close to the kitchen, from the smoking kettles of which the musicians receive from time to time invigorating coffee. The instruments of these African artists are most usually a three-corded violin, called rebebb, several pipes and guitars, and a peculiar kind of drum, the tarr, which, however, is oftener heard in the streets; the brass instruments, likewise, which deafen us at the celebration of the Bairam, and at nuptials, are excluded from the coffee-houses. Here one seeks repose, and a soft monotonous lulling music, which is well adapted to the idle enjoyment of the assembly, does not disturb vague contemplation, or scare away the misty dreams, in which the fertile imagination of these effeminate Moors delights, who do not wish to be roused here by energetic sounds to the remembrance of the clattering arms and the chivalrous feats of their ancestors. A celebrated coffee-house stands near to the Roman Chatholic Church, where we mostly met with many Europeans, as the coffee is excellent, the society interesting, and the orchestra very good. Its conductor is an old Moor, who handles his instrument, the violin, with peculiar originality, and the play of his features, the movements of his head, accompanied by grave and monotonous gestures, are strikingly funny. He was one of the musicians to the last Dey, and for sixty years he has ever enlivened all the festivals of Algiers. In consequence, he is likewise highly respected, and a welcome friend to the families whom he has cheered and comforted by his sounds in the days of joy and of woe; at the nuptials, when his melodies directed the steps of the dancers, and at the funerals, when his strings uttered the same melancholy monotonous sounds which seem to match equally well the feelings of regret as of calm enjoyment. In the coffee-house of the Divan Street, we sometimes saw dancing girls, singing to the music. The proprietor of this coffee-house is the

brother of the Braham Shaush, the executioner of Algiers, who is a stately man, very rich, and highly esteemed by the Moors.—Some coffee-houses in the upper part of the town, present more original and merrier scenes, especially in the neighbourhood of the castle. There is the Greek coffee-house, whose owner, a Spezziot, tries to allure his customers by scenes of the lowest description. The worst folks from among the natives, often mixed up with good-for-nothing Europeans, revel there without difference of race and religion: Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, Europeans, and Africans. A French painter sketched this abominable den, which belongs to the oddest, but at the same time, to the most revolting pictures of Algerian life.

Algiers has as many brilliant French coffee-houses as dull Moorish ones. There is an establishment of this kind in the house Latour du Pin, which may vie with the most splendid cafés of Paris. 25,000 francs (£1000) were wasted on mirrors and ornaments in the large hall alone. Such speculations are natural in a new country, where a wide field for enterprise attracts a disproportionate number of people anxious to make money; and as there exists hardly an easier and more pleasant trade than that of an inn or coffee-house keeper, many took to this business. But competition soon compelled them to use every means to allure guests, and consequently the speculators soon surpass one another in the splendour and costliness of their establishments. Besides, the number of consumers is very considerable here. It is a young, life-enjoying, and heedless kind of people that immigrates hither from Europe. The tradesmen, who earn a great deal, spend everything; and constant attendance is secured by the numerous military men, amongst whom there are numbers of rich officers, who receive an ample income from France, and lead a most extravagant life.

Few populations in the world consist of such heterogeneous elements as that of Algiers. There are Moors, who form the majority; Negroes, Turks, Kuruglis, Kabyles, Mozabites, Biskaris, (Arab inhabitants of the city of Biskara, in the province of

Constantine, who work in Algiers for daily wages,) and Jews. Of Europeans we meet, besides French, many Spaniards, Maltese, Italians, and Germans.

Yet life has here, on the whole, a Mohammedan type. The beginning of the Ramadan is announced by the report of 101 cannons, of the bulky thirty-six pounders, close to the harbour. The Mohammedan population is bound to pay one duro (about four shillings) for every shot, to the magistrate, so that these festive signals are not precisely a gratuitous courtesy on the part of the French. Immediately after, the signal-lamps are lighted on the balconies of the mosque-steeples, crowning them with a brilliant halo. In the midst of this circle of light stands the priest, the Muezzin, in his festive garb, drawing up the white flag, proclaiming the praise of the Most High to all the world, and calling the believers to prayer. There is hardly a Mohammedan in Algiers, children alone excepted, who would not obey this solemn summons. Neither age nor wealth can lull the Moors into indifference for their faith. The thirty-nine mosques yet existing here, during my stay, were always crowded by pious Mussulmans throughout the Ramadan. Curiosity, and the interest in mysterious ceremonies so prevalent with us Germans, attracted me likewise towards the mosque, whenever I heard the voice of the Muezzin. The large interior colonnade of the mosque, in the Rue de la Marine, is at that time illuminated by numerous lamps, and in the recess of the sanctuary stands the Mufti-el-Hanefi, or Sheikh-el-Islam, with the Koran before him, from which he first reads, mumbling low, with bowed head, until the congregation has become numerous. The devotees, with faces turned to the niche, form several long rows. They stand, or sit with crossed legs, motionless and dumb, like statues. But suddenly the voice of the priest is raised, thrilling the whole audience by one single shrill sound. He says the prayers, the contents of which are rather monotonous,—an unceasing enumeration of adjectives in praise of Allah, like the old hymns of the Greeks, or the litany of the Roman Catholics. Then again he reads verses

of the Koran, and often breaks out into whining and piercing lamentations, sounding like the piteous utterance of a tortured man. The character of the Ramadan-prayer is the most complete self-humiliation in presence of the majesty of a great and stern God. The tone of the praying Mufti does not long continue to be piercingly shrill; it sometimes resembles a doleful song, sinking slowly by degrees like the tunes of some bird in the woods. With every modulation of the voice of the priest, the devotees are seized with the strangest convulsive fits, precipitating themselves head-foremost on the carpet, kneeling, bowing, convulsively rising again, and again crouching; yet everything in a regular systematic way, every movement in harmony with the rythm of the prayer. It is a striking sight to behold the proud Mohammedan thus at the feet of his God, bowing in trembling humility, like a sinful slave. The pious assembly is all mixed together, without any distinction of rank and race. I noticed among it Moors, Turks, Kuruglis, Arabs, Kabyles, Biskaris, and Negroes. The Turks in magnificent gaudy dress, crouched beside the uncouth ragged Biskari, the pale Moor with noble features next to the ill-formed apish Negro of Sudan, all aspiring to their Creator with the same pious devotion. The perfect sentiment of equality is one of the characteristic features of Islam.

The Mussulmans, during prayer, always have a rosary twisted round their hands, like the Roman Catholics and Buddhists. In Algiers, these rosaries are made of the round seeds of the dwarf-palm (Chamærops humilis.) The priests of all classes, the majority of the Arab Marabuts, and many old Beduins, wear them round their neck, both as token of their piety and as an ornament. Some of the most renowned saints of this country, among them Abd-el-Kader, almost always have the rosary in their hand. When the Mohammedan has wearied himself out with prayer, he remains immoveable for some moments, bows his head to his breast, lets the beads of his rosary once more pass his fingers, and mumbles his farewell to the sacred spot. In one of the courts, where, as I have mentioned before, there are orange-groves

and fountains, he carefully washes hands and feet with consecrated water, then puts on his sandals again, and leaves the mosque with his usual grave deportment. From this centre of union where every earthly distinction disappears, they all return to their common life and usual pursuits: the Moor to his stone house, where his wife greets him in the marble hall; the Beduin to his camel's hair tent in the wilderness; the Kabyle to his mud cabin in the mountains. But, on their way home, many of these devotees do not hesitate to plunder their co-religionists, or to cut the throat of the very first Christian whom they chance to meet in lonely paths.

During the thirty days of the Ramadan, the Mohammedans fast from sunrise to sunset, but, during night, they amply make up for this abstinence. Then they feast the more luxuriously, and amuse themselves with music, dance, theatrical representations, and various pranks and practical jokes, as the Christians of the south do in carnival; so that we are induced to ask whether this very ancient custom has not been transmitted from the Mussulmans to the Christians, or perhaps to both from the Romans and Egyptians. Fasting during the day is kept with the utmost strictness; it is only when the last ray of the sun has disappeared behind the mountains that the Moors delight in their dishes, which have long been ready, but which no one ventures to taste before the cannon has boomed. I have met with a strange example of this conscientious observance of the religious ceremonies. On my trips into the interior of the country, I once had engaged a Biskari to attend me for several days. By an unlucky chance we lost our provisions, and spent twenty-four hours without any food whatever, in the eastern part of the plain of Metija. When we again reached Algiers, it was early in the morning. I paid my Biskari, and hastened to my repast. An hour later I saw my man crouched in a corner at the harbour. I asked him if he had eaten? He shook his head, and exclaimed, "God bids me yet to fast!" and he waited with empty stomach, though he had bread in his cowl, till evening. No doubt he felt the tor-

ments of hunger; his pale features expressed it plainly, but he would not touch food on any account. When the evening canon-shot was heard, the Biskari pulled the bread from his cowl, and devoured it in an instant.

The principal meal in the nights of the Ramadan is the kuskusu, a kind of pudding, consisting of small globules of wheat-paste, boiled in a peculiar way, sometimes currants and raisins are mixed with it, and broth or milk poured upon the dish, in the middle of which lies a square piece of butter. At rich houses roast fowl is put upon the kuskusu. The next dish is always roast lamb, followed by fruits and preserves. Several cups of coffee close the meal.

A peculiar feature of the Ramadan is the masquerade in all the coffee-houses. It resembles those of Italy and France in the last days of the carnival; but it is here often of an obscence character. Another place of amusement during the Ramadan, is the Moorish theatre of the *Gharagus*. It is performed by Chinese shades; little black figures appear here on the illumed transparent carpet of oil-paper, among whom Gharagus, the Punch of the Moors, distinguishes himself by his gigantic height, his fun, and his practical jokes. The performance is in many respects similar to that of the English *Punch*, or the Italian *Pulcinella*. Blows are given and received from beginning to end, and Gharagus is the hero who flogs and kicks more, and is more flogged and kicked, than all the other persons of the play together. The explanation of the plot is given both in French and Arabic, and is not fit for chaste European ears. It is really scandalous that the French government does not put a stop to the shocking portions of this amusement, which must degrade the younger part of the population, who are always present at the Gharagus.

After the thirty days' Ramadan, the Bairam follows,—the feast of joy and reconciliation,—when the Mussulman expresses his happiness in a loud way, even in the day time. Negro-bands pass through the streets, making deafening noise, which they call music, and importuning you until you get rid of them by

giving them a penny. All the population is clad in its best attire, especially the children. Females are often seen in the streets, but always veiled; the Mussulmans embrace one another, and kiss one another's shoulders; the young boys pour rosewater on the Europeans.

Before the water-gate there is a large sunny meadow, where the youth amuse themselves in swings, or are carted away in painted wheelbarrows. But from 1830, the ride in carriages has become more popular. This is an amusement not formerly known in Barbary, and the Moors have on that day cabs to dash along the streets in full gallop. At the time of the Deys, the noisy merriment of the Bairam often degenerated into religious fanaticism, and it was unsafe, on that day, for any Christian or Jew to be seen in the streets. The Mussulmans pelted them with stones, and assailed them often seriously, as the Greeks of Athens assail the Jews on Good-Friday.

The Moors have a barbarous custom in common with the English—they like to bury their dead among the living. Yet in the fortified cities the churchyards are outside the walls, in the most picturesque spots of the neighbourhood. The sepulchral monuments are often very fine: the most picturesque of them at Algiers were formerly those of the five murdered Deys. In 1779, the Janissaries were divided into two nearly equal fractions, and could not unite in the election of a Dey. As soon as one of the candidates was clad in the imperial robe, the conspirators of the opposite party murdered him instantly, and set their candidate on the throne, who again was murdered. Five times this bloody scene was reiterated in the course of the day, until at last the Janissaries, weary of the fight, came to a peculiar agreement. All their officers were to go to the grand mosque, and the first Turk whom they happened to see stepping out was to be the Dey. It was a cobbler, who, fearing the fate of his five predecessors, was greatly frightened when he was hailed as Dey, and loudly protested against his elevation to this dignity. But he was immediately clad in the robe, and set upon the red velvet cushion, whilst the Muezzins

proclaimed his enthronement. As chance would have it, the election was a good one. The cobbler ruled wisely and justly, and was one of the best Deys Algeria had ever seen. He had the five Deys buried close to one another, and built five monuments in their remembrance, in form of five minarets of oblong slender form, richly ornamented with marble and porcelain. But the French soldiers have greatly defaced those handsome monuments.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ALGIERS.

THERE is scarcely any more charming Panorama in the world than the scenery around Algiers, viewed from the Emperor's Fort in the months of April and May. The glance embraces here an immense semicircle of hills and plains and mountains, which is bounded on the north by the Blue Sea. April and May are the finest months in Algiers, when the vegetation is most luxuriant. Close to the evergreen foliage of the majestic date-palms, and of the lovely lemon-groves and carob-trees, we see the tender shoots of the poplar and of the vine. Creepers climb up the bark of the trees, and adorn them with their blooms, whilst the ground is covered by a dense vegetation of grass and flowers, and the cheerful warbling of the birds, and the humming of countless sparkling insects, heighten the charm of the beautiful country. We see from the Emperor's Fort first the whole chain of hills from the Bujarea to the camp of Kuba, and the fertile coast between Cape Cascines and the Maison Carrée—a blessed country, studded with white Moorish garden-houses. The eye is then detained by the Sahel, a hilly plateau, and its continuation in the east up to Cape Matifu—a wild and little cultivated country covered with bushes and shrubs. To the south and east of the Sahel extends the plain of Metija, with its Arab encampments and sparse groves of trees, bounded by the picturesque chain of the Atlas, which is

surmounted in the east by the Jurjura, the majestic mountain with seven snow-capped peaks.

As to the flat coast, the surf of the sea has formed here a dyke of sand, which in some places is above 200 feet broad. Close to it we find a black and rich alluvial soil, which covers the narrow plain between the sea and the hilly plateau, and clothes likewise the northern slope of the hills. In spring the sand of the coast is adorned by the iris alata, the euphorbia paralias and helioscopia, the cerenthe major, the smilax mauritanica, and other plants. The narrow plain and the slopes of the hills are covered by the most luxuriant cactus opuntia, the leaves of which, studded with long thorns and little prickly warts, are often two inches thick and two feet long. This cactus is often planted around the gardens, and forms an impenetrable hedge. The gigantic agave Americana is likewise often to be met with in this plain, and presents in August a most splendid view, when its magnificent blossoms rise on a slender stalk often to twenty feet, like a gigantic chandelier. Date-palms are found only in the very neighbourhood of the city: the gardens are filled with orange and lemon-groves, bananas, almonds, and pomegranate trees. The wild olive-tree grows to a height and beauty which seems incredible even to an inhabitant of the Provence: the mulberry-tree is scarce, but attains an immense circumference. Carob-trees grow both wild and cultivated in the orchards. The philyreas are frequent among the shrubs, the malvas among the plants. There is no want of springs and streamlets; and therefore the vegetation is luxuriant, except in July, August, and September, when the soil is parched by the rays of the sun. The rocks protruding from under the alluvial soil are mostly of tertiary lime formation, resting upon talcose mica-schist, which forms the principal geological feature of the vicinity of Algiers, and contains veins of quartz. At the Emperor's Fort, the schist passes into feldspar and gneiss; on other points it contains iron in different forms, but not in sufficient quantity to be worked profitably. The Bujarea is the highest top of the hills on the coast, and rises, at

about half an hour's distance from Algiers, to the height of 1230 feet above the level of the sea.

The continuation of the hills, called the Massif or Sahel, is an irregular plateau, with elevations and valleys. It is everywhere covered with shrubs, and but little cultivated. The dwarf-palm, a plant difficult to extirpate, covers nearly all the soil with its fan-like leaves. Only the pistaccia-shrub and the prickly broom resist its encroachments. The greatest breadth of the Sahel is about six French leagues; its length from the banks of the Araj to Sidi Ferruch, about eight leagues. Only one insignificant river, the El-Kerma, runs from the plateau into the Araj. To the east and west, the Sahel descends imperceptibly to the plain of Metija in a gentle slope; but the same shrub-vegetation continues all along the sea up to Cape Matifu, and even beyond. South to the Sahel extends the plain of Metija, which surrounds the plateau in a semicircle. It is a green, but bald country, of about 100 miles length, and where it is widest, of about twenty miles breadth. It is covered with rich alluvial soil, and most profusely watered by many streams and rivers running from the mountains to the south. The northern part of the plain is swampy and very unhealthy, whilst its southern portion has fine fields and woods in abundance. There are many fine Moorish farms and gardens, several Arab encampments, and a few French military camps in the Metija; yet they are lost in the great flat extension. Amongst the flowers, which in spring adorn the plain, I remarked the Scilla maritima, a great bulbous plant, with beautiful white flowers, and many species of the iris and orchis, whilst the banks of all the streams and rivers are covered with immense oleander shrubs, which in March open their scarlet blossoms.

The first chain of the Atlas south of the Metija, has an elevation from 3200 to 3500 feet above the level of the sea; the highest peak, the Ras-el-Hammal, rises to 4900 feet. I found here petrified molluscas, but not in great quantity. Of metals there are large deposits of copper in the mountains, and some fields of iron. The northern slope of the chain is fertile, and well cultivated by

the Kabyles, studded with wild olive-trees, which yield a considerable quantity of oil, though of bad quality. It is manufactured and brought to Algiers by the mountaineers. The necks of the Atlas are covered with woods of evergreen, oak, and the cork-tree, harbouring jackals, hyaenas, and panthers, which hide themselves during day in the thickets and rock-caves, and come down at night into the plain, howling fearfully, and preying upon the herds of the Arabs.

Most of my excursions I made on horseback, formerly the only pleasant means of conveyance in Barbary. It is not usual to travel here on camels, except in the desert, since it is more agreeable to ride on horses. Camels are, near Algiers, used only as beasts of burden; but in the desert the camel is indispensable, and their number increases among the tribes as we approach the Sahara. The French army has, since the occupation, never ceased to construct high-roads between the principal cities of the Regency, so that stage-coaches now run from Algiers in all directions, even across the Atlas, and reach nearly to the desert. Altogether, the French are most active with such improvements, though their progress in agriculture is by no means commensurate. Whilst in every French camp you find baths, coffee-houses, billiards, lodging and boarding-houses, you see them surrounded by a wilderness. A traveller finds almost everywhere good accommodation; besides, the amiability of the French officers to foreigners is well known, and wherever I arrived, I was sure to be hospitably received in their tents, where no good hotel could be found.

The immediate neighbourhood of Algiers, about three hours around the walls, is designated by the Arab name of Fhas, that is to say, the territory of the city. Politically, it is divided into different "communes," each of them containing a village. It is a magnificent country, full of picturesque views; but its indescribable beauty is not yet sufficiently known and appreciated in Europe. The "Fhas" is an undulating country, broken by several deep cuts, the southern vegetation of which far surpasses

that of the most favoured countries in Italy and Spain. I met a Neapolitan painter in May, contemplating this scenery, and exclaiming repeatedly: "There is nothing more beautiful on earth."

The Moorish farmers of the Fhas are a peaceable, inoffensive, amiable race, fully satisfied if left in peace. When sporting Frenchmen trespass on their fields, or when the thirsty rambler gathers melons or pomegranates in their gardens, the proprietor never utters a complaint; on the contrary, he often invites the intruder to partake of his figs or grapes. An old venerable Moor, in the community of Kuba, met me often on the foothpaths, but never without stopping his donkey, and offering me his snuff-box, with a most hearty welcome. I liked these kind patriarchal Moors, in whose noble features so much mildness and nobility is expressed. They are much preferable to the Moorish town-folks, nearly all of these being shop-keepers, and therefore getting cunning and less unsophisticated. The Moorish farmers are excellent gardeners, and their oranges, pomegranates, and melons, offer a most alluring spectacle. They like the grapes as table-fruit, and though they make no wine, they grow them with great care, and to a prodigious size; I saw bunches of five and six pounds weight. The Moors pretend to have some secrets about the culture of oranges, which, there is no doubt, thrive under their care better than in the French orchards. As to the cultivation of the olive tree, however, the French by far surpass the natives, who manufacture oil of bad quality only.

The European population of the Fhas, are Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Germans. Many officers and officials, immediately after the conquest, bought the finest gardens for a mere trifle in the communities of Mustapha and of Bujarea. The Turks were banished, the Moors began to emigrate, and both classes sold their property, parting with the most magnificent villas and farms at any price. Some of these splendid residences have often changed proprietors, each of them selling it at a premium to some new-comer, as there were always speculators enough, who, in the belief that the epoch of a great European immigration had

arrived, disproportionally enhanced the prices of the farms in the vicinity of Algiers. Other jobbers behaved like Vandals; they half-destroyed the houses, sold the wood, iron, glazed tiles, and marble columns piecemeal, and offered the ruins to other European colonists. But these poor fellows, unable to afford the high prices, went rather farther to the uncultivated parts of the Fhas, and there built each his hut. Many handsome country seats on Bujarea and Mustapha have remained until now empty and ruined, and many a beautiful orchard is become a wilderness covered with thorny shrubs; and yet the speculating proprietors do not abate their pretensions, always expecting a time of great colonization, and of enormous rise in the value of real property. They do not perceive that they themselves are the greatest hindrance of colonization. The majority of the immigrants are poor, or even paupers, whilst rich people do not risk their money in the culture of a soil which is already at a high price. This nuisance has only lately (1847) been abated by a land-tax, which is levied even from uncultivated property, and the proprietors are at last forced, either to sell out or to till their grounds. Some of the officers and officials have their gardens cultivated by Kabyles or European day-labourers, and the generals and colonels find here a healthy occupation for their soldiers. The farms of the foreign consuls are the finest. Many of them own palaces in the country, as for instance, the Danish Consul, who has married a Mooress, and whose country seat, on the top of the hill of Mustapha, is filled with black servants, in fact, house-slaves. His gardeners and herdsmen are Kabyles.

The community of Bujarea, though close to the city, is much more quiet than Mustapha. It is the finest country in the neighbourhood of Algiers, full of shady trees, blooming meadows, rippling mountain-streams, and clear springs in the valleys. The Moors were always fully aware of the charm of those secluded dales; they have selected them for their burying-places. The finest part of the country was retained for their eternal repose, and but few of them settled amidst the dead.

A German village is the centre of the community of Deli-Ibrahim. But this colony was organized, not from an economic, but from a strategic point of view, on a hill where there is no water. Stone barracks had been built here, and the village was raised for the convenience of the garrison, without any regard to the soil, which is the most barren all around the city. Yet the German colonists were thriving even here until the last war with Abd-el-Kader dispersed them, though the nearest spring of water is at three miles distance, and no wells are bored in the village.

To avoid the folly of Deli-Ibrahim, the next colony, Kuba, was planted on the richest soil. But soon it was ascertained that the site was unhealthy; half of the villagers died, and the majority of those who survived emigrated to other communities. The village is half-deserted in a most picturesque country. Close to it stands a white, grave temple, Sidi-Kuba, the monument of a celebrated Marabut, surrounded by a grove of silvery poplars. The valleys south of the village are all swampy and full of water-fowl.

The "Ferme Modèle" is the boundary of the community of Kuba; it was the farm of the Dey, all enclosed by a solid wall, where he reared his cattle and kept his stud. The extensive farm-buildings are surrounded by an orange orchard, and to the north by large corn-fields. To the south, where the Metija begins, great marshes make the farm very unhealthy. I saw there even Arabs attacked by fevers. This farm became, in 1830, the property of a joint-stock company, and was to become the first agricultural establishment of the country, but the marsh-fevers defeated the scheme.

The European population of the more remote communities—El-Bine, Byr-Madreis, Byr-Kadem, &c.—are mostly Spaniards from the Baleares, and a few Provençales. Some 5000 came from the isle of Minorca. Many of them had always been agriculturists, and they are, therefore, a real benefit to the colony; they excel in gardening, and supply Algiers with vegetables. Their future

wealth consists in the olive-trees they have planted in their gardens, with the cultivation of which they are fully acquainted.

The Sahel is likewise divided into several territories, but as yet little cultivated. A monastery of Trappists has been established in the small valley of Staueli, on the battle-field where, in 1830, the army of the Dey was defeated. The silent vegetarian monks have here cleared the soil, and their establishment has grown into a model farm. French military camps and barracks, and the encampments of the Beni-Chana, Ulid Salina, Ulid Haji, are dispersed on the plateau. On the banks of the river of Massafran, there is a pretty forest called Tharesa, full of pines, cork-trees, tamarisks, and myrtle-trees. It is the only forest in the vicinity of Algiers which contains good timber for building. I saw here trees sixty feet high. The thickets of Tharesa offer a splendid field for sport; they are the hiding-place for wild boars, jackals, hyaenas, and of lurking Hajutes. In the Sahel, the traveller's attention is attracted by a considerable isolated ruin, which does not seem to be of Roman origin. There is a tradition among the Arabs, that it is the ruin of a castle built by a dissolute Christian Princess called Metija, who gave her name to the surrounding country.

The city of Algiers is separated from the plain of Metija by the plateau already described. The camp of Buffarik is the centre of the Metija, and affords the best point of view for the green plain, which has the shape of a crescent. The Arab encampments and country-houses, though amounting to many hundreds, disappear in this vast steppe. The European is astonished at the thinness of the population, and involuntarily begins to calculate how many quarters of wheat could be hence exported. The Arab inhabitants of this plain are notorious for their dislike of labour; they do not produce more corn than they require for their food. The rich country is for them but a grazing field; they rear cattle easily, and are satisfied with their small profits on their wool, and on the surplus of their live stock.

At the first glance, the Metija seems as level as the sea, but

the attentive eye will soon discover that it slopes gently northward from the mountains in the south; the streams run with a slow fall straight to the plateau of Algiers, which forms a natural dyke, and impedes their progress. The northern part of the plain is, therefore, swampy; but on the two extremities of the Metija, where the Sahel descends to the plain, the rivers run without obstacle to the sea. It is therefore not impossible to drain the Metija by canals, connecting the small rivulets and streams in the east with the Araj, and in the west with the Massafran. The drainage was already contemplated under the administration of General Voiral; and the French regiments and the military convicts were employed on that gigantic work, which, though slowly advancing, will soon be accomplished. The health of the Metija has been greatly improved by it; the Maison Carrée and Buffarik are no longer notorious for their pestilential climate. The plain was from the first beginning the paradise yearned for by the friends of colonization; and when the French were asked why they did not clear the country, and till the ground on the plateau, they invariably replied: "We cannot cultivate anything but the rich plain; we are not inclined to invest our capital in the poor and little remunerative soil of the hilly Sahel." They forgot the experience of the Americans, who generally take up the poorer soil in the west, as the cultivation of the rich bottoms, in a sparsely tenanted district, destroys the life of the first colonists. Yet the plain was here not always a swampy marsh; we find in it everywhere traces of ancient drainage, either the work of the Romans, those mighty civilizers of barbarous countries, or of the Moors of the period in which active enthusiasm was alive with them, and they had not yet fallen into their present passive dulness. The tradition of the flower of the Metija is until now maintained among the inhabitants.

Seven rivers run through the plain. To its eastern extremity the Isser; then proceeding westwards, the Korso, the Reghaia, the Hamiss, the Araj, the Kerma, and the Massafran. None of them is navigable, even for small boats, except the Reghaia, the

smallest of all, which resembles a canal in its gentle fall, its equal depth, and its narrowness; it seems to have been regulated in times of old. All these rivers flow from south to north, and resemble one another; the Massafran alone distinguishes itself by the high vegetation and forests on its banks. The general character of the rivers in Barbary is a slow meandering run, a narrow mouth, and swampy banks, covered by the oleander shrub, the Egyptian willow, and other bushes, which are peopled by long-legged morass-birds, as, for instance, the plover (himantopus rufipes), the ibis, and the purple heron.

The Metija is divided into five territories. The territory of the Issers in the east lies between the rivers Isser and Korso; it is very fertile and well cultivated. There are but few morasses in this district which is inhabited by the tribe of the Beni-Isser. It is a fierce and warlike Arab tribe, bordering on the Kabyles, with whom they often combined for attacks on the French. But since the Kabyle chief, Ben-Zamun, has retired from an unsuccessful struggle to his fine farm on the Atlas, the Isser gave up the holy war. In 1837, they had to acknowledge the sovereignty of the French, and were then often infested by the Kabyle mountaineers. The poor Beni-Issers found themselves during the wars always in a most difficult position. The French easily made razzias on their territory when they sided with Abd-el-Kader; and when they had submitted to the French, the Kabyles from the neighbouring mountains made inroads, and drove their cattle away, in order to punish them for their alliance with the unbelievers.

The territory of the Kashnas begins on the western bank of the river Korso. It is swampy in the north, but, towards the south, rich in pasture-grounds and olive-groves; it reaches the foot of the Atlas, and is covered there with forests. The tribe of the Kashna carries on a considerable trade of wild oil with Algiers, from whence it is exported to Europe. The next territory is that of the Beni-Musa. It is the smallest, but most fertile and most populous portion of the plain. Above 100 Arab farms are cultivated here, each of them is provided with a stone-build-

ing. This territory abounds in clear springs and green trees; it extends to the banks of the Araj. The territory between that river and the Massafran is called Beni-Khalil; it is peopled by unruly tribes. The centre of the territory, which is likewise the centre of the plain, has been occupied by the French camp of Buffarik. It begins to be developed into a city, which, from its central position between the mountain and the capital, on the way to Belida, has augury of future greatness.* But agriculture is of very slow progress here, as it is not the agricultural population which emigrates from France, but the paupers and speculators from the towns, who, unaccustomed as they are to the hard work of tilling the ground, wish to live by commerce and jobs in the cities. The population of that territory is estimated at about three thousand families. They are very quarrelsome and riotous; yet the Hajutes, their neighbours, despise them as cowards. Several of the Kaids of the Beni-Khalils, who had been appointed by the French, were murdered, or forced to join the hostile Arabs; and the attempt to keep them in subjection, by giving the dignity of Kaid to Mr. Verge, a French renegado officer, who spoke the Arabic perfectly, likewise failed. It was only after 1846 that they ceased to be troublesome. Beyond the Massafran is the largest territory, "El Sebt," comprising, besides the country of the Hajutes, the northern slope of the Atlas, inhabited by the Kabyle tribes of the Muzzaia and of the Summata, and extends southwards to the city of Miliana, westwards to Shershel, northwards to the sea and to the plateau of Algiers. The plain is here inhabited by Hajutes, and by three small tribes which came from the Sahara, the Zanakras, the Ulid-Hamidans, and the Beni-Ellal; they have been nearly entirely absorbed by the Hajutes. The lake of Alula, a sheet of fresh water of no great extent, which in summer can be forded, and near to it the Kubber el Rummiah (tomb of the Christian lady), a pyramidal temple, one hundred and forty feet high, are situated in this territory, and

* The population of Buffarik in 1852 amounted to 2019 European colonists and 17 natives.

gave rise to many romantic traditions and tales among the inhabitants, who seem to be pre-eminently addicted to poetry and tales. With the Zanakra, for instance, there are yet many traditions alive relating to the conquest of Spain, and these nomades are proud of the fame of their chivalrous civilized ancestors.

The native population of all the five territories of the Metija amounts to about ten thousand families, the majority of whom live on the mountain slopes which border the plain to the south. On six days in the week there is a fair held in the Metija, the Friday being here religiously observed by the Mussulmans as a day of rest. On Saturday, the fair is held in the Hajute country; Sunday, it is close to Belida; Monday, near Buffarik; Tuesday, at the farm Mussaia; Wednesday, at El-Arbak, at the foot of the mountain; Thursday, on the banks of the Hamiss, in the territory of the Kashnas. The fair of El-Arbak is mostly visited by the Arabs—that of Buffarik by the European traders. The place of the fair of Buffarik is marked by a well, in the neighbourhood of which the Kaid (chief) and the Kadi (judge) of the tribe Beni-Khalil, pitch their tents, in order to settle their disputes and quarrels. The Moorish traders of Belida are commonly the first on the spot; they pitch their small white pyramidal tents over night on Sunday evening, and unpack their merchandise, but they do not sell on that day. The Beduins and Kabyles encamp in open air, surrounded by their camels. The fair begins with sunrise on Monday, and lasts to four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The crowd of buyers and sellers amounts after harvest to about three thousand persons: nevertheless, strict order is preserved; every class of sellers has its traditional stand. The herdsmen, with their sheepskins full of milk, their baskets of eggs and fowls, their stores of meat and live cattle, form the extensive outward row. Their cattle are small, but have large horns; the milk, butter, and meat of Barbary, is much inferior to that of Europe. The sheep are large, well fed, and yield good wool. Next to the cattle-dealers, follow the corn and fruit-merchants in a long row, with baskets of oranges, pomegranates,

dates, water-melons, cactus-figs, vegetables, and large heaps of wheat before them, which they sell in detail. The tobacco-dealers are all Kabyles from beyond the neck of the Atlas—all tall and lean, with fair complexion and long hair, which they do not shave; they form a marked contrast to the Moors and Beduins. In the centre of the market-place are the stalls of the shopkeepers from the city, full of woven cloths, carpets, ribbons, and other articles for dress and ornament, especially coral necklaces and European commodities, with which the Moors of Algiers furnish the inhabitants, buying in return the products of the rural population. The French officers buy here game, and the privates turtles, for their kitchen. French money has no general circulation among the natives, the Spanish dollar being the principal currency. Jews and Moors are, therefore, likewise at hand to exchange the French money. After harvest, when the fair is most thronged, the spectacle is still more picturesque. Great fires are lighted in the vicinity of the well—coffee is constantly boiling, and hot cakes baking in fat, for sale to the hungry public—bands of singers, musicians, and jugglers, amuse the curious—dancers perform most eccentric antics—the drum is beaten, the guitar played, and the reed sounds its very unmelodious whistle, with which the Beduin seems to be delighted. His attention, however, is principally captivated by the minstrels, who partly sing, partly tell long tales and ballads, interspersed with pieces of classic Arab poetry; their audience seldom fail to throw some copper coin into their cowl. Gambling is likewise going on; the Beduin of Algiers is in this respect as depraved as the Parisian of the Palais-Royal.*

The scene changes in the evening. The Moors strike their tents, pack their wares, and everybody returns home. The way to Belida and to Coleah is lined by a procession of white-clad persons, all riding on mules, asses, and horses, a few on camels,

* The learned German Doctor might have likewise said, as depraved as the Germans of Tacitus and the North American Indians.

as it is not considered respectable here to travel on foot. At dusk, the bustle of the fair is followed by deep silence, and the crowd has vanished, like the gaudy glitter of an Arab tale.

CHAPTER IV.

RASSOTA—REGHAIA—RUSGONIA—BELIDA—COLEAH.

In the time of the Deys, the government had considerable domains in the different parts of the Regency, which were one of the principal sources of the state revenue. Their number has not yet been ascertained. The French destroyed the old administration, without caring much for the former sources of revenue, and sent the ministers and officials of the Dey, who could have given information, into exile with all the other Turks. As it was uncertain whether France would keep the conquered country, it was only the treasure and the moveables which attracted the cupidity of the new rulers.

It was not until the treasures of the citadel, those old Spanish dollars and gold pieces, had been ransacked, that Marshal Bourmont remembered the splendid country-seats of the Dey, which were in sight from the town, and the French paid a visit to them, in order to remove the herds and studs formerly owned by the Turkish government. But it was too late; Ahmet Bey of Constantine had sufficient time, on his return, to plunder the domains: he was not molested by the French; the farm-agents of the government (old Turkish officers, who got those appointments as a recompense of their former bravery) had gone with him. It was only by and by that the domains were discovered by the French; and even until now the reclaiming of the government establishments is not completed, though the Bureaux Arabes exert themselves sufficiently in this respect. The most important of those farms in the neighbourhood of Algiers are, Hussein-Pasha, now the ferme modèle of the French; Suk-Ali, near Buffarik; Rhegaia,

the property of Mr. Mercier; and Rassota, in 1837, the establishment of the Polish Prince Mir.

Rassota is at about twenty-five miles distance to the east of Algiers, between the rivers Araj and Hamiss. The country is picturesque, the soil rich and unhealthy. The banks of both rivers are covered with bushes, and surrounded by luxuriant meadows, Arab pasture grounds. General Voirol, in 1834, settled the Aribes here. This Arab tribe had formerly inhabited the plain of Hamza, beyond the Atlas, but it was expelled by the mighty tribe of the Ulid-Maadi, and was dispersed in all directions. Many of them came to the plain of Metija; but as they were not possessed of any defined territory, they had to live as robbers and interlopers, and were a real curse to all their neighbours. General Voirol united the different portions of the tribe, gave them land around Rassota as their future territory, and appointed Ben-Zecri, an Arab devoted to the French, their chief. They serve now as irregular Spahis in the French army, are faithful and gallant, and happier than they ever were. Living in the immediate vicinity of Algiers, they sell their products at the best prices, and yet many of them have returned to their original home, the plain of Hamza.

After the settling of the Aribes, the handsome farm-house of Rassota, and a few thousand acres of arable land, remained at the disposal of the French government, which, in a moment of generosity, gave it to a Polish refugee, Prince Mirski, who, on his arrival in Africa, changed his name into Mir, dropping the Polish termination, and assimilating the sound to the Arabic Emir. The heroism of this prince in the Polish revolution was not very conspicuous; but it was sufficient that he was a Pole, in order that the measure of the government should meet with great approbation from the public, though it was regretted that such a boon was not bestowed on one of those Poles who had done more for their country and lost more in the struggle than Prince Mirski.

The new proprietor came to Algiers full of great schemes of colonization. There were many who dreamt already of a new

Poland in Africa, and who thought that the poor refugees, hunted down all over the continent of Europe, would find here a peaceful asylum. But their enthusiasm was soon chilled, when they found that Prince Mir had more schemes in his head than dollars in his pocket. As a refugee, he had, of course, no capital; and since the French government gave him only uncultivated soil, but no money for colonization, the Prince sought a loan. But at Marseilles he found no credit; the rich city, which yearly sends above three hundred ships to Algiers, did not choose to risk a sacrifice for the welfare of the colony. Nevertheless, the much poorer city of Toulon was more generous. A company of merchants here, of which the Messrs. Suchet were the chairmen, advanced considerable sums to Prince Mir, without having any other security than the steppes of a new country and the word of an exile.

Prince Mir established himself in summer, 1835, in the great stone building of Rassota, which had been considerably damaged by the ravages of Ahmet Bey, and was, of course, entirely out of repair. He had it refitted in the comfortable and useful Moorish style, with court-yards, terraces, and colonnades. On the top of the house he reared a gigantic cross, which gave no offence to the Arabs, since they have respect for the religious symbols of other nations, and, on the whole, like zealous Christians better than sceptical unbelievers. The ground-floor became the storehouse for victuals, tools, and arms; in the first floor was the splendid dining-room, often visited by guests from the city, from the plain, and from the mountain. The scenery, seen from the terrace, was most striking; in the west, the sea and Algiers; to the east, the Metija, and the Atlas; the building being raised on one of the last spurs of the plateau, where it slopes down into the plain. Close to the residence of the Prince, several smaller buildings were fitted up; one for a school, where instruction was given in three languages, in German, French, and Arabic; another for a dispensary, where a German physician cured the Arabs gratuitously. Others again as slaughter-house, bake-houses, and dwellings for the labourers, among whom the Prince had likewise

smiths, tailors, joiners, carpenters, &c. Of course I speak of the past; this establishment failed soon, and exists no longer.

I visited Rassota for the first time in November, 1836, and liked it very much; I thought I saw here a model-colony, equally beneficial to the proprietor and to the country. Large fields had already been tilled; an extensive orchard was studded with thousands of fruit-trees; a good race of cows was grazing around, and the tinkling of the bells of a herd of sheep was heard in the distance. But when I visited it again, four months later, all was changed, the fields were again wild—the cattle and sheep sold—the German labourers had gone away, and the hospitable Pole, who had lived here, both as a European Prince and an Arab Emir, hid himself in Algiers, in a miserable hut, a bankrupt beggar.

Colonization in Algiers is only profitable to those who are either very rich or very poor. A colonist with a small capital must fail. A millionaire, who buys land here, and has it tilled, and judiciously administered, is sure to succeed. He can wait for a few years, until everything gets into its regular way, until the ground is cleared piecemeal, and until the olive-tree begins to yield fruit. The poor peasant may likewise thrive, as wages are high, he can easily save half of his earning, and in this way can soon buy some property from his accumulated savings. People of moderate fortune, who do not till the ground with their own hands, and who intrust others with the sale of their products, commonly become bankrupts, as the first cultivator requires an enormous out-lay, wages are high, and the crops of the first years little remunerative.

Prince Mir had got a considerable capital by the advances of the Toulon-houses; but he did not calculate how far it could carry him; his plans were all on too large a scale, though many of his measures were really judicious, and he proved by his arrangements that he knew how colonization is to be managed on a grand scale. His first care was to make friends with his Arab neighbours. He, therefore, visited their encampments, and partook of their kuskusu under the dark tents of camel-hair, inviting

them in turn to his castle, where he treated them with all the delicacies of French cookery. I was several times present at such dinners, with Beduin chiefs, clad in their fine muslin shirt, with the snow-white woollen Burnûs over it, and the camel-hair rope twisted around their head in shape of a turban. I made here the acquaintance of many chiefs—of El-Arbi-Ben-Kaja, the Kaid of the Khashna, an old pious Mussulman,—of Ben-Zecri, the Kaid of the Aribes, who is always kind and dignified,—of Ali-Ben-Smati, a Sheikh of the same tribe, who liked to talk about women, and to drink strong brandy; and of many other Arabs. Most of the European guests spoke broken Arabic, and by the aid of a Moorish interpreter, the conversation was carried on without difficulty. The principal topic was business,—and many bargains were concluded at table,—then, again, jokes and talk about the good things of the world enlivened the company. Sometimes religion, politics, and the manners and customs of the country, were likewise discussed; and we had many an opportunity of admiring the dignity, the sharp perception, and the wild poetry of the Arabs. All of the chiefs were acquainted with the history of their nation, and especially of their tribe. Ben-Zecri, for instance, often made allusion to the chivalrous fame of his ancestors at the court of Granada. I was peculiarly struck by the appearance of a fair-haired Marabut of uncommonly tall size. His beard was yellow, and his eyes blue, his features and deportment most agreeable. I asked him to what tribe he belonged, and he answered with the expression of cordiality, "I am a son of your fathers;" and explained it by saying, he was a Kabyle from the interior, and his tribe had come from the country of the Rummis. Probably he alluded to the tradition of the Vandal origin of the Kabyles on the Auras plateau. He had been educated at the hermitage of Sidi-Ali-Ben-Aissa, the most celebrated of all the Kabyle Marabuts, who lived on the Jurjura mountain, and was buried at Flissa, in a magnificent temple. The acquaintance of the chiefs was very advantageous to me in my rambles through the country. But nobody felt more happy

at those parties than Prince Mir himself, who thought that he had done something for the civilization of the Arabs, when he had induced them to make use of knives and forks, and to drink wine and spirits. The poor man did not dream that, four months later, he would be compelled to sell his plate in order to escape imprisonment for debt.

This Polish nobleman, by his hospitality, won golden opinions with the Arabs: nor did he require the detachment of French soldiers which had been granted to him by the government. His workmen rambled over the plain without ever being attacked. Since the settlement of the Aribes and the establishment of Rassota, the country east of Algiers, which formerly was very unsafe, became the resort of sportsmen, who here hunted the wild-boar. Yet the Prince did not deal with his German workmen in an equally judicious way. He was rough and imperious. The German labourers submitted to his haughty manners, and even to his horse-whip, without complaint; but they took their revenge by defrauding him in every way. They confessed at a later period to me, that more than two-thirds of the crops were stolen by them, the surveying agent having taken part in the conspiracy, and having appropriated to himself half of the money from the products sold in the market of Algiers. Had Prince Mir treated his German peasants kindly, the robbery could not have remained undetected; but no informer was found amongst them,—the haughtiness of the lord had leagued all his labourers against him. After thrashing was done, the Prince, to his utter dismay, discovered his insolvency. His plans had failed, and he had to give up his property to his creditors. But his German peasants now met with the punishment of their dishonesty: nearly all of them had claims for wages in arrear which they could not recover; besides, they at once became homeless, as they were ejected by the creditors of the Prince, and had to disperse to other plantations, where they had smaller wages, and no opportunity of stealing. The house of the Messrs. Suchet assumed the management of the African establishment.

When, in March 1837, I again visited the castle, I found it silent and dismal. The kingfisher preyed undisturbed on the fishes of the great pond in the neighbourhood of the house; the jackals carried away the poultry from the court-yard. The houses of the labourers were empty; a single French veteran guarded them. But in the castle itself I found, to my great astonishment, the Sheikhs and Marabuts at table with Mr. Suchet. They had become accustomed to Rassota, and did not care whether the proprietor was a prince or a merchant, as long as coffee, tobacco, and good fare, were offered in the house. Mr. Suchet leased out a portion of the estate to the Aribes, the remainder he had cultivated by daily labourers, but only to the extent of the capital which he had it in his power to invest, avoiding the Germans, giving preference to Frenchmen and Spaniards.

REGHAIA was, during my stay, the most important plantation in the vicinity of Algiers. It is about thirteen French leagues north-east of the city. Since 1835, it has been the property of Mr. Mercier; but several other French capitalists have an interest in it. The establishment is conducted in a different manner from that of Rassota. There is no need here either of capital, or of a strict superintendence. Reghaia is situated on the banks of a river of that name, which is not a torrent, like the Hamiss or Araj, but slow and deep like a canal. The farm-house of Reghaia is of considerable extent, and is surrounded by a solid wall, which is sufficiently strong to resist an attack of Arabs; sixty resolute men are able to defend it against 500 natives. It contains sufficient room for the dwellings of the proprietor and his labourers, as well as for store-houses, stables for 200 horses, and great herds of cattle. Mr. Mercier has imported superior cattle of the best breed, and was therefore much aggrieved when the Arabs carried away a portion of them. As there is plenty of wood in the neighbourhood, Mr. Mercier sends charcoal to Algiers, carried by boats on the river to the sea, and receives his commodities from thence in the same way; only during the season of storms the transport is carried on by means of camels. The country is exceedingly

well watered, and therefore very fertile; the fruit-trees thrive uncommonly well, and the old orange-groves yield a rich crop. It is principally to horticulture that Mr. Mercier has directed his attention. He does not grow more wheat than is required for the subsistence of the colonists settled on the plantation, principally since the clearing of ground is excessively costly here, where the luxuriance of vegetable life immediately covers the fields with a profusion of wild shrubs. The proprietor, therefore, tries rather to rear tropical plants, the crops of which are more remunerative than corn. He looks to the cotton-plant, the indigo, the cochineal, the olive-tree, and the mulberry, for his profits. As to cotton, he has fully succeeded in respect to quality, for it is as good as the Egyptian. The olive must thrive here, where the wild olive-trees grow as large as the northern oaks; and though the oil they yield is of inferior quality, yet, on account of its very low price, it is exported to Europe to be used for common lamps. Now, the whole neighbourhood of Algiers is full of grafted young olive-trees, and there is no doubt that, in this commodity, Algeria will soon seriously compete with Italy and Southern France. Mr. Mercier has likewise planted many thousands of mulberry-trees, and the silk-worm culture will probably succeed well, since the mulberry, as for instance in the garden of the late Dey, attains a considerable size. The Moors long ago produced silk. An attempt was made to rear the silk-worm on the tree itself. But though the cold nights did not injure them, the birds picked them off the leaves. Around Algiers, at least 1,000,000 of mulberry seedlings have been planted. The experiment of cultivating sugar-cane has likewise succeeded at Reghaia, in spite of the rough winters. Indigo failed: the plant grew to a great height, but yielded very little material for dye. The cochineal culture also failed; for the insects died on the plant, being too much exposed to the northern winds. The wild cactus of Barbary is only a variety of the nopal of Mexico, and the plants imported from Andalusia, where cochineal is reared, succeeded very well; but a spot should be chosen for them in the country of the Metija, where they might escape the influence of the north-wind.

I visited the ruined site of the ancient Roman city Rusgonium, at about fifty miles east of Algiers, on Cape Matifu, with Mr. Adrian Berbrugger, late Secretary of Marshal Clauzel, and Keeper of the Library and Museum of Algiers. In 1837, the Government placed certain funds at his disposal to make excavations. The ruins are of great extent, but of little importance. Only one building is still imposing by reason of the grandeur of its remains. We could easily make out the ancient walls of the city, which, to the east and north, are still pretty well preserved. There is, besides, a tower traceable, but its form is not antique; it seems that in later times it has been transformed into a Christian church. The material of these ruins is porphyry from Cape Matifu, bad bricks, excellent cement, white marble from the Atlas, and granite, which I could not trace anywhere in Algeria. The Sheikh of the Kashnas, Omar-Ben-el-Bedawi, told me that there was a tradition, according to which the city had been deserted in consequence of a famine; and there was an inscription found here which mentioned the occurrence of a year of dearth and famine. The Sheikh would not believe that we are not treasure-seekers, and told us of the method by which the Arabs try to discover treasures: some mysterious words are to be written on a piece of paper, which is left to the mercy of the winds; and wherever the paper remains lying on the ground, there is the place for digging.

The result of Berbrugger's excavations did not answer his expectations. Many fragments of statues and reliefs were discovered; but all of them either greatly damaged, or of no artistical value. The period of the bloom of the Province of Africa was not that of the bloom of art. Yet many rare gold coins were bought from the Arabs of the neighbourhood, all of them belonging to the period of the Eastern Roman Empire.

The city of Belida is only at four hours' distance from Buffarik. Yet the insecurity of the Metija was so great in the first years of the occupations, that it was rarely visited by Frenchmen, except on military expeditions, since the Hajutes and Beni Salah waylaid any travelling foreigner. Even well-armed sportsmen did not

dare to approach the Hajute country. Belida is situated on the southern border of the great plain, nearly at the foot of the Atlas. A broad ring of orange, lemon, and pomegranate orchards, always adorned by golden fruits, surrounds the city, and hides it nearly altogether by a luxuriant canopy of leaves. Nothing but the minarets of the mosques, and the highest terraces of some houses, are seen above the groves: the town is visible only when we stand close under its scattered walls. Belida was, up to 1825, a thriving Moorish city, inhabited by wealthy farmers, shopkeepers, and mechanics; but a series of misfortunes has since visited it. A fearful earthquake destroyed the principal part of the place in 1825: all the mosques, and many houses, fell down, and the ruins remained in the streets up to 1840, for the frightened and superstitious inhabitants had not the courage to remove the traces of Allah's anger. They resolved to leave the doomed spot, and to build a new city, New Belida, about a mile farther north in the plain, where they could likewise avoid the musket-balls of the Kabyles of the Atlas, Old Belida having been within their range; and as the citizens were peaceful and unenergetic, they were often exposed to the threats and violence of the robber-tribes of the Atlas, who levied black mail on them. But scarcely were the square city walls of New Belida raised, when they again gave up the place on the prophecy of some Marabut. From the time of the French occupation of Algiers, their misfortunes were endless: too weak to defend themselves, they were not spared either by Frenchmen or Kabyles. In November 1830, the French garrison left here, was attacked by the mountaineers, a street-fight ensued, and the French, in the belief that the citizens had a secret understanding with the enemy, made dreadful havoc among them. The inhabitants fled to Algiers, but soon returned again to their home, which is the most charming spot in Algeria, being blessed by nature with all the magnificence of a southern climate. The population formerly amounted to about 7000 persons, but it continued to decrease up to the pacification of the country in 1846. As Belida is so near to Algiers, it

could not join in any war against the French, and was therefore often ransacked by the Kabyles, the French not occupying the city permanently before 1838. The inhabitants are industrious, and chiefly shoemakers. They manufacture the high yellow and red boots of the Arab chiefs, and the light slippers which are in common use at Algiers.

I accompanied General Damrémont, in 1837, on a military expedition to Belida. The General humanely wished to spare the inhabitants, and therefore preferred to lose several hours by manœuvring around the orange-groves, and dispelling the Kabyles by successive attacks, rather than march straight to the city, and carry the struggle into the streets. On the 29th of April, we entered Belida. The meadows around were covered with yellow flowers; the orange and pomegranate trees were encircled by creepers; many springs and rivulets streamed across the gardens, and plenty of tortoises crept on their banks. We had Neapolitan officers among us, and they assured me, that all the Edens of Sicily were surpassed by the gardens of Belida, which for so long time had been ravaged by the fiendish Kabyles.

We climbed up the mountain south of Belida, following two brigades who had occupied the first peaks, and driven the mountaineers out of their hiding-places, burning down their straw huts. Close behind the city, the Wad-Sidi-el-Kebir, a small river falls from the steep cliffs, and forms several handsome cascades. We reached only the middle of the mountain, where the Zuaves were posted who formed the vanguard of the French. On the higher tops stood the Kabyles, and though too far distant to inflict serious damage, they incessantly discharged their long muskets towards us. The first chain of the Atlas is cultivated nearly to half its height; it is everywhere covered with a rich soil, and partially well wooded; only on the top the rocks break through the black earth. The characteristic features of the Atlas are the frequent ravines, covered with thickets, and the hills which lie against the mountains, and form a kind of stairs to the steeper mountains.

The next Kabyle tribe above Belida, are the Beni-Salah; they are warlike and cruel, and muster about 600 men-in-arms. The Mussaia are their neighbours to the west, and can take the field with 1000 men. Next is the important tribe of the Summata, who, in war, muster 1500 footmen, and 200 horsemen under arms. All of them live in small and wretched huts; the rooms, however, in those miserable dwellings, are better furnished than are the tents of the Arabs. The Kabyles are sedentary agriculturists, who do not remove their habitations, and can therefore accumulate many utensils, and different pieces of comfortable furniture. The French soldiers, on the present occasion, made considerable booty in carpets, sheep-skins, brass kegs, jugs, and jars, though the Kabyles had removed their most valuable property to the higher parts of the mountains.

The wild olive-tree is very common on the lower slope of the Atlas. It is often employed, like the cactus, to form the enclosures of the corn-fields; higher up it is superseded by the oak, but the growth is dwarfish and poor; the cork-tree, which covers the tops of the mountains, does not attain to any considerable size.

Belida has been permanently occupied by the French since May, 1838; but the troops were not then quartered in the city, as Marshal Valeé was anxious that the sight of French regimentals should not induce the inhabitants to emigrate. The soldiers had to live in camp, nor were even European civilians allowed to settle in the city, though many of them had here claims of landed property. Two-thirds of the houses and gardens of the town were many years since sold to French speculators for trifling sums. Buyers and sellers alike thought that they had entrapped each other. As the French had more than ten times come to Belida, but always retired again, the Moors did not believe that the "Rummis" could ever occupy the city permanently. They did not know that the Generals abstained from it only until high-roads and block-houses were constructed all over the Metija, in order to ensure a constant, easy communication with Algiers. The inhabitants of Belida thought that the

retreat of the French columns was an evidence of fear and weakness. They, therefore, put faith in the bragging of Ben Zamun, Ben Brahim, and other Kabyle chiefs, who promised to drive the unbelievers into the sea, and did not imagine that the tricolor could ever float lastingly on the top of the Atlas. The Moors were well aware that the French speculators never would take possession of the estates they had bought, without being protected by French bayonets. The French colonists, on the other hand, knew the French character too well, and felt sure that the colony could not be given up, but must expand to the interior, should it cost even hundreds of millions. They therefore bought, without hesitation, and without even having seen them, the houses and gardens of Belida, offered to them by the inhabitants, and often even without being fully satisfied of the existence of the property. The price was, of course, nearly nominal. But both parties, the Moorish sellers and the French buyers, were greatly mistaken in the result. For when, in 1838, Belida was at last occupied by the army, the jobbers could not even then take possession of their legally acquired property. Pellissier, the chief of the Bureau Arabe, disliked them, and advocated the just, and often even the exaggerated claims of the natives. He reported to the Governor-General, that to acknowledge the French claims would be equivalent to an ejectment of the Moorish population, and would force it to emigrate to Medeah. It would be a dangerous precedent to expel a peaceable and industrious population, who, under French supremacy, were a kind of guarantee for the maintenance of peace; whilst, if driven to Medeah, they would only increase the number of the enemy. Marshal Valée saw the policy of these remarks, and paid little attention to the legal claims of the European settlers. He therefore issued an order by which every European civilian was forbidden to visit Belida, until the camps and fortifications were finished, and security restored. But long after the forts were all raised around the city, the restriction of visiting it remained in force, and it was only under the administration of Marshal Bugeaud that those claims were settled by arbitration.

Medeah, formerly the chief place of the province of Titteri, is about twice as large as Belida, and is situated south of this city. On the way thither, about fifteen miles beyond Belida, I saw a fine country-seat, which had belonged to the Agha of Oran; but after the downfal of this Beylik, it was occupied by a Marabut of the Kabyle tribe Mussaia, who, as often as French troops made an expedition in that direction, always came, accompanied by the chiefs of his tribe, to meet them with great respect; and as soon as the French retreated, fired at them. Three rivers, the Sidi-el-Kebir, the Shiffa, and the El-Jer, all easily fordable, here run through the country; by their junction they form the Massafran, a considerable but not navigable river, which takes its course through the Sahel to the sea west of Algiers. The defile of Teniah, on the way to Medeah, begins about three leagues west of the farm Mussaia. By a march of two hours, we reached the neck of the mountain, which is partially cultivated on both sides of the defile; but the greatest portion of the narrow path leads through a rough thicket, sometimes interrupted by bold lime-cliffs. Many rivulets rush over the rocks, but do not form any considerable cascades. Kabyle huts are dispersed all over the slopes, but we saw them seldom on the sunny and cultivated fields. It is where the thicket is darkest, and the cliffs roughest, that the Kabyle builds his dwelling, in the neighbourhood of the inaccessible dens of the wild beasts. Towards the top of the mountain-range, the defile becomes continually narrower; two conical rocks form a kind of natural gate, and the cliffs from both sides approach, sometimes so near to one another, that scarcely four men abreast can pass it. It seems as if fifty resolute men might here detain an army for several days. Yet General Achard stormed it with a single battalion of the 37th of the line, though it was defended by 2000 Turks, Kabyles, and Arabs. The foremost of the French rushed with fixed bayonet into almost certain death, and broke through the enemy's ranks with a heroism equalled only by the four Hungarian battalions which, under General Guyon, carried the re-

nowned pass of Branyiszko, in Hungary. The heights of Teniah form the boundary between the provinces of Algiers and of Titteri. I did not proceed farther south; and returned from Belida to Coleah.

The handsome though small town of Coleah is situated in a valley at the slope of the Sahel of Algiers, north of Belida, about two miles from the coast, west of the river Massafran. Before 1830, the city had from two to three thousand inhabitants; they dwindled down in 1840 to one thousand, but now the population is again increasing, and chiefly consists of Moors, a few Negroes, and two or three Turkish families. Jews were not allowed to settle here under the Deys. The city has no industry, and the commerce is of little importance; but it was viewed by the Mohammedans as a holy place, and therefore remained undisturbed by the feuds of the natives as a city of peace. Several of the most renowned Marabuts, and especially the family of the Mubareks (the blessed), highly venerated for their holy life, had fixed their dwellings here. All the persecuted, and even criminals, found at the door of old Mohammed Mahiddin-el-Mubarek an asylum, which was always respected by the persecuting avenger, whether an Arab chief or a Turkish janissary. Even the French troops did not disturb the peace of the little town, since they never experienced here the slightest resistance from the passive population. But in 1838, Coleah was permanently occupied. Mohammed Ben Mubarek, the mild old man, who preached peace and conciliation, was dead, and his family had emigrated. The view of the French uniforms, the necessary intercourse with the infidels (whose touch, according to the fanatics, stains the sanctuaries, and deprives them of their holiness and miraculous power), destroyed the feelings of awe which the natives felt heretofore when he approached the white cupola of the mosque of the Mubareks. Yet the garrison remained undisturbed, because the place is protected on the east by the Massafran, while to the south lie swamps which make the retreat of any marauding party very unsafe. In the beginning of

1839, German colonists from Alsatia settled in Coleah; principally because the climate and vegetation reminded them of their own country. Apple and pear-trees thrive here much better than oranges and dates; but the soil is nearly uncultivable on account of the thickets of dwarf-palms and other bushes, which it is nearly impossible to destroy. Beyond the Massafran lies the territory of the Hajutes, in the centre of which the lake or rather swamp of Alula is situated, twenty miles long and four miles broad, divided from the sea by a range of hills, which form here a kind of gigantic dyke. On the top of the heights, between the sea and the lake, is the Kubbar-el-Rummiah, already mentioned, an ancient mausoleum. It is a circular building of about 500 feet in diameter, surrounded by Tuscan columns, and surmounted by a pyramid of thirty-two steps of granite; the top has been destroyed, probably by treasure-seekers. The Kubbar-el-Rummiah may be the sepulchral monument of the old Numidian kings, which, according to Pomponius Mela, was situated between Julia Caesaria (Shershel) and Icosium, (Algiers). Some authors believe it to have been the tomb of Cava, the daughter of Count Julian, who had invited the Arabs to Spain, and whose sepulchre was erected in this neighbourhood, (according to Marmol). This lonely large monument made a considerable impression on the Arab mind, and all the natives have some traditions about the fair queen who built it, and about the treasures it is supposed to hide.

CHAPTER V.

THE EASTERN COAST OF ALGERIA.

It was towards the end of May that I went by sea to Bujia. In those latitudes, the months of May and June belong to the calm months. We had a most pleasant passage, as if carried by dolphins through the waveless sea. The coast-range of mountains between Algiers and Bujia is a northern continuation of the Atlas,

and has very few lofty peaks, none rising higher than 2000 feet above the level of the sea. The tops of a parallel southern range tower above them. The slopes are gentle, and seldom abrupt or perpendicular: they are thinly wooded; about the middle are firs, on the top are cork-trees. Between them we saw again the graceful fans of the dwarf-palm covering the soil, and making the mountains impenetrable. Between the sea and the slopes there is an uninterrupted plain, sometimes ten to fifteen miles wide, but oftener only 500 to 600 feet. The coast-scenery is monotonous, varied only by some very fantastically-shaped cliffs, and by yet fewer traces of dwellings on the mountains, which are betrayed only by the rising smoke. The country is much more fertile than the shores of the Mediterranean in France, or even in Spain.

Having passed the Capes Matifu and Bengut, we saw the little town of Dellys, the Ruscurium of the Romans, about sixty miles west of Algiers, at the foot of a considerable mountain. It has a good harbour, but very few tilled fields: the thickets and woods are here stocked with wild boars. "What sport!" exclaimed one of the passengers; "and those stupid Arabs do not eat the boar." Dellys has about 2500 native inhabitants, who are very industrious, and occupied with dyeing wool and silk, and manufacturing burnûses and carpets. The exports to Algiers consist in dried fruits, oil of inferior quality, and sheep-skins. The mighty and warlike Kabyle tribe of the Amrauahs dwell in this part of the mountains, which are too dangerous for any invading column. They are only nominally under the sovereignty of France.

On my return from Bona to Algiers, I saw to better advantage that giant of the Atlas, the Jibel Jurjura, the *mons ferratus* of the Romans, towering with many peaks above the three lower mountain-ranges of the coast. This mountain-range, about fifty miles distant from the shore, is not only higher than all the other elevated groups of the Atlas, but it has many more conical tops than the other portions of the Atlas, nearly all of which present straight, horizontal, and little inclined lines. The snow rests till

June or July on the top, which rises to about 7000 feet. No European traveller has as yet made the ascent; even the Turks did not dare to enter its recesses, and the Kabyles of that mountain never paid more than a nominal tribute. They belong mostly to the tribe of the Flissas, who can take the field with 10,000 men. Ben-Zamun is their chief, who in 1838 acknowledged the sovereignty of Abd-el-Kader, but the Flissas declared that they never would consent to pay tribute to any stranger; they pay it only by the bullets of their muskets. Yet they joined the Emir in his wars against the French. The best yatagans of the country are manufactured of Jurjura iron, dug and melted by the Flissas. The chief place of the tribe is likewise called Flissa, and is situated at the foot of the mountain, in a most delightful country. Close to the city is the village Coromma, where the most celebrated of all the Kabyle Marabuts, Sidi-Ali-Ben-Aissa, lived till 1835. He was about a hundred years old, and his influence was unbounded. Even Ben-Zamun, the secular chief of the tribe, had to yield to his command.

As we were approaching Bujia, the coast grew always higher and more wild, and perpendicular cliffs rose with sharp indentations. One of the rocks, protruding far into the sea, forms a regular gate, with a mighty arch above, which offers, through the opening, a most picturesque view of the foaming sea behind. West of Bujia, another rock interested the passengers very much, not from its shape, nor from its geological formation, but because it is inhabited by a large colony of monkeys, some of whom came out of their holes to see us. These animals belonged to the tribe of the common Barbary monkey without a tail, which abound near Bujia. Bujia is situated in the centre of a bay between Cape Carbon and Cape Carvallos. The harbour is here deeper and more secure than at Bona and Algiers; the Deys, therefore, always sent their fleet hither in the stormy season. Yet this advantage had been overrated, and several ships have here met with accidents from sudden gales. The bay, like all those of Algeria, has the shape of a crescent open to the north-east.

The city, the Salde Colonia of the ancients, is built on the slopes of the mountain Gurria in an amphitheatrical form, divided into two parts by a deep ravine. The walls were formerly very extensive, and reached the cliffs which overlook Bujia; but they have decayed long since, and the French do not repair them, since they have fortified the place with forty block-houses and trenches. The bald head of the Gurria is now covered by a strong fort, commanding the country like an eagle's nest. It affords an excellent look-out, and the Kabyles cannot stir in their mountains without being immediately seen. No surprise is, therefore, now to be dreaded, as was the case during the first years of the occupation.

Bujia is, without doubt, the most miserable town I have seen in Northern Africa. The quarter beyond the river is not inhabited; the houses are ruins of mud and broken bricks. The French cannon began the destruction at the time of the occupation; the inhabitants themselves continued the work, resolved to emigrate if they were unable to withstand the enemy: and they demolished their houses, that the French might not find anything beyond ruins. Covetous soldiers, seeking for hidden treasures, with the storms and rains of the country, completed the desolation. In the inhabited quarter, there are some new buildings of wood and bricks: the mosques are turned into store-houses; for the Mohammedan population has deserted the city since the occupation. A large hospital, and the houses of the officers of the garrison, are the most prominent buildings of the town. It is scarcely more than a military camp. The garrison amuse themselves with the wine-flask, cards, newspapers, and at the theatre, where the actors are all soldiers of the battalions of Africa (the penal battalions of the French army): the female parts are, after the antique fashion, performed by males in disguise. Though the vicinity of Bujia, with its beautiful southern vegetation in the plain, close to the well-wooded mountain, is most attractive, it is impossible to enjoy it. For years the garrison was regularly blockaded, as the Spanish forts Ceuta and Melilla were in Morocco. Whoever left the walls of the town was sure to be greeted by a volley of bullets. The

Kabyles often lay for weeks in ambuscade, in order to get the opportunity of shooting an infidel; and the soldiers, surrounded by the gardens of the Hesperides, dared not to pluck the golden fruits: it was really the torture of Tantalus. Bujia is even now the most insecure of all the French posts in Africa.

The natives around Bujia are Kabyles, and the tribes living here are the most ferocious of that race. So are, for the most part, the Mezzaia, fanatical Mohammedans, who often rushed upon the bayonets of the French. But even the Beni-Messaud, Beni-Mimur, Beni-Amrus, Ulad-Wart, &c., had no other intercourse with the French than with the sword in hand, up to the year 1846. Then the chiefs all came down from the mountains into the camp of Marshal Bugeaud, in order to pay allegiance to France, and to get gaudy dresses as a token of their investiture. But though peace is nominally subsisting, the country is not yet really subjected. In fact, it is the "Belad-Meskhutin," the accursed country of the Arab story-tellers; and yet the Kabyles of Bujia are industrious, much more so than their countrymen. Their fields on the mountain terraces are well tilled, and carefully fenced: they work the copper, lead, and iron mines on the mountains, and themselves manufacture their muskets, daggers, and swords.

Jijeli, the Jgilgilis of the ancients, lies twelve leagues east of Bujia. It is built on a small rocky peninsula, and has a good harbour, deep and secure, but affording too little space for large ships. The greatest part of the town covers the plateau of a cliff, and, if well defended, is nearly impregnable. The surrounding country is fertile, and better cultivated than the Metija; but wheat does not thrive. The natives, therefore, prefer to grow barley and flax, and to import wheat. Oranges and dates are also scarce; but figs, nuts, and eatable acorns, are found in abundance. When, in 1839, the French occupied the town, it contained about one thousand inhabitants, who all fled into the mountains among the Kabyles. Jijeli, like Bujia, is now entirely a military town; the mosques are turned into storehouses and stables,

and commerce has disappeared. Before 1830, small Moorish vessels carried hides, wool, wax, cork, oil, and dried fruits, to Algiers, but not to any considerable extent. After the occupation of Bujia by the French, the garrison got its firewood from Jijeli. The natives are as savage as the people around Bujia; but they have scarcely any horses, and are, therefore, less dangerous.

Collo is situated about fifteen leagues east from Jijeli. In the times of antiquity it was an important city, Collops Magnus; now it is a wretched Kabyle encampment of a few huts. Leo Africanus mentions the inhabitants for their "*ingenium liberale, fidissimum, humanissimum;*" but, in the course of centuries, they have become most savage robbers, ready to plunder and to murder whoever has the misfortune of being wrecked in this neighbourhood.

Ten leagues farther east, we reached Stora, the Russicada of the ancients, situated in a deeply-indented bay. The travellers of the last century described this place as a decaying city; yet when, in 1838, General Negrier made a reconnoitering in that direction from Constantine, the French, who are easily excitable, thought they were coming to a great and important city. But they were painfully undeceived when, after a march of thirty hours through a most fertile country, they arrived at the beach without finding any city or even village, but only a few deserted straw huts, leaning on Roman cisterns or temple ruins. The Kabyles kept their corn in the cisterns, and the French imitated them, and converted the solid Roman buildings into storehouses. Several blockhouses, forts, and barracks, were erected here, and at last the plan of Marshal Valeé, to found a new French city, was approved of by the Government. It was laid out at some distance from the ancient ruins, and got the name of Philippeville. Merchants and mechanics from Bona, and many Maltese settled, and the discovery of profitable coral-banks advanced materially the increase of the population. An old Roman high-road was repaired, and the connexion with Constantine was secured by means of

several intermediate camps. Philippeville, as the nearest harbour for Constantine, and the chief place of a very fertile plain, has every prospect of becoming an important commercial city.

On the 25th of May, we arrived at Bona. It has no harbour; the ships anchor in the bay, about half an hour west of the city, and seek shelter from the storm in the neighbourhood of Fort Genois, where, after all, they do not find sufficient security. This is the principal obstacle to Bona's becoming a great emporium, though, in other respects, it is a most promising place. Its varied scenery, with high mountains, bare rocks, and luxuriant vegetation on the hills and on the extensive plain, and its fine rivers, make a most agreeable impression on the mind. Green meadows and hills, wooded with jujube trees, meet the eye from every street, in accordance with the Arabic name of Bona:* Annâba, which means the jujube trees. The native population has much decreased, for in 1832, Ben-Aissa, the vicegerent of Ahmet-Bey, destroyed a great portion of the town, and forced the poor inhabitants, about six thousand men, to emigrate. Bona is divided into two quarters. The lower portion is built on the plain; the streets, though not very regular and clean, are broad and sunny. On the great market-place, many new French houses have been built, large but frail, as Europeans do not dwell here regularly for any long time, the climate being feverish. The settlers therefore seek to make money, and to leave the country soon; accordingly, their houses are built only for a few years' residence. The upper part of the city is amphitheatrical, but not so steep and high as Algiers; the buildings are all in the Moorish style, but less elegant than those of the capital. The strongly-fortified citadel of Bona is raised on an isolated hill, east of the shore. It proudly overlooks the country, and decides the fate of the city, which might easily be destroyed by the cannon of that fort. This citadel has been the scene of many interesting reverses since 1830. On the 26th of March 1832, it came into the possession of the French in a most ex-

* Bona is a mere corruption of Hippona, the old name.

traordinary manner. Two men of energy, presence of mind, and uncommon courage, with thirty sailors, took it, half by persuasion, half by force. It was at that time garrisoned by several hundred Turks, under the command of Ibrahim, a proud and ambitious man, who resolved to keep possession of it, and resisted the summons of surrender both from Ben-Aissa, Ahmet Bey's general, who stood before the walls with an Arab army, and from two captains in the French service, Yussuf, the renegado, and d'Armandy, who were in the harbour on board a small French war-brig, but without land-troops. Ben-Aissa threatened to storm the citadel, and the French officers, at the head of thirty sailors, solicited admission as friends, that, by directing the defence, they might prevent it from falling into the hands of the Arabs. But Ibrahim did not trust them, and refused them entrance. Upon this, a mutiny arose amongst the garrison, where Yussuf had managed to get a party, relying on his energetic words and demeanour, which inspired more confidence than the bragging of Ibrahim. This commander was forced to leave the citadel with his personal friends, and the gates were opened to Yussuf, d'Armandy, and the thirty sailors. Soon a new conspiracy broke out among the riotous garrison, and, but for the presence of mind of Yussuf, who cut down the ringleader with his own hand, the few Frenchmen would have been murdered, and the citadel once more lost to France. But now the gallant band remained in possession of the fortress, and defended it so valiantly against the Arabs of Ben-Aissa, that this chief gave up the siege, and commanded his followers to retreat, after a well-aimed cannon-ball had struck the ground near his tent, and he saw that the batteries of the fort might give him more trouble than he could give the garrison.

In January 1837, the citadel was severely damaged by a sudden explosion of the powder-magazine; and the ill-fated French garrison, several hundred men, met with an untimely end. The shock was as violent as an earthquake, all the windows of the town were broken, and several houses were rent asunder. Yet,

in 1838, I found the citadel again inhabited; the walls had been restored, and a merry bustle reigned in the barracks; songs were heard, wine was drunk, gambling and amusements went on, though the same dangerous stuff which had destroyed the predecessors of the merry crowd was stored up in the same vaults, all the ammunition for the expedition of Constantine being therein deposited.

Life in Bona is monotonous and peaceable, and not to be compared with life at Algiers. It was difficult to get lodgings, but the fare was most excellent. The French possess the genius of cooking, and the dinner in the "Grand Restaurant d'Afrique" was worth any dinner in the great cities of France. The orchards and gardens of Bona supplied vegetables and fruit; the Bedouins brought fowls, cattle, and mutton to the market; and the French miners and soldiers shot sufficient game. There is no country in Barbary richer in wild fowl: sixteen species of wild ducks are to be found here, and abundance of snipes, partridges, and bustards. The sea and rivers are full of fish, craw-fish, and shell-fish; and all the delicacies of Parisian cookery are to be had at low prices. Spices and wine are, of course, imported from France; for everywhere, up to the outposts in the Sahara, the sparkling Champaign and the purple claret are the faithful companions of the tricolor. The Arab Sheikhs do not despise the wine; and, in spite of Koran and Marabut, partake of the forbidden drink, though never to excess. The amusements of Bona are not much varied: they consist in a walk on the beach towards Fort St. Genois, when the steam-boats arrive and sail for France; in visits to the reading-rooms; an evening ramble on the great market-place, when everybody appears in slippers, easy cloaks, and straw-hats; and, lastly, a stroll to the coffee-house, to hear and discuss the local news over a cup of coffee and a glass of lemonade. The principal amusement, however, is the chase, though it is here very fatiguing, on account of the marshes in the east, and the steep mountains in the west.

The Maltese form the majority of the European settlers at Bona, but they are really the very refuse of Malta. Lazy, awk-

ward, cowardly, thievish, and refractory, they have not one commendable quality but their sobriety in eating and drinking. Like the Lazzaroni of Naples, the Maltese live by labour for wages; but they undertake only very light, or, at least, short work, in order to be able to bask in the sun all the afternoon, and to gaze with open mouth on the passers-by. There are but few mechanics among the Maltese, nearly all of whom are shoemakers. The better portion of them are costermongers and hucksters; they sell spices, fruit, or French wares, either in miserable stalls or in the open air. Some of them are innkeepers, and cheat the soldiers by selling bad wine mixed with water. The soldiers, again, often take revenge, by eating and drinking all they can without having a penny in their pockets, then leaving the shop without settling their bills, and sometimes beating the publican to the bargain. They are aware that for such a "lark" they are sure to be imprisoned for a few days, but this does not make them leave off the joke. The Maltese form a kind of transitional link between the European and the native population; but they are more closely connected with the natives than with the Europeans, with whom they have only communion of religious profession, whilst they are as thievish as the Arabs, as lazy as the Moors, and as dirty as the Kabyles. In their religion they are as bigoted Romanists as the natives are fanatical Mohammedans. Colonization has not much profited by them; not one in a hundred is an agriculturist—in fact, they are little fitted for tilling the ground. At the time of haymaking wages are high, for the great plain of Seybuss is covered with grass, and, on account of the scarcity of hands, not the twentieth part of it is mowed. The French administration buys hay for its horses, at high prices; nevertheless, none but Germans and Frenchmen get employment in mowing; the Maltese are too lazy and too awkward for this labour. I am well aware that travellers who have visited Malta give a different account of the islanders, and describe them as industrious, honest, and active. If this is really the case, then Malta must bless the emigration which rids her of the worst portion of her population, for I have never

seen a more worthless rabble than the Maltese in the Barbary States.

Between the natives and the Europeans there exists much more friendly relation in Bona than at Algiers. All the inhabitants of the province of Constantine, except the Kabyles, are more peaceable, and less savage and fanatical, than those of the provinces of Algiers and Oran. The nearer to Morocco, the more savage and cruel, but likewise the more gallant and energetic is the population; the nearer we approach Tunis, the more the character of the people is distinguished by mildness and humane feeling. In this respect they strongly resemble the Turks.

The landscape around Bona is far from equalling that around Algiers. We do not find either the orange groves, or the white and neat Moorish villas, which transform the hill of Mustapha-Pasha, and the mountain of Bujarea, into a paradise on earth. The high mountains, west of Bona, are too near, and obstruct the view, whilst eastwards the mountain-range is too remote, and we see therefore only the green monotonous plain, covered with flowers, but devoid of trees; and soon we discover, likewise, the greatest drawback of the settlement—the swamps and marshes, which occupy a great portion of the plain. The numerous springs and rivulets, streaming down from the mountains, do not find their way to the sea, though there is no natural dyke between the shore and the plain, as in the Sahel at Algiers; yet the great plain of Seybuss slopes visibly from north to south. All the waters, therefore, which do not fall into the Seybuss and into the Bujimah, form large morasses, and make Bona one of the most feverish spots of North Africa. Two-thirds of the inhabitants suffer in summer from intermittent fever, and the garrison often require to be transferred to more healthy places.

There are no bare heights around Bona: all the hills, up to the top, are covered with rich soil of great depth; the vegetation is accordingly luxuriant: the heights are studded with large trees; the cork-tree thriving at 3500 feet above the level of the sea. On the higher mountains, the rock breaks through the soil at

their very foot; the upper stratum is tertiary coarse-grained limestone: higher up we find gneiss and slate: the peaks of the mountain-range towards the westerly Cape Ras-el-Hamrah, are composed of transition calcareous rock, and often handsome marble. The Ras-el-Hamrah is a mass of reddish marble, and sometimes entirely white; such as is used by sculptors, and similar to that of Carrara. It seems that the ancient inhabitants of Hippo-Regius worked those quarries with great industry; there are yet many unfinished columns lying, and sufficient traces to prove that the prosperous condition of the colony, which required much marble for building, has diminished the size of the rocks. Numidia was renowned for its marble, and Pliny mentions that the country abounded in wild beasts, and was well stored with marble. The most celebrated Numidian quarries were situated midway between Carthage and Cirta (Constantine), and the yellow, purple-spotted marble of Numidia was considered to be one of the most precious ornaments of Roman buildings.

Close to Bona, the neck of the hills and the foot of the mountains are well wooded. The agave, the cactus, the date-palm, the dwarf-palm, and the orange, are less abundant than in Algiers; but the carob-tree, the olive, the fig-tree, and the vine, thrive here sufficiently, and all the vegetables of Europe yield an excellent crop. For sport, Bona is preferable to Algiers. The lion, which has deserted the neighbourhood of Algiers, is here not rare, and the sportsman has still opportunity to try his courage against the king of beasts. Colonel (now General) Yussuf often arranged great lion-hunts with hundreds of horsemen, in which several of these royal beasts were usually killed. Panthers are likewise sometimes seen here: the hyaenas are so frequent, and so little dreaded, that the French soldiers, who like to have a "menagerie" in their camps for amusement, keep them like domesticated animals amongst their young boars, ichneumons, and vultures. Great birds of prey are likewise frequent at Bona: the Egyptian vulture (*Cathartes perenopterus*) takes his walks on the banks of the Bujimah, where the cattle are slaughtered, and

is seen amongst the herds of swine, feeding; he often perches on the backs of the pigs. But when a European approaches, the vultures fly away; and this bird is peculiarly shy of those who do not wear the Arab dress. As soon as he perceives such, he stops, raises his yellow, bald neck, and spies whether the stranger is a sportsman; but he does not care for Bedouins, and allows them to approach, for the Arabs do not kill their scavenger. Venomous reptiles are not to be found near Bona: the vipers are found in the west and to the south of the Regency; but lizards are very common. I often remarked here a splendid species—rosy, and with a green belly; but I never could catch it, on account of its unexampled agility. I found several interesting specimens of shells, and some new *coleoptera*.

The ruins of the celebrated ancient city, Hippo, the residence of the Numidian kings, and the seat of St. Augustine's bishopric, are yet easily to be traced, about a mile from Bona, situated partly in the plain, partly upon two hills between the rivers Bujimah and Seybuss. From the fertility of the country, Hippo had, at the commencement of our era, become the centre of commerce and civilization, and many public buildings crowned the two hills: theatres, palaces, and temples, and afterwards churches, convents, and schools, which were as renowned as those of Italy. But a natural obstacle prevented the increase of the city; it had no springs on the hill, and the water of the Seybuss (the Ubus of the Romans) is brackish. Roman enterprise, however, soon overcame this difficulty. A mighty aqueduct was carried on arches from the foot of the mountain Pappua over two valleys and a river; two hills were tunnelled, and the clear water brought to the city. Hippo was defended by a high and thick wall, with round towers, bound eastward by the Ubus, the banks of which were lined by marble quays.

A palace adorned the loftier of the two hills. It was the residence of the Numidian kings whenever they visited this delightful spot, their usual residence being Cirta. But they came often to Hippo, which therefore was called "Regius," the royal. A great

building of square form, east of the palace, attracts the eye, which had been completed just before the capture of Hippo: the Bishop Aurelius Augustinus built it. It was a tank, resting upon seven rows of wide arches—a reservoir for the rain-water. The period of security had passed, and the bishop, foreseeing a time when the aqueduct might be stopped by the enemy, wished to provide for the population in case of siege. This token of his munificence now surpasses the splendour of the palace. The little town of Aphrodisium, the present Bona, was the harbour of Hippo, where the ships got water from a broad well. The sanctuary of Venus, on the steep shore, gave the name to the city. The principal ruins of Hippo consist of fourteen cisterns, about ten arches of the aqueduct, and the remains of a semicircular theatre, opposite the Seybuss. A few tombs have likewise been discovered on the plain, with Roman coins, pottery, and fragments of arms. Some portions of ancient masonry designate the spot where, according to tradition, the cathedral of St. Augustine stood. A French innkeeper erected a public house here, and profane dances and music desecrated the place where St. Augustine's eloquence was heard; but the desecration has been revenged: the publican failed, and his gin-palace was closed.

The first Bishop of Algiers, Dupuch—a man highly venerated by believing and unbelieving Christians, and even by Mohammedans, on account of his charity and devoutness—visited Hippo in 1839, and read the mass in open air upon the ruins of Hippo. The Litany was sung once more, after an interval of 1400 years; and the bishop was so deeply moved, that he burst into tears. The worthy prelate had soon after to leave his diocese; he spent much more than his income on acts of charity, and the government was too stingy to pay his debts, though his influence had done much to conciliate the natives. He lived in a monastery at Paris, forgotten by his countrymen. But when Abd-el-Kader was released from his prison at Amboise, and visited Paris, the Mohammedan Emir remembered the benevolent priest, and sent for him in order to express his gratitude for all the good he had done to the Arabs.

Three rivers run through the large plain of Bona, equal in extent to the Metija, namely, the Bujima, the Seybuss, and the Mafragg. The Seybuss is navigable, but only to a small distance, as a sand-bar closes its mouth; the water is here, in summer, only five feet deep, but during the rainy season it rises to ten feet. As the bar alters its height according to the winds, the surf, and the rise of the river, it often happens that ships which have entered the Seybuss are suddenly caught, and cannot get out for several weeks. A great storm cleared this bar away in February 1835, and for a certain time ships could sail up the river to some distance, but the sand has since accumulated, and the entrance in the Seybuss is again barred. This river never can become of any great commercial importance, especially as its depth rapidly decreases above Bona. But the plain, which might more easily be drained than the Metija, is one of the most inviting spots for colonists in the Regency. Ten thousand families could easily find sufficient fields for subsistence. The Bey of Constantine kept here his cattle—some hundred thousand head of cows and sheep—under the care of the Beni-Yacob, who formed a regular corps of shepherds. After the capture of Bona, herds and herdsmen had to withdraw to the interior; and Ahmet never could suppress his regret for the loss of that grazing-ground. When General Damrémont had sent Busnac, a Jew, to Constantine to negotiate, previous to the second expedition against that city, the first question of the Bey was, "What has been done with the plain of Annâba?" (Bona.) When Busnac told him that only three tribes had remained on the plain, and that its greatest portion was uncultivated—visited by the French only for boar-hunting; the Bey, quite astonished, stroked his beard, and said, "Why do the French covet my rocks and wildernesses, when they are unable to make use of the best part of my Beylik?"

La Calle, the old commercial settlement of the French, is situated on the coast, twenty-seven leagues east of Bona. It is now but a village, inhabited by about 500 coral-fishers, as several swamps which nearly reach the village make the climate

very unhealthy. Even in 1520 the French had planted a settlement on the coast of Barbary, a few miles east of La Calle, and called it "Bastion de France." But the miasmas from the swamps compelled the colonists to give up the plantation, and to transfer it to La Calle, though the change was not for the better; as, besides the fevers, they had here likewise to encounter the hostilities of the natives. Yet love of lucre imparted such endurance to the Company, that ever since that time the colony has continued to maintain itself, in spite of the hostilities and occasional depredations of the natives. The "Compagnie d'Afrique," for a yearly rent of £8000, had the monopoly of the export trade from the province of Constantine, and traded in wool, corn, hides, oil, wax, and silk. The principal gain was derived from the coral-fishery, which is inexhaustible from Cape Rose to the isle of Tabarka. The Company was several times expelled, but always succeeded in reconciling the Deys, and renewing its operations; until, in June 1827, it was entirely driven away, and the village burnt down by the Arabs.

The present inhabitants of La Calle, mostly Neapolitans and Sardinians, have no other occupation than coral-fishery. The crew of a coral-boat is composed of a captain, who has all the responsibility, and has ten coral-fishers under him. The coral-fishers belong to the lowest classes of society, the work being most painful; and many felons who have escaped from prison are found amongst them, resorting to that precarious mode of living when they find no other possible occupation. The captain always appoints one of the fishers as his mate, who acts as second in command.

The ground of the sea, near La Calle, is full of rocks of different height, and the corals adhere to those rocks; they are better in size and colour on the southern slope of the rocks towards the coast, than on the top, or at the sea-side. The fishers throw strong hempen nets into the sea, which are kept extended by wooden crosses, of about four feet length, loaded by weights. These nets entangle themselves in the corals, and as

soon as the fishers feel the nets sticking, they row with all their might to the north, until the coral is broken off from the rock; often, however, they catch only a stone, or some pieces of madrepores and zoophytes. On the whole, it is a piece of good luck to catch fine corals. The common coral-fisher gets, besides his board, twenty to twenty-five shillings a-month; the captain, double the amount, and a bottle of wine per day. Every foreign boat has to pay £64 a-year to the French Government for the license of coral-fishing; the boat of ten persons, and the captain, about the same sum; the total expense for a boat is therefore about £300; the repair of the nets is not included, which is sometimes very heavy. The yield of the summer is, on an average, 160 cwt.; in winter, 60 cwt. per boat; therefore about 220 cwt., whilst the average price of corals is £3 per pound. The capitalists have, of course, no control over the finds, but rely on the honesty of the captain; if, however, for two successive years, he catches less corals than the other captains, he is dismissed. The number of coral-boats in La Calle, is often changing. In the time of the old Company, they amounted to 700 or 800, but now there are scarcely more than 300. Formerly one-third of the boats were French, now from ten to fifteen are Corsican, and the remainder are sent from Naples, Genoa, and Leghorn. Though corals are no longer fashionable in France, many are sent to China, where they fetch good prices, and it is difficult to understand why the French, who obtain the licenses gratis, have given up this branch of industry. The centre of the coral commerce is Leghorn; good specimens, of fine colour and large size, are well paid, sometimes fetching £30 and more. In recent times the coral-fishery has again greatly increased, and if the climate were not so bad at La Calle, this place might become very important, as valuable forests, available for timber, cover the immediate neighbourhood.

I requested Commander Lacombe to make an excursion with me from the camp of Drean to Lake Fezzara. Lacombe was at that time (Aug. 1837) an experienced officer advanced in years, who had gone through a stormy career, having often

meddled in party politics, and been rather ill-used by the Government. He liked scientific disputes; and his chief study was geology, regarding which he advanced some rather unscientific hypotheses. He complied with my request. A company of nineteen persons, led by curiosity or love of sport, was soon formed. We set out at midnight, and after a sharp ride of four hours, arrived at the lake of Karfalla, the lieutenant of the Spahis, an Arab by birth, acting as our guide and interpreter.

It is in vain to expect in Africa such lovely sheets of water as are found in the lakes of Switzerland, or of Lombardy. I saw in Barbary, besides Lake Fezzara, the morasses of La Calle, the Lake Alula, and the briny lakes of the province of Oran. They are all of the same character. In winter, when the waters of the mountains pour into the plain, and overflow the country, those lakes are such as we imagined them to be. But in summer they are mere swamps, covered with innumerable green, unsteady islands, formed by cane and water-plants. Lake Fezzara is the largest sheet of fresh water in Barbary, yet it is scarcely above twenty-five miles in circumference. We could hardly reach the water; sharp reeds obstructed our way, and, as we advanced, an immense crowd of wading-birds rose, yelling and whistling and screaming. We received them with a volley from our muskets, and continued the sport for about two hours without interruption; such being the multitude of birds, that even the less trained hands seldom failed to kill one of the wild-ducks, herons, and other water-fowls. But it was more difficult to recover the game which dropped into the canes; nearly half of them were lost to us. Soon after, we fell in with an encampment of Arabs, who had been so frightened by the report of our rifles, that they had already packed their mules to retire into the mountains, when they were quieted by Karfalla telling them that it was only sport, and not a hostile attack. The Arabs said that the swamp continued yet for three hours' journey in the same direction, before the deep and clear water of the lake could be reached. As the reeds and cane made our progress nearly impracticable, we resolved to turn to the north-

west bank of the lake, where, according to the report of the Bedouins, a spring and a fine shady fig-tree were to be found—excellent inducements, as an African noon without shelter in the hot season often entails an attack of fever.

The Arabs of Lake Fezzara have a bad fame; but our well-mounted and well-armed company seemed to overawe them. They received us kindly, offered us milk, and sold us some other trifles at reasonable prices. Men and women were very dirty and ragged. The females and children gazed with astonished eyes at the fearful "Rummis," of whom they had heard from their Marabut. They had evidently not yet met with Europeans, for the children who ran after us did not beg for copper coin, as all those do who have once come into contact with the French. The *whelps*, as the French called them, did not look very savage, but seemed inclined to become acquainted with us.

After a ride of three hours, we found the fig-tree and the spring. The water rushed from a limestone cliff into a natural reservoir, overshadowed by the broad leaves of a gigantic fig-tree, which protected the spring from the rays of the sun. The water was so fresh and cool, that, in spite of the many amphibious creatures living in it, we found it a most excellent refreshment. The shadow of the tree offered sufficient shelter for nineteen persons; but scarcely half of our party enjoyed rest on this lucky spot, forming an oasis in the scorched plain. The younger officers continued shooting, and a few were engaged with cooking. Several of our comrades had lived for many days on snails and unripe corn, when pursuing some Arab tribe; but hither they had brought all the delicacies of a Parisian kitchen, which they now prepared most artistically. Some Bedouins arrived at the spring whilst we were dining; they came to fill their sheep-skins with the crystal water. We offered them in vain our purple claret; even the example of Karfalla, who was drinking with his two nephews, could not induce them to taste the forbidden wine: they drank their water, and rode away singing, and no less merry than we wine-drinkers were.

After dinner I ascended one of the rocks on the eastern bank with Commander Lacombe, and we saw the whole surface of the lake, extending as far as a considerable mountain-range. The green reed-islands of the eastern and northern bank disappear towards the south, where the water looks really like a lake; yet the scenery is not picturesque, but monotonous: the waters are black and heavy, scarcely moved by the strongest breeze. They are not brackish, but yet of a disagreeable taste. The principal feature of the lake is the immense number of morass-birds. I saw here the sickle-billed ibis, the silver-heron, the Numidian crane, the purple-heron, the wild-swan, and the flamingo—king of the waders—with its scarlet wings and white plumes. They are gregarious, stand commonly with their long feet in shallow water, and carry their long neck as majestically as the swan. Since shooting is the only amusement of the colonist, and is not restricted by any game-laws, Lake Fezzara is likely to become the favourite resort of the sons of Nimrod in the colony. The neighbourhood of Algiers has already been entirely cleared of the boars which formerly came up to the doors, and the lion has retired into the fastnesses of the Atlas, or to the desert between the Tell and the Oases. But the waders of Lake Fezzara can scarcely ever be diminished; for, when too much alarmed, they take their flight to the southern end of the lake, where the sportsman cannot follow them into the deep water.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROVINCE OF CONSTANTINE.

General Damrémont, starting for the expedition to Constantine, had appointed me a Member of the Scientific Commission which was to accompany the army. This Commission had to examine the antiquities, to measure the heights, to collect botanical and zoological curiosities, and to report on everything important and worth

notice in a Memoir to be published after the campaign. The idea was very laudable, the more so, as the General did not care much about science: he looked upon the splendid wild flora of the country as so many weeds, and the monuments of Rome were simple stones for him. Yet, such is the power of the example set in Egypt by the great Napoleon to all French generals, that even Damrémont mentioned it in his Report to the Minister of War, that, amidst the preparations for the expedition, and in spite of all kinds of difficulties, he had not forgotten the interests of science. We were all treated as officers. I received three rations for men and horses, like a chief of battalion, and in this respect we had no reason to complain. But so much more had we to lament the neglect of all means required for scientific undertaking: we were not even furnished with mules for transporting the most necessary instruments and collections; there was no unity of action amongst the Members of the Commission, and every one did what he pleased in an isolated way. One rode with the vanguard, another with the army or with the baggage-train: we did not meet, and did not even know what each of us was to do or to observe. I attached myself, therefore, to Captain Muratt, a young Swiss officer in the Neapolitan service, who accompanied the army as an amateur, and I was lucky enough to find my companion a well-informed, experienced gentleman, who was enthusiastic for everything rising above every-day life.

The great plain of Bona becomes narrower toward the south, above the camp of Drean, and appears as a small valley leading through the mountains. Following it we found, on a spot where the rivulet Mya-Berda winds through a ravine, thirteen Arab tomb-stones, erected, according to tradition, in memory of thirteen Arabs who were killed here by lions. Up to the occupation of the country by the French, the mountains of this neighbourhood had been often visited by lions; but the frequent lion-chases of the officers, and the good prices which lion-skins fetched in the market of Bona, encouraging the natives in hunting, the kingly beast has been driven to the more southern lonely plateaus of the Atlas.

We reached the camp of Neshmeya after a seven hours' march from the camp of Drean. In military estimate, it is a wretched position, as it is overlooked from several hills in the neighbourhood; but the French relied upon the laziness and short-sightedness of the Arabs, who would not take advantage of the ground. Yet, after the success of the expedition, this camp was given up, and the neat village, constructed from twigs, close to the camp also disappeared, without leaving a trace of its ephemeral existence. The next French camp on the way to Constantine was Hammam-Berda: the road continues through mountains, but the character of the Atlas is here less rugged and rough than on the coast. The mountain-peaks seldom tower more than 1000 feet above the plateau, and the mountain-ranges are covered with black earth and sunny green meadows. The name of the camp has been derived from the hot springs in the neighbourhood, for the Arabs call all the thermal springs Hammam (baths), and add the name of the next tribe to designate the locality. At Hammam-Berda we found many ruins, which clearly prove that the Romans had used these springs extensively for medical purposes. A massive reservoir is still in good preservation. The hot spring rushes in a horizontal direction from the cliff through an artificial mouth: and it would seem that the water was first carried thither by the Romans. The reservoir which receives the spring is of oval form, twenty-two feet long, and ten wide; hence the water used to rush to a larger basin on a lower level: but this is now destroyed, and is covered with weed and bushes. It had an oval form, and was 100 feet by 70. The remains are built of cut square stones of considerable size. The thermometer showed for the water a temperature of 29° Reaumur (93¼ of Fahrenheit). A few sepulchral inscriptions were found at this place, which the Romans called Aquæ Tibilitanæ.

The camp of Hammam-Berda was the most comfortable of all the camps of the province of Constantine, from its quiet, its fine scenery, and its baths, which the French officers used every day. The neighbourhood of the springs is covered by a bush vegetation,

greener, and more luxuriant and blooming than any I had seen elsewhere in North Africa. Egyptian willows, wild vines, and, in particular, oleander shrubs, which attain here the height of eighteen feet, and are studded with red blossoms, form a shining garland all along the thermal water and the cool rivulet which winds its way through the narrow valley.

Half an hour's ride from Hammam-Berda, carried us to the large valley of the Seybuss, an extensive country of remarkable fertility, which must have been densely peopled in ancient times. The whole valley is covered with ruins of Roman towns, forts, and isolated buildings. The Seybuss is here very shallow, the bed of the river being filled with stones, whilst the banks are low; they are well wooded with wild cypresses and tamarisks. The centre of the valley is occupied by the camp of Ghelma, on the slope of the mountain range of Mauna. It is built out of the ruins of ancient Calama, which cover an extent of three miles in circumference. This large Roman city was destroyed by an earthquake. The French camp is of solid structure, the building materials being at hand. It was founded during the disastrous retreat of Marshal Clauzel, first as a kind of hospital, and as a safe retreat for all the invalids and stragglers, who, overcome by fatigue, were unable to follow the army; they found here an asylum and resting-place. It is the same spot, where, nearly two thousand years back, the legions of Aulus Postumius Albinus were cut to pieces by Jugurtha. Marshal Clauzel left Colonel Duvivier with one battalion among the ruins, and this talented energetic officer willingly undertook the task, to erect here in the wilderness a place of arms, impregnable to Arabs, with a handful of soldiers, weakened and dispirited by sickness and reverses, without resources, without tents for shelter against the rain, or any sufficient supply of food. An elongated quadrangular wall was still standing amidst the ruins, evidently heaped up from the scattered remains of the destroyed city, by some new invader, the Numidian or the Arab, as a means of defence. Colonel Duvivier quartered his troops inside this wall; he had it repaired

and raised to double the height; and constructed rough barracks from the ruins. The hungry troops were soon provided with victuals from Bona; in a few weeks, a regular communication was established between the two places, and every fortnight a convoy was sent with provisions to the garrison. Soon after, many speculators, French and Maltese, settled here, and constructed coffee-houses, shops, and taverns. Broken columns and pillars of porphyry supported smoky public-houses, enframed by temple-ruins. There we saw the sign-board of the wine-shop—"Ici on donne à boire et à manger," close to a mutilated Latin inscription, fitted into the wall, which was the sepulchral record of a Roman proconsul. Such a desecration of the relics of the great conquerors, is revolting in a nation which talks so much about civilization and respect for science. But we find in the French people, and especially in the French armies and its camp-followers, a wanton destructiveness, which can hardly be controlled by the orders of enlightened generals, or by the endeavours of educated officers. In Algiers, fine orange-trees were felled for fire-wood in 1830. In Tlemsan, the beams of elegant Moorish houses were cut out for similar purposes, and this proceeding subsequently led to the ruin of entire streets. The gardens of the Dey, the palace of Abd-el-Kader in Mascara, and the Moorish villas on Mount Bujarea, were recklessly sacked. So too the ruins of Calama, which had been respected by Arab indolence, were wantonly destroyed by French soldiers and settlers. Columns were thrown down, because they stood in the way of a wine-cellar, and funeral inscriptions were broken to pave a tavern. Pages of history which told us what Calama had been, and who had ruled and lived here, the eloquent monuments of a great past, were reduced by a few strokes of the hammer, into dumb stones. It was not fanaticism, like that of the early Arabs, which prompted the French to such Vandalism; it was the most petty and miserable love of lucre, the old monuments being more handy for building material than the stones. I often met with soldiers occupied in breaking inscriptions, or hammering away bas-reliefs, in order to

fit the stone easier into a well, and it was in vain to repeat our complaints to Colonel Duvivier, when we partook of his coffee in the barracks. He complained of the destructiveness of his soldiers, who did not comply with his orders; but he declared that there was no remedy. He said, "an old stone does not require so much time for fitting, as a new one to be brought from the quarry; and whoever is acquainted with the endless toils of the African soldier, will, after all, find it natural, if he has no antiquarian scruples against saving labour to deter him from destroying ancient inscriptions." Duvivier's remarks were quite natural, and he had probably the same feelings as his soldiers. It was no enthusiasm for a new French-African empire, but ambition which prompted him to exert his energies to the utmost, and this ambition was not that of extending civilization into the countries of Barbary, but the desire of becoming general, with the marshal's baton in prospect. When he founded the camp of Ghelma, he did not care for the interest of antiquarians or of scientific societies; but his sole aim was to raise without delay a place of arms which might keep Ahmet Bey in check. Provided that the soldiers raised the necessary fortifications and barracks in the shortest time, they might have destroyed all the seven wonders of antiquity.

But we must confess that this camp was most picturesque. The houses, hospitals, stables, shops, and inns, built of the most different stones, of polished porphyry, marble, basalt, and fragments of temple-columns, interspersed with antique Roman and modern French inscriptions, had something uncommon, surrounded as they were by ancient ruins and African vegetation. The most important ruin we saw, was an amphitheatre, which, like all the antique buildings of that kind, afforded a splendid view over the finest part of the surrounding country. The ancients knew how to take advantage of fine scenery.

A new high-road of very steep descent leads in five hours from Ghelma to Mejez-Ammar. Mejez-Ammar is the name of a circular valley, surrounded by mountains and divided by the

Seybuss, which is here fordable. At the time of my visit, the valley was full of life and movement; 10,000 men were assembled here, green-houses and saloons built of frail mastich twigs forming large streets. But when the trumpet and drum called us to Constantine, that improvised city vanished without leaving a trace, like the palaces of the Arabian nights. It was destroyed, lest it might become a robber-den for the Bedouins.

On the 28th September the Duke of Nemours made a visit to the thermal springs of Hammam-Meskhutin. Colonel Duvivier was the first Frenchman who, attracted by the singular accounts of the Arabs, had made an excursion from Ghelma to those smoking rocks and boiling waters, and he was so much struck by the wild scenery that he made a most enthusiastic report to Marshal Clauzel. We were all curious for the sight which was able to warm up even such a cold soldier as the Colonel.

The way to Hammam-Meskhutin, (the baths of the accursed), over deep ravines and dense thickets, is very difficult. The roaring of the boiling cascade, and the steam rising in clouds from the spring, can be perceived from a considerable distance; but before arriving in full view of the waters, the eye rests astonished on the numerous sugar-loaf rocks which rise from the even ground like isolated Arab tents. The hue and size of these cones varies from deep grey to the brightest white, and from two feet to twenty, many of them are continually steaming. The Arabs account for this phenomenon by the following tale: "In ancient times a rich and mighty Arab chief lived here, who fell in love with his own sister, and wished to marry her. But Kadi and Marabuts refused to sanction such a union, which is forbidden by the Koran, and accursed by God. Still, bribed by the riches and overawed by the threats of the chief, they at last consented to draw up the marriage agreement, and to go to the house of the betrothed in order to partake of the feast. The crowd wished likewise to be present at the festive occasion, and assembled with pipes and drums. Kuskusu was boiled in immense caldrons, to be distributed not only to the guests, but likewise to all the passers-by.

Music delighted the ears, and dance the eyes of the guests, when God, in just wrath against the godless banquet, hurled his curse on the betrothed, the Kadi, the Marabut, and the assembled crowd. The musicians and dancing girls were all transformed into stones, and these are the conical rocks which cover the spring of Hammam-Meskhutin. The highest cone is the Marabut, who had ratified the incest. The crowd fled from the scene of desolation, but the curse reached them on their way; they were turned into rocks; and you see them in the indented cliffs which tower above the bed of the Wad-el-Meskhutin. The boiling caldrons where the meal was prepared, were accursed to boil for ever, and it is from them that the steam issues which we see here; the sulphureous smell announces from afar that this is an accursed spot, and that the wrath of God is to reach all those who drink from those waters—called therefore Hammam-Meskhutin, the bath of the accursed."

For us the natural causes of those rock-cones were less romantic, though more instructive. The boiling water, which in different parts of the valley spouts from the soil, contains a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, which is deposited on the ground when the water evaporates. In this way a calcareous stratum of whitish-rosy hue, is formed around the mouth of the spring. By-and-by the water-spout deposits new strata, raising the mouth, and increasing the diameter of the lower portion by dripping down. In this way those cones increase in size, until at last the spout obstructs the outlet on the top of the pyramid, and the water is forced to seek a new outlet. Commander Levaillant, who, on his sporting excursions, had often visited the valley, was once present at such a new eruption of water. It had at that moment 80° Reaumur, (212° of Fahrenheit). In other places I found the heat 70°. All over the valley we see rocks of a quite recent formation; those next to the spring being white as snow, soft, and consisting of pure carbonate of lime. Farther back we see cones reddish-white, emitting a light steam; the spring having evidently not long ago closed its outlet.

Others again, which are grey and hard, have been formed in past ages.

On the plateau of the right bank of the Seybuss, between Mejez-Hammar and Hammam-Meskhutin, we met with a system of rocks, so entirely similar to the cones of the accursed springs, as to leave no doubt that they have been produced in the same way; but no trace of a thermal spring is now found in their vicinity. And even between Mejez-Hammar and Gelma we again see a similar formation. It seems that the springs have receded in the course of thousands and thousands of years to their present position.

Hammam-Meskhutin is a most interesting spot in a geological point of view; but in order to study it thoroughly, more time is required than we were able to afford. We could not make observations, for we saw the valley only as tourists and dilettanti. We had often requested General Damrémont to grant us an escort of fifty horsemen, to protect us against the hordes of Ahmet-Bey; but the General never found that he could spare fifty horsemen for the Scientific Commission. When, however, the Duke of Nemours expressed his desire to see the scenery of the place, three regiments were spared to accompany him thither, and we were indebted to the curiosity of the Prince for affording us an opportunity of at least seeing this memorable spot.

Considerable ruins of an old Roman bath in good preservation embellish this strange locality by their picturesque forms. The Roman aqueduct set out from a conical lime rock, which at that time must have contained the principal spring. Now it is entirely cold, though it does not stand far from the present principal spring. We could trace distinctly the ruins of a public bath, and several smaller private basins. Another bath was surrounded by fine arches of square stones, and a wall seems to have served for defence. On a sepulchral monument we made out the name of a Pomponius, styled an illustrious man, Vir Clarus. Yet it is strange that none of the ancient authors on Numidia mentions this

establishment, though, to judge from the extent of its ruins, it must have been important.

After we had admired for a while the valley, with its strange conical rocks, its ruins and steaming gaps, we were led to a grand object, surpassing the beauties of Switzerland and the Tyrol. This is the great water-fall of hot water east of the Sugar-loaf Rocks, falling from milk-white cliffs, which increase daily by the deposit of the cascades. Whilst other water-falls are constantly receding by wearing out the rocks, that of Hammam-Meskhutin advances continually. The scene reminded me much of the glaciers of Switzerland, for the lime cliffs of Hammam-Meskhutin have entirely the hue of fresh snow, and only here and there do we see a yellowish-red brimstone efflorescence. The figures formed by the deposits of the spring are most fantastical, changing their size and aspect incessantly. From above this rock and its curious indentations, the boiling stream falls thundering and foaming into the abyss, divided by the uneven mass of the rocks into many smaller cascades, which leap from step to step into the large basin at the foot of the cliff, where they unite in the hot river Wad-el-Meskhutin, running southwards. The banks and the whole neighbourhood of the springs are adorned by a splendid vegetation. We found the *scilla maritima* in full bloom, its white high flower-stems adorning the valley and the rocks. We met with them among the ruins, and often likewise bathing their tops in the hot water, where, in a few minutes, the lime incrustated the flower. The beautiful *iris alata* glistened, with her sky-blue butterfly flowers, through the green vegetation. On the foot of the rock I found the rare *Lawsonia inermis*, the henna of the Arabs, from which they prepare the red for dyeing the nails of their fingers. The *geranium numidicum*, the *passeriana hirsuta*, and the *Daphne spyridion*, also embellished the valley of the cliffs and smoking waters, as if the Elysium and the Tartarus of the ancients were here blended together.

The defile of the Ras-el-Akba is only three hours' distance

from the camp of Mejez-Hammar; but the immense baggage-train, and the cold rain, detained the march from morning till late in the afternoon. In the meantime, Captain Muralt and I ascended the highest peak, which towers 800 feet above the pass. It is a primary lime-formation, full of crevices, cracks, and holes, evincing some great Plutonic catastrophe. The upper part of the mountain is a mere steep cliff without vegetation. Under the broken stones, I found a large specimen of the twelve-eyed scorpion, and several other insects—as, for instance, the *Acinopus obesus*, and a new species of a small green white-spotted lizard. The view from the top was not satisfactory—nothing being seen but barren mountains and plateaus. The defile is 2448 feet above the level of the sea. We returned in the evening, just when the tents were being pitched. East of our temporary camp were the ruins of a Roman city, the name of which is as yet unknown; the Arabs call it Aminah. It must have been a place of considerable wealth and extent. We saw several well-preserved buildings, triumphal arches, gates, temples, the remains of a theatre, and many marble slabs adorned with bas-reliefs. But the city must have witnessed several catastrophes, since some of these buildings are erected from the fragments of more ancient fabrics. A Christian church, for instance, contained remains of broken columns and marble slabs, formerly belonging to different heathen monuments. It is now ruined in its turn; but the large limestone cross on its top has withstood all the ravages of time and barbarism. I was tempted to carry away some sculptured fragments, but the workmanship was as indifferent as that of the other Roman-African sculptures, which, in fact, have scarcely any artistical importance. Yet these ruins made a deep impression on my mind, even more than those of Egypt and Asia-Minor. There we pass over illustrious relics; we know their history from the time when they have been built, up to the time when we visit them. But here we see the dumb witnesses of fallen greatness without knowing their former name, or their history, from the time when Genseric had entered them with his northern barbarians. No record has

been preserved of their fate; and oblivion has drawn over them an impenetrable veil.

The way from Ras-el-Akba to Constantine leads through a barren plateau, devoid of vegetation. For five days we saw but a single grove of trees; Arab tombs being the only objects which varied the dull monotony of the country. The soldiers had to collect thistles or weeds for their camp fires, and even the few Arab encampments on our way were destroyed by the order of Ahmet, previous to our arrival.

On the 5th of October, we reached El-Summah, a Roman monument, which remained a riddle to our archaeologists. On the top of a hill, a high square building rises, surrounded by a flight of steps, and supported in front by four columns; but at the foot of this apparent temple there is so great a quantity of square stones heaped up, which must have tumbled down from the monument, that it is difficult to account for the original shape of the top.

The distance of Constantine from El-Summah is only eight miles. The country becomes here more genial. We saw an elongated narrow valley, through which the Rummel winds its way to the west, and in the back ground we perceived for the first time, after five days' march, trees and human dwellings between the plateau El Mansura in the west, and the mountain of Kudiat-Ati in the east. Olive-trees likewise adorn the banks of the Rummel; but as the groves were filled with Arab horsemen, none of us had the courage to visit them.

Constantine is built on the top of a perpendicularly escarped cliff, which is only connected eastward with the mountain Kudiat-Ati by a narrow neck. The city has a slope towards the south-east, and rises more than eight hundred feet above the valley of the Rummel. The site affords sufficient evidence that the security of the country never could have been great. The mighty barren rock fastness, too high for the storming ladder, too strong for the battering-ram, and even for the forty-eight pounder, was formerly considered, and was still viewed, as preferable to a dwelling in the delightful valley of the river, amidst its orange and pomegranate trees.

Constantine is the Cirta of the ancients, in the country of the Massaesylians. The name means in the Shemitic languages, *city*—the residence of the Numidian kings being appropriately styled in this way. Syphax, the Gaetulian prince, resided here at the time of the second Punic war, in a splendid palace. But as he sided with Carthage, his city was handed over to Massinissa, the ally of Rome. For sixty years, Cirta remained the residence of that fortunate prince; and in the time of Micipsa, his son, it was, according to Strabo, adorned by splendid buildings, and could furnish ten thousand horsemen and twenty thousand foot soldiers. These numbers are evidently exaggerated, for the extent of ancient Cirta, on this isolated rock, could not have been larger than it is at present. The contingents of the valley beneath must, therefore, have been included in these figures. Jugurtha took the city by starvation; for, as Sallust assures us, "Cirta cannot be conquered by assault." The Romans got possession of it, after a long siege, by blockade; and the Numidian prince was unable to reconquer his capital. At the time of the first Juba, the splendour of Cirta was yet untarnished; but a strange fatality impelled the rulers of that city always to side with the unsuccessful party. Juba was subdued with the fall of Pompeius; and Cæsar gave the country around Cirta to his partizan Sitius, who placed here Roman soldiers, and transformed the Phœnician name of Cirta into the Roman Colonia Sitianorum. In 311, the usurper Alexander got possession of the city, but Maxentius defeated him, and, for the first time in history, took Cirta by storm. The city was rebuilt by the Emperor Constantine, a name which has been corrupted by the Arabs into Cossamtina. The later history under the Vandals, the Byzantine Emperors, the Arabs, and Turks, is entirely unknown. Up to the time of the French expedition, it was nearly inaccessible to Europeans, and utterly unexplored.

Constantine is a third smaller in extent than Algiers, and has a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It has four gates: Bab-el-Kantarah, or the "Bridge-gate," leading over the Roman bridge across the Rummel to the plateau El-Mansurah;

Bab-el-Rahbah, or the Market-gate, and the two smaller gates, El-Tedid, (New-gate,) and El-Wad, or the Water-gate, leading to the Kudiat-Ati. The streets, though less narrow than those in the upper part of Algiers, are angular and dirty. The city is not important in commercial respects; the shops and stalls of the Jews and Moors are poor, for the Arabs of the country around Constantine do not require many of the luxuries of the cities. Boots and slippers, saddlery, looking-glasses, pipes, and gold embroidery, are all that they require from the merchant. The principal income of the citizens arises from their mules and asses, by which they carry the produce of the interior to Tunis. They are also the carriers for a portion of the African trade; not indeed of the wares of Sudan, since the caravans from Timbuctu, Bornu, and Ghadames do not take their way through the province of Constantine —but the Oasis-States, Tuggurt, and the country of the Mozabites, send their dates and hides, by Biskara and Constantine to Tunis. Before the occupation of the city, the French had always believed that Constantine was important for commerce, and many Jewish and Christian jobbers had accompanied the army with the intention of buying the booty from the soldiers; but they transacted very little business. Scarcely any valuable articles fell into the hands of the plundering parties, except victuals and cash, which last, of course, was kept by them.

Constantine has ten large mosques, and about double the number of smaller praying-houses, but scarcely four or five are provided with high minarets. Their only ornaments are marble columns, and artificially entwined Arab inscriptions on the walls. One of them has been transformed into a Christian church, others into barracks and store-houses. The principal building of the city is the palace of the Bey, in the centre of the town, surrounded by gardens, baths, and court-yards. It consists of eight irregular buildings, communicating with one another, but not at all imposing from the outside. Yet when we entered and saw the large columnar hall, we were surprised at the elegance, symmetry, and neatness of Moorish architecture, and when

we inhaled the scent of the orange and pomegranate trees in the garden, and heard the rustling fountains and water-spouts, and the roaring of the lions which were kept in one of the courts, we had a pretty good idea of the old Khalif palaces of Bagdad. The walls of the colonnade in the first large garden-yard, full of orange-trees, are adorned by rough fresco representations of naval engagements, and of the principal Mussulman cities: such as Constantinople, Cairo, Tunis; but we should not have recognized them, had not the inscriptions beneath them told us what they meant to represent. Constantine was likewise depicted, and over the Bey's palace we read the following lines—"This palace dazzles the eyes of the spectator with its beauty. El-Haji-Ahmet-Pasha, is the Sultan who dwells here. May God grant him victory over the people of the infidels! God has scattered his enemies as the wind scatters the dust." May his glory and power always be increased! May God grant him the palaces of Paradise, and people them with millions of Hôoris. But be it done as pleases God! Amen." The second yard contains the bath; the third is adorned by water-spouts and water-basins, enlivened by golden-fishes; the fourth is the lion-yard, and the keeper of the beasts is a German renegado. The finest specimen of the lions was sent to the Jardin de Plantes at Paris; others were killed, as their food was deemed too expensive.

The citadel is built on the highest rock in the city, and is surrounded by walls, composed of the ruins of old Cirta. Inside we found a well-preserved Christian church in the Byzantine style, which had been turned by the janissaries into barracks. Westwards from the citadel, a steep rock overhangs the valley of the Rummel, just where the river forms a foaming cascade. This was the Tarpeian rock of the ancient Cirta—the place where felons and faithless women were hurled into the abyss in succession by Romans, Vandals, and Mohammedans. We found only a few remains of antiquity in Constantine; for instance, a portion of a triumphal arch, erected in honour of Caius Claudius, a proconsul, and two others without any inscription. The most important

ancient fabric, is the celebrated bridge, carried across the abyss of El-Hauah, and the river Rummel which runs through it, to the plateau El-Mansurah. It had been rebuilt, having been much defaced in 1793. We made out two antique elephants, with short trunks, sculptured on its piers. The length of the bridge is 310 feet, and its height 312 feet; it is therefore one of the highest arched bridges in the world. The remains of an aqueduct in the valley between El-Mansurah and Kudiat-Ati, are likewise a noble ruin; but only six arches are preserved; we could not find any continuation to them, as the stones had all been carried away for building.

The great valley of the Rummel, north-west of Constantine, is nearly as fertile, and still more picturesque than Belida. The river disappears here entirely under the rocks, and reappears again beneath the citadel, where it forms a threefold thundering cascade of about 300 feet. I scarcely ever saw a more varied scene. There are gigantic dark rocks, from which the foaming river leaps down, surrounded by mighty groves of trees—high above, the sombre city perched on the cliffs, and beneath, a paradise of flowers and bushes, enlivened by butterflies and humming-bees. Even my friend Muralt, a native of Berne, and a resident in Naples, was surprised by the magnificence of the scenery.

CHATPER VII.

EXCURSION FROM ALGIERS TO THE WEST.

Shershel (Julia Caesarea) is the first important place on the coast westward from Algiers. Like all the other Moorish sea-port towns, it is surrounded by a fertile plain, full of orange and pomegranate groves; and, like other Mohammedan cities it looks very picturesque and splendid from the outside, adorned as it is with massive cupolas and slender mosque towers. It has now no harbour; the ancient one has been filled up by the fall of the Roman light-house, which an earthquake overthrew. Besides,

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as modern ships draw more water than ancient Roman galleys, this sea-port, like others celebrated in antiquity (for instance that of Carthage), is quite unfit for modern commerce.

We soon reached Tenez, a miserable place, once the capital of a small kingdom, but now renowned only for its dirt and filth, which are immortalized by an epigram of the Marabut author, Hammet-Ben-Usaph, known all over Barbary. "Tenez," he says, "is built on a dunghill; its water is blood, its air is poison; Hammet-Ben-Usaph would not dwell there." Among the Moors, there is a tradition, that the inhabitants of Tenez were renowned sorcerers, and that Pharaoh of Egypt sent for them in order to confound the miracles of Moses, and that up to the present day they were the greatest rogues of Barbary. Mines of copper and lead, discovered in the neighbourhood, promise considerable future prosperity to the city.

Mers-el-Kebir is the harbour of Oran, but, unfortunately, two French leagues distant from that city. Around the harbour the steep cliffs prevent the establishment of a town; in consequence, there was little prospect of the increase of Oran, the communication between the harbour and the city being often cut off by bad weather for several days, or even weeks. But the French set actively to work, and blasted a road through the cliffs, in order to secure an access from the town to the harbour. In several places the tertiary lime cliff, rising to eighty feet, was to be demolished; in another place, a tunnel had to be bored through the rocks; and such was the hardness of the material that it cost one year of incessant labour to perforate the cliff for two hundred feet. This road, and all the others in the Regency, were, like the drainage of the plain of Metija, and of that of Bona, made by the army. Altogether, the employment of soldiers in the construction of works of public utility is one of the most laudable results of the occupation of Algeria. In the time of the Romans, such constructions formed a regular occupation of the armies in time of peace; but modern martinet officers deem such work degrading, and believe that drilling, idleness, and unproductive labour, are

the occupations for the soldier. Even here in Algeria, it was in the beginning only as punishment that soldiers were employed on works of public utility: it was difficult to overcome the prejudice, that work dishonours a soldier; but afterwards the whole army was in turn engaged in such labours. What might not be done in India, if the same prejudice could be done away with the officers?

Oran looks more like a Spanish, than a Moorish city; indeed it was held by the Spaniards for several centuries up to 1791, when it was seriously damaged by an earthquake, and given up to the Dey by negotiation. It lies on two small plateaus, divided by a valley full of fine gardens. The streets are broad and straight, the houses uniform. Moorish architecture prevails only in the mosques, which are uncommonly handsome; the Spanish Church, with its heavy tasteless towers, is very inferior to them. The characteristic feature of Oran is the three Spanish forts—one at the foot, one half way up, and one at the steep top of the rock Tamara. They are constructed of such solid masonry, that even the earthquake did not injure them. The highest of these forts is called Santa-Cruz; but the natives, to elevate the Crescent above the Cross, have built on a still higher and steeper mountain-top, opposite to the fort, a Marabut chapel, with a white cupola surmounted by a shining crescent.

After the occupation of Oran by the French, the great majority of the Mohammedan population immediately emigrated, as was the case in Bujia, in Bona, in Belida, and other places. Those who went into the interior returned after the downfal of Abd-el-Kader; but not a few had gone to Tunis, to Morocco, and even to Turkey. The gap which they occasioned in the population was soon filled up by French, and especially Spanish colonists.

The neighbourhood of Oran is bare, and only fine in the rainy season. Even in March the soil becomes parched by the burning rays of the sun, as there is no river, nor any spring near the city. As an agricultural establishment, therefore, Oran has no future; but Mers-el-Kebir, the Portus Magnus of the ancients, is

next to the roads of Arzew, the safest harbour on the Algerine coast, being unprotected against the south-east winds only. Yet what the ancients and the Arabs called a great harbour (for Mers-el-Kebir has the same meaning as Portus Magnus), is not large for modern European ships. The port of Arzew is the only one which can give shelter to a more numerous fleet.

The extensive salt-lake, El-Sebgha, near Messerghin, a village in the vicinity of Oran, is ten miles wide, and about forty miles long. In summer, it is entirely dry, and its bed is covered with a stratum of salt, which even in winter glitters through the water with white, yellow, and red crystals, the water being only six feet deep. Many wading-birds live on the banks: and I shot amongst them the flamingo and the Numidian crane. The Garrabas and the Beni-Ammer, the two tribes who were most enthusiastic supporters of Abd-el-Kader, lived here around Oran and the Salt-lake. The majority of the Beni-Ammer went with their chief to Morocco, and have not returned; they could once take the field with 4000 horsemen; but now their territory has been confiscated for the French Government property.

From Oran I made an excursion to Mascara, which at that time was the capital of Abd-el-Kader. Commander Pellissier, the Directeur des Affaires Arabes, had handed me two Arab letters, signed and sealed by Marshal Valeé for the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and for the governor of Mascara, Hâji Bukhari. I was strongly recommended to both as a learned "Dubîb" (physician), who had the intention of travelling in the interior in order to seek medical plants, and to prepare drugs. It was necessary to make such a pretext; for distrust against foreigners is universal in Arab countries. The nomades suspect a spy in every European: they think he comes to draw maps and plans, and to prepare the way for military expeditions. They, therefore, in order to deter the tourist, always exaggerate the dangers and privations which he may have to encounter. They say that their country is very poor, that the mountains contain no gold, and that the stones and plants are just the same as those found on the

coast. The Arabs give these accounts, fearing lest the discovery of a mine, or of salt, or of a medical spring, might allure the French into their country.

The means of communication between Oran and Mascara were, in 1838, very scanty. Though peace was maintained between the Arabs and French, still their mutual hatred had been roused by the preceding barbarous war to such a pitch, that friendly intercourse could not be restored between the two races, and robberies and murders frequently occurred.

The French Consul at Mascara was at that time Mr. Daumas, captain of the mounted rifles, or Chasseurs d'Afrique, distinguished both as an officer and as a diplomatist.* Though he lived with his physician, his two interpreters, and a few military servants, in a very retired and sober way in the Arab city, yet the scanty supplies of the market were not sufficient for him, at least this was the report at Oran. Every third or fourth week, therefore, a small train of mules was sent to him with the necessaries of a French table: wine, sugar, and other trifles, to which we are accustomed. The mules were led by French waggoners, to whom such an expedition was a kind of favour, as on their return they loaded the animals with products of Mascara, especially with fowls, which they sold at better prices in Oran. An Arab in the service of Abd-el-Kader always accompanied those trains, and I seized the opportunity of travelling with one of them in the company of Lieutenant Daumas and Mr. Varlet, a young army-surgeon. Our guide, a grey Bedouin of the Garrabas tribe, was ragged, and rode on a mule as grey and lean as himself; but, in the course of the journey, both confounded us and our well-fed mules by their agility and endurance. I tried to enter into conversation with the old man, who sometimes gazed at me with undisguised hatred and contempt, but he cut me short with laconic answers. After a ride of three hours, we arrived in the dominion of "Sultan Abd-el-Kader," entering the large plain of Tlelat, an

* Now he is General Conseiller d'état, and Directeur des Affaires Arabes.

extensive but rather barren country, full of morasses and thickets. Here I saw that immense number of slugs of which I had heard from the travellers to Mascara. Every jujube-bush, every mastich-shrub, every dwarf-palm, was covered by them: they looked like ornamented garlands on the foliage, or like moving strings of pearls. Some of the shrubs were entirely covered by those creatures: and were devoid of foliage, for the slugs had eaten it up. When the French army was returning from Mascara under Marshal Clauzel, the provisions were very scanty; the soldiers, therefore, caught and cooked the snails, and Captain Magagnos assured me that they formed a most excellent meal. At the time of my journey, the Garrabas peopled that plain: they are, next to the Hajutes, the most cruel and treacherous tribe of the Regency. "They are notorious murderers," said Abd-el-Kader to Consul Daumas, "but my best warriors." They furnished 2000 horsemen to the Emir, who used to say, "The Garrabas are my cloak, the Beni-Ammers my coat, the Hashems my shirt." He induced many of them to follow him to Morocco.

We rode for a few hours through the lonely bushes, until we became somewhat uneasy; our excited imaginations often misled us to take some pistaccia-bushes in the distance for camel's-hair tents, or the floating rag on some Marabut tomb for the Burnus of an Arab lurking in ambuscade. But as nothing suspicious occurred, we soon forgot our misgivings. When dusk approached, we did not like to leave our Garrabas guide out of view. The sun was setting, and the grey Bedouin vaulted from his mule, which, accustomed to such pauses, stood still patiently, whilst his master had thrown himself on the ground, pressing the soil with his forehead, and remaining buried in devotion until the last glimmering ray had vanished. Suddenly he started up and became aware that we had been witnesses of his prayers. An angry glance shot from his eyes, and he unwittingly cried out "Begone!" Of course we left him; but, when he joined us again, he was

* Great works of drainage and irrigation have been accomplished here during the few last years by the French.

more friendly than before, and asked whether we would not spend the night at an Arab encampment, for, beyond that, there were no more human dwellings on our way. Of course we consented; though a night with such robbers as the Garrabas are, did not promise to be pleasant. We left the beaten track, and, after half an hour's ride through the thicket, we reached a clear place, studded with black tents, and with browsing herds. At the first encampment, we were refused admittance, the females and children reviled us, and we were driven away. At the second encampment, the Sheikh, just as ugly and ragged as our guide, after a long parley, allowed us to alight, and to picket our mules. A tent was soon pitched for us, but so unwillingly, that we did not think ourselves quite safe. Yet after a few hours' conversation around the great fire which we had made, we became friends with the Arabs, who were all most curious about news, especially as regarded Milud-Ben-Arash, Abd-el-Kader's envoy in France, who was a son of a Marabut of the Garrabas tribe. Song and amusements went on till midnight, after which we had a quiet rest till morning. This encampment was the largest I had seen in Barbary: and must have contained several hundred families. The black tents formed a regular circle. In the centre, an immense herd of black sheep and goats, of lean bulls and cows, and a few camels, were bleating and bellowing; while the white long-haired Bedouin dogs, alarmed by the presence of strangers, barked incessantly. An out of the way spot was chosen for the encampment, as is usually the case with Arabs, both in order to escape importunate claims on their hospitality, and to avoid any hostile party. Before the enemy could work his way through the bushes, the Bedouins would have time to send away their herds and tents. Such a precaution was the more necessary, as the Garrabas were engaged in a feud with the Beni-Ammer; and until Abd-el-Kader was able to return from Medeah and enforce peace, both tribes continued to plunder each other most rapaciously.

A small elevated plateau, running parallel with the coast, divides the plain of Tlelat from the more extensive and fertile

plain of Ceirat, which is watered by the Sig. This plateau is covered with mastich-bushes; but I saw likewise many wild olive-trees, African tamarisks, pines, oaks, carob and jujube trees. This place is, according to the Arabs, a resort of lions; but, as our guide told us, they never attack a man if he rails at them as thieves, and sons of thieves, and spits on them, and goes boldly onward; but whoever shows them respect is inevitably lost.

The splendid plain of the Sig now lay before our eyes, expanding like a green sea. We saw here many encampments, numerous herds, and not a few Marabut tombs. Sometimes one sees only a slab, surrounded by a low stone-fence, and surmounted by a white flag or a rag: this indicates the resting-place of a common Marabut. Upon the grave of a more renowned saint, a small chapel with a cupola is raised; whilst over those of first order, and of national importance, a mosque is built, and watched over by Talebs (doctors) and hermits. Our journey through the plain lasted rather long, since our old guide alighted at each of the Marabut tombs, and threw himself on the ground for prayer. On the southern end of the plain runs the Sig, between steep banks, in a south-eastern direction. The river is not considerable, and its water is dark brown: the Arabs say that every horseman who allows his horse to drink from it may proceed farther on foot. Five miles beyond the Sig, we reached the first of the three ranges of the Atlas, which we had to pass before Mascara. The valleys between them are most fertile, and of luxuriant vegetation. The mastich-tree rises here to sixty feet in height, and I found some splendid specimens of orchis.

Late at night we arrived at Mascara, without being asked for passports, or detained by custom-house officers. Abd-el-Kader had the good sense not to imitate the French in introducing those blessings of civilization by which travellers on the continent of Europe are annoyed. We halted in a wretched street, at the house of the French consul, who received us as brothers. He assured us of his gratitude to any European who visited him in his loneliness, and afforded him an opportunity of exchanging

thoughts and feelings with Europeans. We were scarcely seated at table when the Arab governor of the city, Haji-Bukhari, sent us a lamb and kuskusu, mixed with raisins, the report having reached him by our guide that it was the son of the Sultan of France who had arrived in the city.

Mascara is situated on the southern slope of the third Atlas range, on the north side of the splendid plain of Egghres, a few miles distant from the ruins of the ancient Roman colony, Victoria. It is a most wretched place, with small miserable stone-houses, narrow filthy streets, and without any important mosque. The only handsome building, the ancient palace of the Beys, and afterwards the palace of Abd-el-Kader, was destroyed by Marshal Clauzel in 1835. The Emir did not restore it—nay, he gave a formal command not to remove the rubbish. Nobody was allowed to dwell here: the palace was suffered to remain in ruins, its floor having been trodden by infidels; Abd-el-Kader himself took an oath never to visit the city which had been soiled by the conquest of the Rummis. From that time he remained in his tent outside the city, as often as he came to Mascara. Yet, even before its destruction, the palace was not to be compared with the fine Moorish buildings in Algiers, or with the Bey's palace at Constantine. Its garden was, at the time of my visit, entirely neglected—the fountains were dried up—the orange-trees had withered—the outer wall was mouldering. In the large court-yard, I saw a few ostriches still remaining, but very badly kept: the ruins are entirely in possession of falcons and storks. The storks here, as all over the East, are hurt by nobody. According to an Arab tradition, they are Marabuts turned into birds for a great sin, and therefore they even now like to dwell on the cupolas of the mosques, and to sit upon the crescent. Only the stables in the smaller court-yard had escaped destruction. I saw here three of Abd-el-Kader's horses, and amongst them an old silver-grey stallion, on which the Emir had made his first entry into Mascara, when the son of the poor Marabut was proclaimed Sultan by the tribe of the Hashems. The horse was now old and

lame, but it was carefully tended for its former services to the Emir.

The summer residence of the Bey, outside the town, is in the same desolate condition as the palace in town. It was destroyed by the Hashems, when Sidi-Mahiddin, the father of Abd-el-Kader, expelled the Turks in 1832; yet the garden, full of date-palms, carob and pomegranate-trees, is still the finest place for taking a walk in at Mascara. The city is strategically important for nothing but its central position in the province. It has no industrial or commercial advantages. But whoever occupies it with from four to five thousand light troops, commands the two most fertile and important plains of the province of Oran—that of Egghres in the south, and that of the Sig or Ceirat in the north; he is the lord of the Hashems, the Beni-Ammers, and of the Garrabas. Marshal Clauzel must have overlooked this; for had he left a garrison here, instead of sending it to Tlemsan, Abd-el-Kader never would have regained his influence. When the Marshal had occupied the city, the Borjias, an important tribe of the plain of Ceirat, immediately sent envoys to the French, to negotiate a treaty and offer submission. But when the French withdrew, and Abd-el-Kader, reinforced by the Kabyles of the Tafna, returned to Mascara, dissensions arose in this tribe. Some of the leaders proposed to follow the French to the very walls of Oran, where the Duairs and Zmelas had found protection when seceding from the Emir; but others advised to treat with Abd-el-Kader. Whilst they were deliberating, he had surrounded the tribe with his army. The Sheikh of the Borjias succeeded in escaping to Mostagenem; but the Emir punished the whole tribe by breaking it up. He sent the families singly to the Hashems, the Flitas, and other tribes; about one-fourth were forced to go to Tekedemt and to Tlemsan, to increase the population of those cities. To the Arabs this was an awful punishment, since every tribe is for them a kind of large family, of which they know the traditions, and are proud of its power and its feats. All the feelings which a noble-minded European has for his country

and nationality are, with the Arab, concentrated in love for his tribe; his patriotism does not extend beyond it, but it is for that very reason the more intense. When, afterwards, under Bugeaud, the French permanently occupied Mascara, the majority of the Beni-Ammers; and many Hashems and Garrabas, unable to resist the conquerors of the city, emigrated to Morocco with Abd-el-Kader, and the Borjias again formed themselves into a tribe.

The house of Consul Daumas was probably the best building in Mascara. It had three dark rooms, a small court-yard, a kitchen, and a terrace. French soldiers had in a few weeks repaired this house, and it was furnished with some comforts which even the Arabs and Moors of Mascara did not fail to appreciate. They came often to the Consul for a chat and a cup of coffee. It is an attractive, and, in social intercourse, an invaluable feature of a Frenchman's character, that he knows how to pass easily and with good grace the stiff ceremonial barrier between himself and a stranger, and spares him the tedious time of gradual acquaintance. He is soon confidential, but never intruding; he puts his heart and his mind into his conversation; he does not hide his secrets, and imparts his own frankness to the stranger. Such a true Frenchman, of chivalrous mind and winning manners, is Consul Daumas. He knows how by his friendliness to lead others into conversation, and thus has often succeeded in getting most important information from the reserved Arab chiefs, to whom in return he talked about Europe and the miracles of her civilization. I often admired his uncommon cleverness with the natives. Through questions apparently most trivial, he elicited from them the most valuable information about the movements of Abd-el-Kader, who was just preparing for his expedition against Ain-Maadi—about his powder-mill at Tekedemt, his cannon-foundery at Tlemsan—about the strength of his army, and the disposition of the tribes towards him. He knew how to involve them in the most heterogeneous topics, and to get, even from the most taciturn of them, such facts as were important for him. I remember that one evening Ben-Amidu, a German renegado, came to visit me.

The Consul immediately had two bottles of wine brought, and urged the renegado to partake freely of the drink. Of course, he became talkative, and I was much amused by the autobiography of that adventurer. His name had been Geistinger; he was a native of Bavaria. Having served in the Foreign Legion, and being made prisoner by the Arabs in 1833, or perhaps having deserted to them, he learned the Arabic, became a Mohammedan, and got accustomed to Bedouin life. He drilled a small corps of natives for Abd-el-Kader in the European way, and fought gallantly for his new master. But at last he got tired of the Arabs, and deserted again to the French, saying that he had escaped from an Arab prison. But General Desmichels took him for a deserter, and, in order to punish him, sent him back to the Emir. The returned renegado was now most cruelly treated; but the Emir at last pitied him, and spared his life. Abd-el-Kader had, at the Makta, captured a French ammunition-cart, and wished to send this trophy to the Sultan of Morocco. But he did not know how so lumbering a piece of goods might be transported over the high mountains and impassable paths. He, therefore, asked Geistinger whether he would undertake the transport of the cart. The renegado, of course, did not dare to refuse the commission. Though he had no idea of coach-making, he took the cart into pieces, had the wheels and all the other parts loaded on camels, and proceeded to Morocco, having been provided with ample means by the Emir, who told him to remain there if he chose; but if the renegado loved him, he expected him to return. After a march of thirty days, Geistinger arrived at Fez, put the cart together, presented it to the Sultan, Abder-Rahman, and opened a coffee-house with the money he had got from the Emir. But as he was no man of business, he soon failed, and returned to Abd-el-Kader. The Emir again took him into his service as inspector of his powder-mill. Geistinger had become entirely African. I never should have recognised a countryman of mine in the sunburnt Bedouin, clad in the Arab garb. When I spoke in German to him, he seemed to get into a fit of home-sickness. "Fare-

well," he cried out, "you are happy that you can return to our country. I am doomed to live and die amongst savages."

Consul Daumas had by the conversation elicited several statements from the renegado about the state of affairs—the failure of Abd-el-Kader's cannon-foundry, which had cost much money—the bad feelings of the Angads towards the Emir, and other local matters. The German had taken many glasses of wine with our host, and seemed at last to have forgotten all reserve. I was surprised that Dr. Varnier, the friend and inseparable companion of the Consul, did not make his appearance during our conversation. But scarcely had the renegado gone away, when a curtain was raised close to the chimney, and I saw the bearded jolly face of the Doctor, laughing at my astonishment. He had posted himself there with pen, ink, and paper, and carefully written down the conversation; he had become a thorough stenographer, and reported every word of the natives. His writings were the staple of the most valuable despatches of the Consul.

Nearly every evening we had a visit from some Sheikh or Marabut, who liked to drink coffee with the Consul. I made here the acquaintance of Hâji-Bukhari, the governor of Mascara; of Hâji-Mustapha, the vicegerent (Khâlifa) of the Emir; of Sheikh Mohammed-Bussid, the chief of the Hashems, and several Marabuts of the ill-fated tribe of the Borjias. They often spoke of their Sultan and his early life, and told us the traditions and tales of the tribes. Sometimes they entered into a disputation about Christianity and Islamism, and they seemed to like my defending my faith with warmth, since with the Arabs the religious indifference of the French is an inexplicable riddle, and is productive of much astonishment and disgust.

The afternoon I usually spent with Dr. Varnier, who received at that time of the day the visits of the Arab patients. They had great confidence in the "Dubî-el-Rummi" (the Christian physician.) I became here convinced that even the most simple and natural mode of life, open air and exercise, do not prevent human sufferings of the most awful description. The traveller who rides

through the country of the Bedouins, and does not see any other specimens of the nomades than the healthy men visiting the markets, prates easily about the primitive health of the race, uncontaminated by civilization; and his speculations readily get credit in our overcrowded cities. But in the court-yard of the Consulate at Mascara, I saw that the tent hides as hideous diseases as the hovel of the agriculturist pauper, or the garret of the manufacturing labourer. Ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, leprosy and herpetic eruptions, I noticed in fearful development. Moreover, I saw many imaginary sufferers among the patients of Dr. Varnier, such as I should have expected to find only among the effete, idle classes of great cities, who fancied themselves to be ill, only in order to visit the Doctor, and to swallow his prescription. The case of one individual amused me very much. He was a gigantic Arab, who assured us that he had a live tortoise in his belly, and felt it pinch and squeeze him. The physician gave him an entirely harmless drug, and the Bedouin was soon satisfied that it had destroyed the beast. As to gratitude, they did not seem to feel any towards the infidel Doctor; they looked upon him as an instrument of God, and reserved their thanks for God alone. Still the Doctor was never molested on his occasional rambles through the country, though he was not allowed to extend them farther than to a radius of ten miles; but this he deemed an ample reward for his exertions, as it furnished him with many opportunities of acquiring information.

Hâji Bukhari, the Hâkem, or Governor of the city of Mascara, was the friend and companion of Abd-el-Kader from early youth. He lived in a small house, in a lonely street, but he was during the whole day in the hall of justice, close to the market. Here he sat on a mat of bulrushes, several Khôjas or clerks sitting around him, and six 'chaush 'or beadles, with long sticks, being posted at the door, awaiting the orders of their master. Their principal calling was to bestow the bastinado on the culprits, and they did it with good grace. Scarcely any market-day passed without five thousand lashes being awarded. And the man who

ordered them to be applied, had the most tender, pious, and devout expression of countenance I ever saw. He much resembles the Emir himself; but Abd-el-Kader's features are still more refined and spiritual, whilst the Hâkem is more muscular. Hâji-Bukhari has often given proofs of his faith and attachment to his friend and master. When Abd-el-Ḳader fell wounded from his horse in the battle against Mustapha-Ben-Ismael, it was Bukhari who covered him with his body and carried him off; he followed him likewise against Mussa-el-Sherif, and was one of the few chiefs who never wavered in their allegiance to the Emir, even when Marshal Clauzel was at Mascara. In conversation, the Hâkem is kind and friendly with Christians and with Arabs, who, in spite of the often awarded bastinado, love him for his prompt administration of justice.

Hâji-Bukhari received us in the most courteous manner; but when I requested permission to visit the thermal springs of Hammam-Sidi-Ben-Hanefiah, he gave an evasive answer, and offered to have the water brought to Mascara for our examination. The principal motive of his reluctance was perhaps less his own distrust of Christians, than an apprehension lest the tribes in the interior might become dissatisfied with him, and charge him as conniving with spying Rummis, and allowing them to soil the Marabut graves by their presence. Abd-el-Kader's power rested so entirely on the religious fanaticism of his people, that every kindness shown to a Christian was liable to become dangerous, as some Marabut might make use of it as the theme for a fanatical speech.

As a beginning, we had to be satisfied with extending our excursions to the immediate vicinity of the city. From the mountain Shruab-el-Rehah, I had a good view of the three Atlas ranges to the north, and of the whole country up to the sea, as well as of the more monotonous plain of Egghres in the south, to which the Atlas slopes down by a series of small valleys. In one of those dales is the hermitage of Sidi-Mahiddin, the birth-place of Abd-el-Kader, the residence of the chief of the Marabut family, Ma-

hiddin. At the time of my visit, this chief was the uncle of Abd-el-Kader, the only one surviving brother of old Mahiddin. As already mentioned, young men are educated in these hermitages (Ghetnas) to become Marabuts. They are, in fact, Arab colleges, where only young men of good families or of uncommon talents are admitted as students, and trained to become Arab saints. The hermitage of Sidi-Mahiddin, was for many years the most celebrated of those educational institutions in the province of Oran, and consisted of four buildings, one storey high. One of them is the residence of the chief, containing likewise his library and parlour; in the second, he kept his three wives; the third, which is separated from the house of the Marabut by a garden, gave accommodation for twelve students; the fourth was the chapel. All the valley resembles a garden; vines creep along the walls of the buildings; a palm-tree stands before the chapel, and the garden is full of vegetables, melons, fruit-trees, and flowers, which are attended to by the saint himself. Many guests arrived daily at the hermitage for prayer, or for consultation with the Marabut. They never came with empty hands: one brought an animal from his herd; the other, a bag of wheat; the third, cash. Sidi-Mahiddin, an old man, sat before the door, and greeted the new-comers, accepting their presents, and treating them with kuskusu and pure water, whilst the guests sat around him for hours in friendly conversation. Almost every one had some peculiar request. One wished to have his neighbour reconciled to him, with whom he lived in enmity; another was not blessed with children, and requested the saintly man to join in prayers with him to God for them. Another, again, was unwell, or had a member of his family in ill health, and the Marabut was to help them all. Political affairs were likewise discussed here, news exchanged, and diplomatic counsels held. Whoever brought tidings from Oran, true or false, and every Hâji, coming from Mecca, or with news from the Sultan in Constantinople, was always a welcome guest at the hermitage. The most influential Kaids, Sheikhs, and Marabuts, appeared here regularly, nearly every month, and the

most serious questions were decided. It was here that the murder of the Turks in Mascara was plotted, and that Mahiddin preached the holy war against the French. As often as Abd-el-Kader visited the vicinity of Mascara, he came daily to the old family residence, to visit and to consult his aged uncle.

At the south end of the plain of Egghres, lies Kashruh, the family cemetery of the Mahiddin family. It is one of the finest spots of the province: a ravine of the Atlas, bounded on both sides by wild, sharp-edged granite walls, and studded with the most beautiful trees: palms, pomegranates, carobs, oaks, wild olives, and mastich, all united by climbing plants in the most picturesque shapes—here like a canopy, and there like a throne. Seven small mosques are built in one range, separated by fences of cactus, only the mosque of Abd-el-Kader's father being surrounded by a double row of masonry. Mustapha-Ulid-Mahiddin, the elder brother of Abd-el-Kader, has built here a frail hermitage of branches, and lives in an ascetic way, in dreamy contemplation. He had become the Kaid of the mighty tribe of the Flitas, on the banks of the Shelif, and had revolted against his brother. The Emir conciliated the tribe, and the young man retired to the cemetery of his fathers, and lived here secluded, avoiding the contact of men. Religious enthusiasm and dreamy contemplation seem to be the characteristic features of the Mahiddin family. But with Abd-el-Kader, it has been modified by political sagacity, love of conquest, and unbounded ambition.

After an interval of a week, I tried again to get permission for an excursion to the thermal springs. The Governor of Mascara sat in the hall of justice among his clerks and beadles: he seemed to be in bad temper, and did not invite me to sit down; but I took my place opposite to him on his mat, and we had the following conversation:—

"You have," said I, "promised me an escort and a guide whenever I might intend to visit some more distant points. I come now to ask a guide to Hammam-Sidi-Hanefiah."

"What are you to do at the springs?" asked Bukhari, without deigning to look at me.

"I wish to get water of the spring; its virtue has been praised to me. We have several sick people in Oran, for whom it might be health-restoring."

"I will spare you the long journey, which leads over stones and precipices. You could not return to day. My beadles will fetch as much of the water as you may require."

"It would not be of any avail to me; I must try its virtue while it is still hot, and at the spring itself."

"You cannot be allowed to approach the spring. A Marabut lies buried there, who did not like the Rummis. He would send a disease on you, and your patients might drink death instead of health."

"I respect the Marabuts. I know they are pious men, who deserve your love by their wisdom, their exemplary life, and their conciliating spirit. The Christians, returning from captivity, mention them with gratitude, as they always found in them defenders against the outrages of your warriors. I cannot believe that a saint, for whose remains I have profound reverence, could harm me."

"The Marabut might spare you," said the chief, after some minutes, "but your companions would surely fall under his curse."

"Yet they are ready to try their good-luck; if they fare ill, you have no responsibility."

"But the Consul is my friend, and I cannot allow that he should go anywhere where he might be endangered."

Seeing that distrust was the principal reason of all the difficulties, I shifted the ground. "You know," said I, "that I am not a Frenchman, but a German. I do not care for your affairs: my people has never warred with yours, and the Sultan of the Germans is a good friend to the Padishah in Constantinople."

Hâji Bukhari interrupted me, saying, "It is quite the same whether you are German or French: we have made peace with

the French, and we do not deny to them what we would grant to another Rummi."

After some more discussion, Bukhari consented to have me conducted half-way to the springs, from whence any Arab might fetch the water. Having gained this point, the Consul, his brother, Dr. Varnier, our dragoman and I, set out immediately. Our guide was a young man, and we hoped he might not be inaccessible to a bribe. Our horses carried us rapidly across the plain of Egghres, which is about sixty miles long, and twelve wide. It is the territory of the Hashems, who have tilled about one-half of it, as it is uncommonly well suited for wheat. No swamps here pollute the air; it is healthy throughout, but not so well watered as the plain of the Sig to the north. The Hashems, therefore, go with their flocks in spring regularly to the north, and return only at harvest to that excellent wheat land.

We had soon reached the spot whither the governor had ordered our guide to conduct us: but he refused to lead us further onward. I was prepared for that, and gave him two Spanish dollars, with the promise of a like sum when we returned from the spring. He weighed the money in his hand, requested me to repeat the promise, and said then resolutely, "Ten boojoos! I don't care if now the Governor bastinades me." After a ride of two hours along mountain paths, we reached a broad valley, surrounded by high and well-timbered mountains, and studded with Arab tombstones. Soon we saw the white Marabut sepulchre, and the Talebs rushing out of the hermitage, and reproaching the guide for having led Christians to the holy spot: they declared they would not permit us to go to the spring. I promised money to their chief, but he rejected the offer indignantly. It would have been very disagreeable to fail so near the goal. I therefore drew several dollars out of my pocket, and showed them to him: he refused them a second time, but his glance was riveted to the silver; and when I was about to pocket them again, the saintly man snatched them from my hand and led

me towards the mosque, on condition that my companions did not follow. The thermal spring here runs from the rock into a basin about five feet in circumference, which formerly must have been much larger, as it is filled with a lime-sediment, which sooner or later will obstruct the spring. But the deposits of carbonate of lime are far from being so considerable as at Hammam-Meskhutin. The water is likewise much scantier than at those splendid springs: the temperature of this was 65° Reaumur. I had scarcely time to fill my jugs and bottles, when the Taleb judged I had seen enough for my two dollars; but how surprised and angry was he, when, turning round, he found that all my companions had followed us silently, and were here on the forbidden ground. He requested us to hasten away. We asked him some questions about the neighbourhood, and he told us that there were other five similar springs in the valley, but not so hot as these of Hammam-Hanefiah. In another valley, he said, there were old ruins, great temples, rows of columns, and many inscriptions; probably the ruins of Victoria, a colony mentioned by Ptolemy. From frequent experience, we know how little such Arab descriptions can be trusted; these people like to exaggerate the marvels of antiquity. After having admired the splendid scenery of the valley, which had been selected for a cemetery by the Arab tribes around, we retraced our steps to Mascara.

On my return from Oran to Algiers, I visited several points of the coast. New Arzew lies twelve French leagues east of Oran. It is a new establishment, consisting of two forts, several barracks, and large storehouses, and owes its existence to the fact, that the roads of Arzew afford the best protection for ships on the whole coast of Barbary. In the vicinity of the settlement, there was no trace of agriculture to be seen: the country is too dry, and the supply of wholesome water very scanty, the brooks and rivulets in the east and south of the town being unwholesome. No trees enliven the scenery around, but the bushes are very thick, scarcely leaving any pasture-ground for the excellent breed of horses for which that portion of the province is renowned. Wild beasts and

game are found in abundance; lions come nowhere so near within the reach of European settlements as here. New Arzew was founded in order that it might replace Old Arzew on a more convenient spot, that city, the Arsenaria of the Romans, having been destroyed in 1834. The old town was small, and inhabited only by about 400 Shellukhs (Kabyles from Morocco). They were a peaceful and kind people, acknowledging the supremacy of an intelligent Kadi, of the name of Bethuna, who, immediately after the capture of Oran, opened a friendly commercial intercourse with the French, and by that proceeding incensed Abd-el-Kader so much, that, as he still continued to trade with the French even after a solemn warning from Mascara, the Emir had him seized, carried to Mascara, and strangled. Abd-el-Kader, though on the whole more lenient and humane than other Arab and Kabyle chiefs, did not entirely resemble the sentimental picture drawn of him by Lord Maidstone and other sympathisers. General Desmichels hereupon gave orders to occupy Arzew; but the Emir anticipated him, destroyed the houses, carried the population off to the interior, and distributed them among the tribes in the plain of Ceirat. Only very few succeeded in fleeing to Mostaganem and Oran. Old Arzew now presents to view nothing but a heap of ruins, entirely unfit for human habitation.

Considerable quantities of rock-salt are to be found fifteen miles south-east of New Arzew; but the mines are scarcely worked, except for the daily supply of the Flitas, the other tribes finding it easier to supply themselves from the salt lake of Messerghin, which, drying up each summer, leaves a thick crust of salt in its bed. Though it is less pure, it can be more easily gathered than the rock-salt.

About twenty miles east of Arzew, the river Makta, famous on account of General Trezel's defeat, empties itself into the sea. It comes from the plain of Ceirat, and is formed by the juncture of the Sig and of the Habra. In spring it is rapid, but is not navigable at any season of the year.

About thirty miles farther east is Massafran, celebrated for its

heroic defence against Abd-el-Kader, and Mostaganem, a rising sea-coast city, on a plateau of lime-cliffs. In the principal mosque I saw an Arabic inscription, giving in a few words the origin of the city in the time of Sultan Yussuf. According to it, "some shepherds drove their herds into this neighbourhood; and the sheep, attracted by the luxuriant pasture-grounds, would not be driven farther. The shepherds, therefore, settled here, being themselves surprised by the beauty of the country: God gave his blessing, and Mostaganem arose." The community has suffered much by the late wars, and many trees have been felled in the orchards. But the climate is still more genial than that of Algiers; cotton thrives, and the henna, which furnishes the red dye, prospers in the gardens, though it cannot be cultivated in Algiers. Twenty miles east of Mostaganem we saw the Shelif, the most important river of the Regency. It comes from the desert, winds its way to the north-east, where, between Miliana and Medeah, it breaks through the valleys of the Atlas, and takes a north-westerly course to the sea. Yet even this river has in summer not sufficient water for inland navigation, and can scarcely become of any importance for trade. Nature has not blessed the northern coast of Algeria with natural communications to the interior.

PART II.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE REGENCY OF ALGIERS.

The native inhabitants of Barbary, that is to say, of the north-western coast of Africa, belong to seven different nationalities, each of them of peculiar descent, and having customs and manners of their own. They are separated by features, language, and costume, and rarely intermix with one another; six of them belong to the Mohammedan faith, the seventh is of Israelite origin.

1. The Arabs form the great majority of the inhabitants of the Regency of Algeria; they are the ruling race in the interior, and likewise in Morocco, whilst in Tripolis they push the Turks constantly back to the coast.

2. Next to the Arabs, the Kabyles, or Amazighs, as they are called in Morocco, and Tibboos and Tuariks in the Desert, are the most numerous race; they inhabit the country from an earlier period than their neighbours, and dwell principally on the mountain-slopes of the Atlas.

3. The Moors belong, with the Kabyles, to the earlier inhabitants of north-western Africa; they live exclusively in the cities, and have the mildest manners of all the Mohammedan population.

4. The Turks, and their descendants the Kuruglis, have dwindled down to an insignificant number since their power was broken in 1830; they dwell in the seaports and in Constantine.

5. The Jews, the most oppressed race in Africa, are diffused throughout all the cities of the country.

6. The Negroes came nearly all from Western Sudan, and a few from Guinea; some of them are freemen, the majority are enslaved.

7. The Mozabites, or Beni-Mozâb, form the seventh nationality; they have their own tongue, and inhabit three Oases in the Sahara. Many of them live in Algiers and Medeah as mechanics. Colonists from nearly all the continental nations of Europe have been added to these seven native races, and have introduced an undesirable variety of tongues, features, and costumes, especially into the seaports. We begin the description of the native population, with the most numerous and most important race, the Arabs.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARABS.

A GREAT peninsula is situated between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia, larger in extent than France, Germany, and the Austrian Empire put together. It belongs geographically to Asia, but its features are altogether African. The greatest part of it is described by its designation as "the stony," and "the desert." Whilst the wilderness of middle Asia, and the steppes of Tartary are, for the greatest part of the year, covered with luxuriant grass, the sand plains of the peninsula are interrupted only by steep and barren rocks, and the arid ground, without shadow and shelter, is parched by the rays of a tropical sun. This country is Arabia, the home of that mysterious shepherd people, which, seized by the fanaticism of a new creed, twelve hundred years back, exchanged its roving life for the conquest of a world. Arabia is a poor country, which could not excite by her riches the rapacity of conquerors, though there are old traditions of treasures which once covered the sand-desert. Agatharchides related that gold nuggets of the size of olives and nuts were found on the surface of the soil, in quantities surpassing the marvels of California and Australia, since, according to him, iron became twice, and silver ten times, more costly than gold. But those real or imaginary riches of Arabia belong to a period unknown to us. Her present products

cannot easily be exported, from the want of navigable streams; the country is sparely irrigated by a few torrents which pour down from the mountains and are soon absorbed by the thirsty soil; the winds, especially those of the south-west, carry a noxious, and even a pestilential vapour, instead of cool air, over the country. The sand-mountains, heaped up and levelled alternately by those winds, have been compared to the waves of the ocean, and caravans, even armies, are said to have perished, and been buried in the sand by the whirling storm. The trees of Arabia, which are but few, being chiefly the tamarind and acacia, which grow even in the most arid ground, receive all their nourishment by the dew of the night. A scanty provision of rain-water is gathered in cisterns and aqueducts; the wells and springs are the hidden treasures of the Desert, and the pilgrim of Mecca is often disgusted, after long and thirsty marches, by the bitter taste of the water, saturated with nitre or sulphur. Such is the general character of the country and climate in Arabia. Yet she is not devoid of oases, such as diminish the terrors of the desert, even in the Sahara. It is especially the elevated parts of Arabia, bordering the Indian Ocean, which are less destitute of wood and water. The air is more temperate there, the date and the grape prosper, and coffee and frankincense have attracted the merchants of the world since the earliest ages. Compared with the other parts of the peninsula, this country may really deserve the appellation of "The Happy," and the Arab poets have in all times celebrated it by songs full of love and longing. The population is here denser, and were not the love of one's birth-place mightier even than the yearning for the green country of the palms and crystal springs, all the tribes would proceed thither, and leave the Desert to the lion.

The authors of all ages have given descriptions of the life, manners, and customs of the memorable tribes of Arabia. It was, especially, the never-broken independence of the Arabs which became a subject of praise for natives and foreigners. Yet this praise must be taken with some allowance. Several provinces

have been subdued in turn by the Persians, the Egyptian Sultans, and the Turks. But, on the whole, those exceptions are transient and restricted; the great bulk of the nation has escaped the yoke of the mightiest monarchies. The armies of Ramesses and Cyrus, of Pompey and Trajan, could not complete the conquest of Arabia. Her present nominal lord, the Sultan, or his Egyptian Pasha, has but a shadow of sovereignty; in spite of his pride, he is compelled to sue for the friendship of a people too dangerous to be irritated, since it is wantonness to attack them.

Next to the natural features of the country, it was the character and the manner of life of the Arabs on which their ancestral freedom was founded. Their neighbours had felt their undaunted gallantry, both in aggressive and defensive warfare, many centuries before Mahomet. The passive as well as the active qualities of the warrior are developed in Arabia by the manners and customs of shepherd life. When feuds are raging, the care of the sheep and camels is entrusted to the females, whilst the warlike youth is on horseback in the camp, under the banner of the Emir. The long remembrance of their independence is the surest guarantee of its continuance, succeeding generations being encouraged by it to act worthily of their descent, and to maintain their inheritance. When the Arabs advance to battle, they have the hope of victory before them, and behind them the security of retreat. If they are defeated, their horses and camels, trained to immense marches, disappear before the victor; the secret wells of the Desert escape his inquiries; and his victorious troops are destroyed by hunger, thirst, and exhaustion, in the pursuit of an invisible enemy, who defies their exertions, and is secure in the unapproachable interior of the Desert. Yet the life of the nomade Arab is, on the whole, full of sufferings, privations, and dangers; and though he sometimes may get the products of industry by barter or by plunder, yet, as a celebrated historian justly remarks, a common man in Europe possesses more comforts and substantial enjoyments, than the proudest Arab Emir who takes the field with ten thousand horsemen.

All the ancient authors who wrote on Arabia agree in their description of the condition and character of that people; and the qualities described, good or bad, are, according to Niebuhr, d'Herbelot, d'Arvieux, and Burckhardt, yet to be found unchanged with the Arabs of our days. Besides their deeply-rooted love of national independence and individual freedom, it is their desire of glory, their abstinence, their poetical spirit, their hospitality, and sometimes their generosity and magnanimity, which are praised. But their rapacity and avarice, and their vindictive wrath, the venality of their friendship and the inconstancy of their faith, did not remain hidden from those who had to deal with them. Islamism has added some new virtues and vices to their character, but has left it unaltered in the principal features.

The religion of the Arabs before the appearance of Mahomet was Sabaeism—the worship of the sun, the moon, and the stars. The lights of the firmament shine as though the visible image of Godhead. Their number and distance excite, in every thinking mind, the idea of unlimited space; the character of stability is impressed upon those globes, which seem to defy ruin and destruction. To the learned and fanciful observer, the regularity of their movements seems to indicate the grandest knowledge of geometry and arithmetic; and their real influence on the seasons, and their imaginary connexion with all that is living in nature, gave rise to the delusion that the earth and its inhabitants were under their peculiar care. A pure unclouded sky and a boundless plain became the school of astronomy for the Arabs. They were guided by the stars in their nightly wanderings—their name, order, and daily position, were well known to the Arab nomade, who had learned by experience to divide the zodiac of the moon into twenty-eight parts; and to bless the constellations, which, according to his belief, recruited the thirsty wilderness by propitious showers. Besides this worship of the heavenly bodies, the Arabs of the different tribes had their local idols, impersonations of the power of nature.

Such was the condition of the people when Mohammed-ben-

Abdallah, whom we commonly call Mahomet, appeared among them. He belonged to the tribe of the Koreish, and to the family of the Hashem, a noble race in his country. According to his contemporaries, he was distinguished by personal beauty, a gift which is seldom despised, except, perhaps, by those who are not endowed with it. He possessed, besides, great eloquence, which was enhanced by a melodious voice, pure diction, and a glowing imagination. His hearers admired his commanding appearance, his piercing eye, his countenance—which reflected every emotion of the soul—and his gestures, which gave weight to every word his lips uttered. Mohammed was addicted to religious contemplation from his early youth. He withdrew every year, in the month of Ramadan, from the world, and from his beloved wife, Kadisha, and remained for twenty-eight days in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, buried in ecstatic meditation. The faith which he preached, under the name of Islam, to his family and to his nation, is contained in the sentence: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The followers of that extraordinary man, who had their religious enthusiasm roused by his fiery words, and had their courage steeled by his example, in the first successful struggles, extended the new creed with that religious symbol on their lips and the sword in their hand. The Koran, a strange compound of the most beautiful moral precepts and the most absurd contradictions, was favourable to the propagation of "Islam" (salvation), alike by persuasion and by violence. By permitting the enjoyment of riches and beauty on earth, and promising the most delightful pleasures in a future paradise, it attracted as many proselytes, as it inspired zealous confessors, to advance to contest and death for the propagation of the creed, the highest delights of the Mohammedan heaven being especially reserved for the martyrs of faith. "The sword," says Mohammed, "is the key to heaven and hell; one drop of blood spilt for the cause of Allah, one night passed in watching under arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever dies in battle, his sins are forgiven. On the day of

judgment his wounds will shine like scarlet, and smell like musk; and the loss of limbs will be made good by angels' wings." It was natural that where the faith in such a promise was strong and ardent, many swords should be unsheathed, and many enthusiasts seek death; and that the success of the followers of such a religion was prodigious in war. Arabia, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, were conquered in less than a century; never has a larger empire risen in so short a time. But the decisive defeat of the fanatical Arabs by Charles Martel in France stopped their progress—the confidence of success abandoned them; and from that time Islamism has, even among its followers, lost the prospect of becoming the dominant religion.

In speaking of the Arabs of Northern Africa, whose customs and character I am about to describe—I mean the descendants of those fifty thousand families of pure Arabs who, in the seventh century, crossed the Nile, wandered through the Libyan Desert, and, following the armies of Akbar, Hassan, and Mussa, settled in Numidia and Mauritania, after the defeat of the Berbers and Moors.—They generally remained attached to their ancestral mode of life; though it cannot be denied that their transplantation to another country and climate, and their contact with so many foreign nations, could not and did not remain without influence upon them. It is incorrect to suppose that they remained entirely pure from any crossing with the blood of the conquered people. Though commonly very strongly separated from the Kabyles and Moors, yet there are tribes among whom we see traces of transition. Several tribes of Kabyles, in the province of Constantine, speak Arabic; with the Kabyles of the neighbourhood of Ghelma, the tongue, type, and costume of the Arabs, are predominant. The tribe of the Amrauahs, near Dellys, is half Arabic half Berber; and in manners, physiognomy, and dress, the Moors of Mascara approach the Arabs. It is likewise well known, that in the frequent wars, which are the scourge of that country, many Moorish citizens were compelled, by the ruin of their houses, to seek an asylum with the Arab tribes in the wilderness, and either to become entirely Arabs, or to intermix

with the tribes. This case has often occurred since 1830. The Kabyle population of the city of Arzew joined the Arab inhabitants of the plain of Ceirat, and many Moors of Mostaganem took up their abode with the tribes on the Shelif. Pellisier estimates the Moors who have emigrated and intermixed with Arabs, since 1830, in round numbers, at ten thousand families. Yet those crossings of blood are exceptions; the Arab population remained, on the whole, the purest among the nations of Barbary; they preserved their original type most faithfully, and are, without doubt, the most homogeneous, and most vigorous portion of the natives.

Geographers and historians divide the Arab people, according to their manner of life, into two classes: into settled Arabs, tillers of the ground, or addicted to commerce, living in fixed abodes, in villages, or cities; and roving Bedouins, keepers of cattle, and occasionally robbers. The German historian, Schlosser, pertinently remarks, that only those people have a history who are bound to a certain country by agriculture or fixed abodes. The nomades of the Desert have only a genealogy, and are easily incorporated into other tribes. The Arabs of Algeria are not acquainted with the word Bedavi, which means, in pure Arabic, the "country people," and became the root of the term *Bedouins*. They call themselves simply Arabs, and only the few Arabs who have settled in towns, and whose number scarcely amounts to a few hundreds, are designated by the name of Hadars (villagers, citizens), which is applied by the nomade tribes to the citizens, without respect to nationality. The great Arab country-population of Algeria approaches, in manners and customs, the original Bedouins; except, however, that as far as the cultivable soil extends, they move only in a certain portion of the country, which constitutes the territory of the tribe called Uthan, and which they do not leave without extraordinary causes. Only those tribes are real Bedouins who live in the Belad-el-Jerîd (Land of Dates) in the Kobla (the South) and on the confines of the Desert, who do not till the ground, but roam about, with their flocks of sheep and camels, in search of pasture grounds. The language of the Arabs

of Barbary is a dialect of the pure Arabic, which is understood by the Egyptians only with difficulty, and scarcely, if at all, by the Syrians and the inhabitants of the great Peninsula. Yet it is easy to find out the Arabic root in every word, though entirely corrupted.

The Arabs of Barbary are a strongly built, handsome race, equal in height to the Scotch Highlanders. It is rare to see a very lean Arab, and, among the thousands with whom I came into contact, I never saw one who was very fat. This is a race which is preserved against bodily degeneration by dwelling under the airy tent, by its manifold exercise in the free air, and by uniform and simple food. The Arabs have a sun-burnt countenance; they wear a short beard and mustache, and shave the head, leaving a long lock only on the top. Their teeth are white and handsome; their black eyes have a proud and fearless expression; their deportment is daring and commanding; but when they are on the back of a horse, camel, or ass, they bend the head forward in a stooping attitude. Their garb is a white haikh (robe), which covers the body like a broad shirt from head to foot. Common Arabs wear it next to the skin; men of rank over an undershirt. The haikh is fastened to the bald head by a brown rope of camel hair, which serves as a turban. The haikh is spun of fine wool, and above it the Arabs throw a wide flowing cloak, called the burnus, woven of coarser wool, white among the tribes of the province of Constantine, but in the western provinces, where black sheep are frequent, it is often of a black colour. The cowl on the top of the woollen cloak is drawn over the head in rainy weather. The bare legs of the Arabs are screened by the burnus; on the feet they bind a piece of ox-hide with strings, turning the hair outside; but instead of this poor clothing of the feet, all the chiefs, and generally all the Arabs of rank, wear yellow high boots of agreeable form. Most of the Sheikhs are attired in wide trousers, and a few of the highest chiefs wear waistcoats, embroidered with gold, like the Turks; but in general only on grand occasions, as, for instance, on the Bairan feast. The attire of the females

consists of a wide woollen shirt, with short sleeves, girt with a rope, and fastened on the chest with large iron pins. Their hair is disorderly, braided in long tresses, and often covered by a gaudy handkerchief. They tattoo their legs, breast, and face, from their twelfth year, and dye their nails brown-red with henna. On the arms and legs they wear thick clasps; among the rich, made of silver; but among the poor, of brass and iron. In their ears they wear enormous rings, and love generally all such ornaments. Though the Koran enjoins the females to wear veils, yet the Arab women appear unveiled, with the exception of the wives of the saintly Marabuts, who strictly adhere to the precept of the Prophet. With their toilsome manner of life, and their dwelling under the hot sun, the wearing of the veil would be an unbearable burden for the Arab females.

The majority of the Arabs dwell in black tents of camel hair, which are commonly pitched in groups of ten to twenty, and form a *duar* (in Arab a round or circuit), or moveable village. In the province of Oran, and in the south of the province of Constantine, there are duars of from three to four hundred tents, pitched in a large circle, in the centre of which the flocks are enclosed. Arab life has its distinguishing features in those parts of the country, whilst the miserable tribes of the Metija, near Algiers, are dispersed in poor duars of at most twelve tents. A few tribes, as, for instance, a portion of the Beni-Khalil, and Khashna, in the neighbourhood of Algiers, have given up the primeval custom of living in tents, and have built themselves huts of straw, almost more wretched than the tents. Those huts are called gurbi, and are likewise found standing in groups from ten to twenty; they form small villages called jeenas in the plain, and dashkrahs in the mountains. The tent or hut is commonly divided by a camel-hair curtain into two compartments. The females withdraw to one of them when a guest visits their lord, though the Arab women are not peculiarly shy of being seen by foreigners. The Arabs possess but little furniture; a few mats braided of palm leaves, some sheepskins with which they cover themselves in cool nights, a dozen of

earthen jugs for water, milk, and butter, the necessary tools for wearing the burnuses, a small handmill for grinding wheat, arms and horsegear—in this consists the whole establishment of an Arab.

Each of the tent or hut-villages is under the command of a Sheikh, or Shekh, in whose family the dignity is often hereditary. From thirty to forty villages commonly form a tribe, but there are tribes which consist of several hundred duars, especially in the fertile countries of the province of Oran. The tribes, like the clans, are an expansion of the family. Accordingly they add to the name of the original family the word *Ulid* (children), or *Beni* (sons), for instance, *Ulid Maadi*, children of Maadi, or *Beni Mussa* sons of Mussa, Moshesh. The chief of a tribe bears the title of Kaid. There are such chiefs who can lead from three to four thousand horsemen to the field. These Kaids, as likewise many of the Sheikhs, often live in stone houses, called haushs, surrounded by trees and hedges of cactus; the duars are grouped around them. The Kaids and Sheikhs form a kind of nobility among the Arab people. The Kaid is the chief-justice of the tribe, and chairman in the large meetings, at the fairs, &c., where quarrels and blows are probable, and where his interference is often called for. The Sheikh is the judge in his duar. The Kaids and Sheikhs have likewise the command in war at the head of their horsemen, but their authority is only respected so long as they give evidence of personal gallantry, and advance courageously into the fire. Besides this military nobility, endowed with secular authority, every tribe has likewise its religious nobility, the Marabuts, before whose influence the credit of the military grandees often wanes.

Hamdan Ben Othman Khoja (Hamdan, the son of Othman the clerk), a Moorish author, derives the etymology of the word Marabut (Arabice Marabut) from Rabata,—that is to say, *bound;* as the Marabut, according to the strange explanation of Hamdan, has bound himself to Allah, only to live for the weal of his believing brothers. A Sheikh of the Garrabas, who introduced a Marabut of his tribe to me, repeated the word *Santos*, in order to explain his dignity emphatically in the *Lingua Franca*. And

really I think that it is hardly possible better to interpret the title of Marabut than by that of a "saint." The Marabuts are also priests, but it is not the office of the priest alone which makes them Marabuts. The veneration paid to them depends principally upon their holy course of life, their continency and charity, and likewise, to a certain degree, on their talents and acquirements. The calling of the Marabut requires that he should be able to write, to read, and expound the Koran; that he should live in retirement, give up sensual enjoyments, (Marabuts never smoke,) and offer a good example to the Arabs by suppressing the passions, and leading a pious life. He loses his influence by neglecting either of those duties, though he retains the title hereditary in his family. The most renowned Marabuts keep seminaries, or ghetnas, where they instruct the youth. Crowds of devotees frequently assemble there to listen to the sermon and prayers; and the hermitages of those holy men are asylums for every sufferer, which even the brutal tyranny of the Beys seldom dares to violate, and never without the greatest danger, since the fanaticism of the Arabs always takes revenge for the violation of such a refuge. The conduct and deportment of the Marabuts find a fair reward in the unanimous and cordial veneration of their tribe, sometimes of all their nation, and are highly advantageous to the people. How much blood is spared, how many crimes are prevented, how many enemies are reconciled, by the intervention of the Marabuts! With a people so irritable, vindictive, and anarchical—where the seduction of a female, the theft of a horse, or an insignificant insult, often involves great tribes in deadly feud, in which the terrible excitement apparently cannot be drowned but in torrents of blood—the part of a peacemaker is noble and sublime. At the risk of his life, he throws himself between the struggling antagonists, who through passion are deaf to every reasonable word, and insensible even to the ties of blood. For they do not listen to the voice even of a brother: but are overawed only by the appearance of the saintly hermit, before whose earnest look the yatagan is lowered, and the fury

of the passions is soothed. The influence of the Marabuts does not prevent frequent feuds, but their timely interference quells them before considerable blood has been shed. It is, however, not only in such serious and dangerous occurrences that the Marabut is the conciliating mediator; his beneficent influence pervades every relation of the tribes; he adjusts the quarrels of individuals, and mitigates their hatred; he gives good advice to those who are weak in mind, and comfort to those who are unhappy. His words seldom remain without effect; and where his voice is unheeded, it is generally not to the advantage of those who despise him. I made the acquaintance of many French soldiers who had fallen into the hands of the Arabs, and had told me the history of their sufferings. They were shamefully ill-treated: the men beat them, the females spit on them, the children threw dirt and stones, uttering also imprecations on them; they would in a few days have been overpowered under such tortures, but for the interference of the Marabuts. Those pious men became their protectors, as they were in fact the only people whose protection could be of avail for them, since any emotion of compassion or magnanimity in a common Arab would have been immediately put down by the savage fanaticism of the majority. Though the Marabut is always inclined to preach the "Iad," or holy war, against the Christians, and to excite the people, in flaming words, to spill the blood of the infidels, yet his hatred is quenched when he sees the Christian a captive, disarmed, and humbled. The higher culture, the more enlightened views, the frequent religious contemplation, and especially the habit of acting as the peacemaker and mediator among this savage people, have imbued him with a kind of mildness which is unknown to the rest of the Arabs; and though he incites them to war against the intruding "Rummis," and often fights in the foremost rank, yet no unhappy enemy will make an unsuccessful appeal to his pity. When the French prisoners rejected with scorn the proposition of accepting the Islam, the Marabut always protected them against ill treatment. Wendelin Schlosser—a soldier of

the Foreign Legion, who was made prisoner in 1834, and lived with the Arabs for several years—and his fellow-sufferers, were always treated with kindness by Sidi Ali Ben Aissa (Sidi Ali, the son of Jesus), a celebrated Marabut of the tribe of Flissas, though they remained Christians. Several prisoners in Constantine, who fled from the cruelty of Ahmet Bey, found shelter and protection with the Marabuts of the southern tribes, nor did the tyrant dare to violate the asylum of those hermits. The memory of Sidi Mohammed Mubarek, (the Blessed,) the most celebrated Marabut of the province of Algeria, was cordially venerated by everybody who had made his acquaintance, the Europeans not excepted. He was a mild old man, who exercised great influence over all the tribes of Algeria, and always for peaceable objects. The unjust persecutions which he had to endure under the despotic Duke of Rovigo, and his imprisonment for several years, had not embittered him against the Christians: and up to the end of his life, he remained sincerely attached to General Voirol, the successor of the Duke, who had released him. Sidi Mohammed did not avoid religious disputations with Europeans, but he discussed the question without vehemence. I have myself made the personal acquaintance of the Marabuts of the tribes of the Aribes, Beni Urshia, Duairs, and Zmelas, and have often enjoyed with delight their kind social intercourse and agreeable conversation.

But though the influence of the Marabuts on the domestic affairs of their countrymen is, on the whole, favourable and beneficent, we cannot be blind to the reverse side of their character. As their power is founded exclusively on the religious feeling of the Arabs, and the slackening of the fiery religious enthusiasm of those rough and bigoted tribes would deprive the Marabuts of their undisputed authority and boundless influence in the country, they are prompted by their own interest to estrange the people from every kind of enlightenment, progress, or reform, and especially from all continuous and intimate intercourse with the Christians. They try to keep the Arabs for ever separated from the

Europeans; they try to prevent their people from living amongst the intruders, and becoming friendly to their manners and customs, lest the fanaticism of the Arabs should be lulled into oblivion by too long a peace, and too intimate relations with the Europeans.* It cannot be denied that much bloodshed and many misfortunes would have been spared to Algeria but for the fanatic preaching of the Marabuts. Wherever the French met with formidable, compact, and lasting resistance, it was always a priest who headed the enemy. The nobles of the military classes tried sometimes to get ascendancy in the interior, to extend their power over several provinces, and to found an Arabic empire, in order to organize the resistance against the French on a grander scale. But their plans were wrecked by the rivalry and jealousy of the other chieftains. Not one of those military grandees succeeded in extending his authority farther than over a few tribes, whilst the country subjected itself without much opposition to Abd-el-Kader, (servant of the powerful), the young son of the Marabut Sidi Mahiddin. Old Mustapha Ben Ismail, Kaïd of the Duairs and Zmelas, had been the Agha of the Arabs as early as the time of the Deys. He was one of the most renowned warriors of the country, of such haughty carriage as is seldom seen; a man born to be a ruler, full of energy and gallantry; he was, besides, advanced in years and experience, and well acquainted with all the affairs of the tribes. This chieftain was the most deadly enemy of Abd-el-Kader, and led all his partizans into the field against the rising power of the Emir of the Hashems. But the old hero soon gave way before the young son of the Marabut; and, forsaken by his followers, he soon had to flee to Tlemsan, where at last he threw himself on the protection of the French. The Arab warrior chiefs are much less dangerous adversaries of the French than the Marabut chiefs. The former have other passions besides their fanaticism, which balance one another. They are greedy of power and money, and less strict in the observance of the precepts of the Koran: they can be

* Is not this picture of the Marabuts and their influence the exact counterpart of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland?

bought by bribes; and jealousy and envy towards their rivals are often more powerful with them than all religious motives. The Marabuts, on the contrary, are either really more zealous in their faith than the military grandees, or, at least, they keep up the semblance of it. They lose their spiritual influence as soon as they acknowledge the supremacy of the Christians. They can, for a certain time, recommend peace with the "Rummis," but they cannot subject themselves to their sovereignty. When Captain Alegro, who was sent to Abd-el-Kader with proposals from the French Government, advised the Emir to lower his pretensions, and to offer a nominal tribute to the King of France as his liege lord, the chieftain said—"Did I pay to-day a single farthing as tribute, to-morrow I should be forsaken by all my friends."

What I have said of the character of the Marabuts, applies only to those who are highly venerated by their people, and who enjoy a long tried influence. Sidi Mohammed Mubarek at Coleah, Sidi Abderrahman (servant of the just) of the Flissas, Sidi Mahiddin of Mascara, were really men of a noble character, rising by their virtues, if not by their enlightenment, above the standard of their people. But not all the individuals who assume the title of Marabuts, are really saintly men. There is amongst them many a crazy fellow, and many a hypocrite, who puts on the most devout countenance at prayers, and writhes in the dust, whilst in secret such indulge in luxury and rapaciousness. There are also not a few swindlers among them, who deceive the multitude by juggling tricks, affecting to be possessed, speaking in a mysterious and prophetic way, and greedy of power and riches, and find it easier to get influence by deceit than by a restrained life, and the example of their virtues. I saw likewise more than one real madman amongst those so-called saints. They were of gloomy appearance, with a roving expression in their features, and covered with dirt and vermin. But only a certain degree of reverence was paid to them by the Arabs. The renown and influence of such Marabuts, of the fourth and fifth order, whose number is very large, does not extend beyond their duar; yet most of the great and celebrated

Marabuts deserve that high respect which the nation pays to them in such a marked manner, by their mildness and charity, which is in entire harmony with the highest Christian precepts.

Marabuts, Kaids, and Sheikhs, form, with the tribes, the class of grandees (Atsul-el-Kebir) who make their superiority felt as judges in quarrels, as leading men in council, and as chiefs in war. The military grandees sometimes make small exactions, especially on the market, but always in an indirect way, so that the profit which they get, seems rather to be a cheat than an extortion. The celebrated Marabuts receive rich voluntary tribute. Thus, most of them are well off, and able to afford hospitality on a large scale to their numerous visitors. The privileges of this nobility of warriors, and of these saints, are, however, very restricted, and I do not know any people in the world where, on the whole, there is more practical equality. All the Marabuts are attired in the same way as the most common Arab: some of them are even distinguished by being dirtier and more ragged. Abd-el-Kader, who ruled over a territory of more than 150,000 square miles, and could gather 40,000 horsemen around his banner, could not be distinguished by his attire from his Bedouins. When he had his celebrated interview with General Bugeaud on the Tafna, he wore an old and shabby burnus like the poorest of his followers. It is only in their arms and horse-gear that Kaids and Sheikhs display more pomp than other Arabs. At festive occasions, especially on the Bairam, they are clad in white trousers and gold-embroidered waistcoats like the Turks; but this is not a privilege of the chiefs; for every wealthy man of the tribe may do the same. The grandees live in a way resembling that of their countrymen. The Kaid is not ashamed himself to fetch a sheep of the flock, to kill it with his own hand, and to roast it on the fire.* Like all the other Arabs, he himself carries his corn or cattle to market; his wife weaves at home the woollen burnus, cooks the kuskusu, and fetches water from the well, while his son guards the

* As Abraham and the Homeric heroes.

sheep, along with other lads of the tribe. The Arabs are very civil with one another; when they meet, they reciprocally touch their hands, and raise then their own hand to the lips. The questions, *Wash halek? Wash hinta?* (How do you do?) are repeated on both sides as often as in England, and are followed by a few more ceremonial questions, occupying a few minutes before the real conversation begins. Their serious and wild features then assume a very mild and kind expression. At such a moment, we feel inclined to love this people, though their character is sullied by so many stains. The salutation between the common Arab and the chieftain is the same; they treat one another with equal civility and cordiality. With great Marabuts, however, people first kiss their hand, but after that the visitor takes a seat, without further ceremony, at the side of the saint, and converses with him in an easy and unembarrassed way. The same was the case with Abd-el-Kader, whom his dignity did not elevate above equality. Altogether, the Arab is never embarrassed by human power and greatness, nor cowed into subjection. He never loses his proud carriage, and does not cast down his eyes, either before the splendour of the throne, or the yatagan of the executioner. The words which he puts in the mouth of Allah:—

> "My slave, why dost thou fear my slave?
> Is his life not as much in my hands as thine?"

express beautifully and forcibly this feeling of human dignity with the Arab. He maintains the same sentiment when a prisoner before his enemy or his judge. I saw in May, 1837, at Belida, prisoners advancing to the presence of General Damrémont and his staff, who were not at all overawed by his splendid military retinue, and who answered his questions with a haughtiness which, under similar circumstances, very few Europeans would display.

The condition of the Arab females is by no means so unhappy as is generally believed in the West. They have to do the household work, but the harder toil of agriculture is entirely the business of the men. It is true that the kindness of their husbands

is rarely great, or, at least, that it is not very tender; but ill-treatment is rare, and when severe bodily harm is inflicted, it is punished by fines or divorce. The Koran allows the believers to marry four legitimate wives, but very few avail themselves of this permission. The great majority—among whom is the Emir Abd-el-Kader—are satisfied with one wife. Much has been said about the jealousy of the Arabs, but commonly it has been exaggerated. When I visited the encampments the Arab females came into the tent without restraint, and often took part in the conversation. Many of them, old and young, go to the fairs in the cities. In the encampments, I remarked that the male members of the family keep strictly their precedence before the females on some occasions; for instance, at meals. The kuskusu dish is placed before the guest first; after him it is the father, son, or kinsman, who sits down to the meal; and when they have all done, then comes the turn of the wife and daughters, who had previously been only allowed to look on the dinner-party from a distance. The young Arabs do not generally display great respect towards their mothers; they treat them with indifference, and sometimes even slightingly, whilst they cling to their fathers with the greatest affection, and never forget to show their reverence for them. The Arab girls marry at the age of twelve or thirteen; many are grandmothers at thirty; and as they generally attain as advanced an age as European females, they often see many of their generations.

All the travellers who have visited Arabia say much about the hospitable character of her inhabitants; this is, indeed, the renowned virtue of the Arabs, but is chiefly exercised towards their countrymen and co-religionists. Foreigners, and those especially of a different religion, who have no previous acquaintance in the encampment, or who are not introduced by some friends, find generally but an unwilling reception, and are often sent away with rough words.*

* To the German, and yet more to the Hungarian and Pole, accustomed to exercise hospitality to everybody, this seems strange; the English will find that the Arabs are right.

On my journey to the interior of the province of Oran, this often happened to me, though one of Abd-el-Kader's horsemen was my guide. But you are welcome to the Arab if you have previously made his acquaintance, or have shown him some kindness in town; he then rejoices to see you again, entertains you as well as he can, and visits you in town, to become there your guest. Yet, even to friends and acquaintances, the hospitality is not unlimited. Though the Arab does not require money for the treat, yet if you part without leaving a present, he does not like it. As often as on my hunting excursions in the neighbourhood of Algiers, I visited my friends Mustapha Ben-Jana, or Ali Ben Suati, the Sheikhs of the Aribes, I had always to share my powder with them, and their children continually crowded around me, begging small coin from me. In December 1836 I was invited to attend a wedding in that tribe. Guests had come from far and near, and among them several Frenchmen from Algiers. The kuskusu was choice, and mingled with raisins; sheep were killed, the coffee was boiled in large cauldrons, and the drum and guitar sounded day and night, accompanied by the shrill cadences of the females. The wedding-feast fell just on the 23d and 24th of December. I wished to give an idea of the pleasures of Christmas Eve to the Arab children, and had therefore bought a lot of toys from a German shop-keeper in Algiers. As dusk set in, the Arabs had to leave the tent prepared for the Christian guests. We lighted many wax tapers, and displayed the toys on the ground. The children of the encampment waited outside with curiosity. I gathered them around me, and tried to give them some idea of the Christmas feast. I told them that Aissa (Jesus), whom even the Koran calls a prophet, had come to the world many many years back, on that same day, and that in remembrance of the event the good children of the Rummi always get the most splendid presents. To-day the same was to happen to them, the little Mussulmans. At that time I could scarcely speak a single Arab word, and the interpreter whom I employed for explaining the mysteries of Christmas Eve to the Mohammedan

children was, by a strange coincidence, a Jew. But not a single ray of those delightful feelings which occupy with us the imagination of the children before they are admitted to the glorious Christmas presents, and to the adorned resplendent tree, seemed to enter the minds of the little Arabs. They looked at me with comic amazement, and in their features I could only see that they thoroughly understood that they had something to get, but that they could not understand why they had to wait so long, and why I told them first the history of Aissa before they were to see what was put in the tent for them. And scarcely were they admitted when they began to quarrel for the wooden swords and penny trumpets, though I had put the share of every child in a separate lot; and as soon as they got hold of something, they ran away to save it. I saw that the happiness of the evening of the 24th December, could not be transplanted to foreign nations without the Christian religion. Though the boys had their natural delight in the little swords, and the girls in the glass beads, yet it was unattended by poetical charms.

This episodical account of my stay with the Arabs finds a place here only on account of its conclusion. After I had made trifling presents to all the children of the encampment, I gave two Spanish dollars as my contribution to the feast; to the father of the bridegroom who had invited me, but he did not seem to be satisfied. The children ran after me and shouted, "*Aatîni sordi, sordi* (give me a penny, a penny), and when at last I unpacked my trunk in Algiers, I found that nearly half of my luggage had been stolen by my hospitable hosts. At other places, for instance, amongst the Garrabas in the province of Oran, I had to distribute all my tobacco before my tent was pitched. But with other tribes in the province of Constantine, I really sometimes found a hearty hospitality, and even made the experience, that my host refused to accept money. On the whole, the Arabs are most kind and amiable with those Christian visitors, with whom they were previously acquainted. They lead the guest with dignity to the place of honour, which is covered with sheep-skins or carpets. Before

dinner, they endeavour to entertain him with their conversation. The kuskusu is then served on a large wooden dish; on it there lies a square piece of butter, which is mixed with the kuskusu, and eaten with wooden spoons. From time to time, fresh milk is handed to the guest during the meal; at last a roast chicken, carved in pieces, is brought into the tent, but the Arab does not touch a single bit until his guest has finished his meal.

Respect for the dead is mentioned as one of the virtues of the Arab people, but it is common to all the Mohammedan nations. From the eye-witnesses of the Circassian war with the Russians, we may hear of nearly the same feats as happen at every encounter between French and Arabs. The latter always make the greatest efforts to save their dead from the hands of the enemy, and many of them become the victims of such efforts. It was often seen that Arab horsemen galloped off with one or two corpses on their horses, and did not drop them even when the French chasseurs were on their heels; or if the dead remained in the hands of the French, the Arabs never failed to re-appear on the battlefield, in order to get possession, if possible, of the remains of their countrymen. They carefully bury them, and cover the resting-place with broad slabs or masonry, that the wild beasts may not dig them up. The careless manner in which the French bury their dead contrasts much to their disadvantage with the pious respect paid by the barbarians to the corpses of their beloved. The French throw their killed soldiers into the next ditch or trench, and cover it so superficially, that the jackals and hyenas gather around in crowds at night to feast upon them. Wherever Arab laws are in force, the violator of the grave is punished by death. The Arabs generally select the finest scenery of the neighbourhood for their cemeteries; they plant them with palms, and build a small white temple over the grave of a Marabut, around which the other tombs are grouped.

The sober and frugal habits of that people, also an unchanged feature of their ancestors, is a great hindrance in the way of civilization: it makes their improvement as difficult as their expul-

sion or destruction.* The North American red men were defeated and driven from the country of their fathers by the "fire-water;" wherever those savages tasted spirits, they were enslaved by them, and lost both energy and freedom. But such means are of no avail with the Arabs: when invited to the table of Christians, they take with pleasure a glass of wine or brandy, in spite of the Koran; but they never become drunkards; they never spend a penny for inebriating drinks; they take them only when they are asked to do it by their hosts. Spirits never become necessities with them, and all the remembrance of the merriment caused by wine is not able to wrest out a boojoo from their pocket. I never saw a drunken Arab during all my stay in Africa. Only milk and water are tasted in the encampments, and yet this people is not inferior to any other, either in bodily strength or mental energy. Satisfied with kuskusu, unleavened bread, and a few fruits for his food, the Arab is capable even of yet greater abstinence. The army of Abd-el-Kader, before Ain Maadi, for months lived on nothing but boiled corn. Very few, if any, beasts of burden follow the Arab army with provisions, for every horseman carries a few loaves of bread and a little bag of flour on his horse, which suffices, in case of need, for weeks; and if his provender begins to fail, a few roots of the dwarf-palm, or some cactus figs, keep him in good strength and spirits.

But frugal as the Bedouins are, their covetousness and avarice are unmeasured. They sell the products of their soil and cattle yearly for about four to five millions of francs, and do not expend the tenth part of that sum for European commodities. Thus a hundred million of francs at least, or even more, have been carried into the interior since the French occupation, not to return; and as the Arab cannot hide his cash in his tent, he buries it in some remote place in the wilderness, as a resort for unhappy times, when, perhaps, he may be plundered by enemies, or im-

* Is modern civilization really nothing but enervation? Shall we be astonished that the Turks and Arabs and Persians resist that civilizing influence, which cannot succeed without emasculating them?

poverished in other ways. Yet it is rarely that he digs his treasures up; his property, his cattle, and fields, being either easily moveable, or difficult to destroy, he seldom falls into difficulties, and, as long as he is not in the greatest need, does not touch his piastres and boojoos. Nearly all this sum is, therefore, lost to circulation, and a part of it never sees daylight again; because the jealous character of the people often induces them to conceal the hiding-place of the treasure even from their nearest relatives; and many an Arab divests his own son of the inheritance by a silent death. The love of money, however, has always been a strong inducement to the Arabs to maintain peace, and has proved the most efficient lever for counteracting fanaticism. The desire of exchanging the surplus of their cattle and corn for hard cash, soon got the upper hand with the tribes at every outbreak of hostilities, and subdued their hatred so far, that they repeatedly renewed their clandestine trade with the French, even against the orders of their chiefs. The Marabuts, likewise, by no means disdain cash; so that a clever management can easily break the hatred of many of those influential saints, and bribe them into partiality for the French. Yet the interests of their religion generally prevail with the majority of true Marabuts, whilst the most of the secular chiefs are more easily won. The Consul Daumas, who had an opportunity of studying profoundly the character of the Arabs during his stay at Mascara, was right when he made the proposition to the government of Algeria, of employing yearly 100,000 francs in bribes to the most influential chiefs of Abd-el-Kader. He expected from such a measure better guarantees for the peace, necessary for the prosperity of the growing colony, and better results for all the schemes of the French, than from a warlike expedition with 10,000 men.

In spite of this inveterate greediness for money, charity for unfortunate and infirm people is a prominent feature in the character of the Arab. The numerous blind men who appeal to the commiseration of the believers at the fairs, and before the gates of the towns, generally receive copious alms. Greater liberality yet is exercised

to the lunatics, amongst whom swindlers are sometimes found, who calculate upon the credulity of their charitable countrymen, and feign madness in order to be fed by the public. I saw such an individual in the market-place of Bona, who, with staring eyes and strong gesticulation, spoke nonsense, whilst copper-money was poured from all sides into his cowl. Such paroxysms of benevolence are strange amongst an avaricious and rapacious people; and this mixture of the most opposite qualities with the Arabs perplexes the most acute observers, and gives occasion for the contradictory statements made by persons who have come into contact with that people.

Just as strange as the mixture of covetousness and charity among the Arabs, is the general sobriety and frugality of the people, which is combined with great sexual excesses. Abd-el-Kader is one of the few chiefs who, in this respect, are irreproachable.

In the war against the French, the Arabs often behaved with great cruelty. At the beginning the French prisoners were first ill-treated, and then beheaded; it was only later that the natives learned to spare captives and to exchange prisoners. The corpses of fallen enemies were mutilated by the natives. At the first encounters, these outrages were perpetrated by order of the Dey. The exasperation which soon took place on both sides gave the most revolting and savage features to the war, which were discontinued only from the time of the battle on the Sikak, where Bugeaud treated the prisoners with forbearance. The peace which had been formally concluded by a treaty of the two belligerent parties, was on the whole well respected, though many murders and other outrages were committed on individuals. After the treaty of the Tafna, we could travel with full security through the interior of the province of Oran in company of a single horseman of Abd-el-Kader. I made the journey from Arzew to Oran, accompanied by a Bedouin whom I did not know. He belonged to the tribe of the Garrabas, and had offered himself as guide. It would have been easy for him to plunder and to slay me in the wilderness, but I had no reason to complain. The same

tribes which, during war, were most signalized for blood-thirsty outrages, such as the Hajutes and Garrabas, treated travelling Frenchmen, after peace had been concluded, in a hospitable manner. Examples of treachery, however—as, for instance, the breach of the treaty of the Tafna by a murderous foray—likewise occurred. Some tribes which had subjected themselves to the French deserted at the first opportunity; but others—as, for instance, the Duairs and Zmelas—manifested the most exemplary faith and honesty, and fought as bravely for the French as if they had contended for their own people and religion.

It is difficult to form a correct idea of the character of the African Arab from the above-mentioned principal features, so full of contrasts; yet all those features are true, and the contradiction arises from the character of that people, endowed by nature and by religion with many virtues, which hardly seem to be reconcilable with other barbarous vices common among them. It is indeed difficult to form a thorough acquaintance with the Arabs. I knew in Algeria eminent men, acute observers, who had long been in the habit of dealing with the Arabs, and who openly acknowledged that they could not pass a decided judgment on this remarkable race, from the fact that they often changed their opinions; and, occasionally, when excited by some savage outrage, had condemned it unconditionally; but then, after calm consideration, and inquiring into the motives and circumstances from which sprang those bloody outrages, their opinions had again become mitigated.

We meet with the same diversity of views about the Arabs, alike in ancient and in modern authors. Pellissier and Gent have exaggerated their good qualities, just as Poiret and Rozet have blackened them. The truth lies between the two extremes. The Arabs, though isolated among the nations on earth by their manners and customs, resemble them in so far, that they are neither entirely good nor entirely bad. But the diversity of opinions about them is principally due to the circumstance, that both their virtues and their vices are different from those of the European nations: thus the observer is without a true standard by which to judge them.

On the whole, it would be unfair to give too much credit to all the charges of the European colonists of Algiers, who see the principal obstacle to the progress of colonization in the character of that most powerful and energetic race of Barbary. Pellissier, speaking of the terrible instances of blood-thirsty cruelty since 1830, asks very pertinently, in his "Annales Algériennes:" "And have we, French, always given lessons of humanity to the Arabs?" And really, the slaughter at Belida, in 1831, when Ben Zamun besieged the French garrison, and many inoffensive inhabitants, old men and women among them, were slain in the streets—the destruction of the tribe El-Uffia, where even the children found no pity—the execution of the Sheikhs Messaud and El-Arbi, who came to Algiers trusting to the written promise of a safe conduct—are such sanguinary deeds committed by the French, that it is not to be wondered at if the Arabs, fighting for their country and their independence, believed themselves not to be bound to keep faith with the intruders, and took terrible reprisals. I fully concur in the observation of Pellissier when he says: "Let us be convinced that cruelty in war is not foreign to any race, and that the most civilized nations are, in this respect, often more barbarous than the savages."*

It has been asked whether it will be possible to civilize the

* Is it not a sad spectacle that this same Pellissier, the humane advocate of the Arabs, became, in 1848, guilty of the most revolting cruelty recorded in the annals of Algeria? A Kabyle mountain-tribe, which had often broken faith with the French, and had pounced upon them from the fastnesses of the Atlas, was pursued by General Pellissier into their recesses. They retired, with their wives and children, into a large mountain-cave, and defended its entrance with undaunted courage, well aware that their enemies could not remain long among the inhospitable rocks of the Atlas. The French were unable to force the mouth of the cave; Pellissier therefore ordered heaps of straw and brushwood to be brought before the entrance, and threatened the Kabyles, in case they should not surrender, to set it on fire. They did not submit. The general now carried the threat into effect; the straw was lighted, the smoke was blown by the wind into the cavern, and the French expected that the Kabyles would now soon come out and surrender. They waited in vain. Their "point d'honneur" proved stronger than their humanity; the fire was increased; and all the tribe, nearly 400 persons, women and children included, perished in the cavern, suffocated by smoke. The Kabyles preferred death to the loss of independence, as Pellissier preferred the wholesale murder of a tribe to his return into the plain without having broken the spirit of the enemy.

Arabs; that is to say, to induce them to give up their roving shepherd life under the tent, and to accustom them to fixed mansions, to industry, and to property according to our notions. I think it is very doubtful whether this can be effected; in any case more than a century is required for it. Their intercourse with the French since 1830 has not brought about any change in their manner of life. General Bugeaud tried to colonize the tribes allied with France in fixed villages. He gave them all the building material, and the sappers and miners began to erect houses for them. But the half-built cottages were soon deserted by the Arabs, and had they not been forced by General Bugeaud to remain, the majority would have rather gone over to Abd-el-Kader, than have become fixed to the soil. The love for an entirely independent life is as firmly rooted in the Arab as the belief in Mohammed. The comfortable life of the citizens; their substantial houses, granting shelter against sun and rain; the furniture on which they comfortably recline; the good fare they relish, the good clothes they wear,—all this the Arab has seen for many years; but to him it has no peculiar attraction. He could live himself in the same way if he chose; he is rich, he has hoards of cash, and numerous herds, which he could sell; he could with the money easily buy a Moorish house, good furniture, and splendid clothing, in any of the cities; but he likes better to remain in the wilderness, to live under the tent through which the wind whistles, and to wear the dirty burnus, a beggarly attire, but comfortable to him from habit.

The love of independence with the Arab is, however, not so great as to induce him to buy it, even at the cost of complete anarchy and impunity of crimes. On the contrary, in the eyes of the tribes, it was the greatest merit of Abd-el-Kader that he restrained the anarchy which followed the downfal of the dominion of the Dey. After the French had taken Algiers, they, at first, did not much care what was going on in the interior. The Arabs, happy to have got rid of the Turks, committed all possible deeds of licentiousness; but when the robberies and murders

increased, when they suffered from robbery as much as they gained by it, they soon got tired of anarchy, and turned, by and by, to the chief who had the greatest influence to alter this condition. Lawlessness was suppressed, but the love of independence remained unshaken. The Arab is fond of life in the wilderness, because, with the exception of theft and murder, he can do there unmolestedly what he pleases. This was the case even in the time of the domination of the Deys: police regulations never were extended to the encampments. The Arab can remain all night at his fire; he can hunt and shoot what his heart desires; he can drive his cattle and manage his horse as he pleases; no wall, no fence, no game-keeper stops his way; no gendarmes inquire for his passport, no exciseman inspects his luggage. He feels all this, and therefore he raises his head haughtily, and does not bow before any prince, but only before God.

Besides this boundless liberty, which only a roving life can give to such an extent, the dwelling in the wilderness has many charms for the Bedouin, reconciling him easily to forbear the possession and enjoyment of comforts. The wilderness and the black tent are dear to him as his home—the heirloom of his ancestors. Arabs have founded splendid cities, poetry and science have flourished in Bagdad, and the shining luxury of the East reigned in the palaces of the Kaliphs. But the immense majority of the Arab nation—the shepherds or Bedouins—did not care for this splendour, and continued their simple roving way of life, which was familiar to their ancestors for thousands of years before Mohammed, and which they enjoy up to the present day. Increasing knowledge, and the vast progress of human civilization, has not had the slightest effect on them; and as often as I visited an encampment, and saw an old Arab with withered beard, and the expressive dignified calmness and simplicity in the wrinkled features, sitting before the brown tent, and around him his browsing sheep, his kneeling and standing camels, and his females filling the sheep-skin with water at the well, I always fancied that I saw the patriarchal shape of Abraham him-

self. The manner of life of this ancestor of mankind, as transmitted to us in Genesis, was exactly similar to that of an Arab chief. It is so true, that all the great painters who have represented patriarchal scenes, according to the description of Genesis, have always painted real Arab life, though often unconsciously. For instance, in the splendid Parisian print which represents the disowning of Hagar and her son Ishmael, the Patriarch looks precisely like the above-mentioned Sheikh of the Garrabas, who stole the tobacco from my trunk on my journey to Mascara.

There was among the European colonists of Algeria many an eccentric youth who fell in love with the life of the Arabs before he had tried it—who dreamt of the happiness which might be found in a careless existence with boundless freedom—galloping through the Desert on the fiery steed, as the unlimited lord of the country—hunting the lion and the ostrich, and diving with his steed into the wild and outstretching wilderness. There were several young adventurers with whom such ideas became so powerful, that they really went to the interior, leaving European life behind them, and accepting Islam.* It was an important step even for thoughtless Frenchmen, since, once Moslems, they could no more enjoy intercourse with their former countrymen; they could no more participate in the industrious movement of European countries; nor more learn what was happening on the continent of civilization; they dared not read anything else than the Koran; and did not hear any more the sounds of their northern tongue. They had entered a foreign world: it was rather a high price for the barbarian title. I have seen some of these renegadoes,—a few in the capital of Abd-el-Kader, others after their return to their countrymen. All of them had bitterly repented that step: a dreadful awakening immediately followed their dream! They had not considered that the first condition for enjoying the happiness of Arab life was to be endowed with the virtues of that people; that all the hardening and temper of

* *Islam*, means in Arabic, salvation.

the Bedouin is necessary to make his life pleasant, and not full of pain and tediousness. Yet I believe that among the nations of Barbary the Arabs are the most happy. They are not poor, nor forced to endure great privations; they do not live in such anarchy as the Kabyles; they are not indolent and dull, like the Moors, but are full of energy and imagination. Yet I do not belong to those who exalt the happiness of the Arabs, and think the lot of a mighty Emir, or a celebrated Marabut, more enviable than that of a European who owes his pleasures to civilization. The Bedouin life has many attractive and charming features; but it is required to be born to it, as to poetry. Among the renegadoes in Mascara, I made the acquaintance of a young German of education, the Baron O——, who was led to join the Bedouins by his adventurous turn of mind. He was an interesting young man, of handsome features, and high in favour with the Khalipha Mustapha Ben Thany. He accompanied him frequently in expeditions through the country, and was treated with greater kindness than any other renegade. But in a very few weeks he got tired of the happiness of the Arabs, and would have preferred to read its description in novels and poetry, rather than to taste of it in reality. His body, effeminated by European culture, was not fit for a rougher manner of life. He soon disliked dwelling in tents, and the kuskusu-meal, and the fatiguing rides, which were a sport for the Arabs. He could not like the Desert, either as his home or his realm, as the Arab did: in vain he strove to gain inspiration at the view of the boundless wilderness and its ever-starlit canopy: he struggled fruitlessly for a spark of devotion in his daily thrice-repeated prayers: he acted the comedian: he threw himself down on his face, like the other Arabs, when the sun began to set in the west, and muttered the formulas of prayer after them, but with a hopeless emptiness in his soul, and with perpetual remorse of conscience that he was playing an infamous jugglery with God and with himself. Faith and inspiration did not come, and the unhappy fool who, in the nomade life, had expected the realization of the Arabian tales which had filled his imagination in

early youth, found now his only consolation in tears. But even this comfort was not granted to him, except when his comrades had fallen to sleep. To them he could not disclose his feelings without danger, except when the howling of the hyenas drowned his nightly sighs, and but the dumb stars above saw the confession of his tears. The life of the Arabs has many and mighty charms, but nobody should envy it who has not himself become a Bedouin; and to become such, a body of iron is required, and a soul of fire.

In the immense steppes belonging to the Angads in the Kobla, in the Belid-el-Jerîd, where there grow but few trees and a scanty grass, the most interesting and most energetic tribes of this race rôve over the plain. The Angads must often make long marches to find a second green spot for the pasture of their cattle; and instead of wood, which is deficient in that region, they burn the dried dung of the camel. In summer, everything is parched by the heat; in winter, the pouring rains often turn the Desert into a sea. All this inconvenience is unheeded by the Bedouin. He could easily proceed to the coast, where he would find a green country, and more than sufficient ground for the pasture of his herds, but he prefers to remain in his wilderness. It has been his cradle, and the scene of the sports of his childhood; it is now his realm, which he has conquered as a roving nomade, and where he does not acknowledge anybody above him but God. To their twentieth year, the nomade Arabs remain real children in their temper and their moral development. They laugh much and heartily, and enjoy themselves in many plays until late at night. I often saw this in the encampments, and in the camp of the Khalipha Mustapha Ben Thany, where scenes of the wilderness, or from the Arabian tales, were performed up to midnight; and the young warriors sang, made music, and danced, or wasted their time in engaging merriment. There are poets among them who sing of exploits and adventures in love and war. These are their chief themes. There is not one encampment, even if it is formed only of a few tents, which is not the

scene of love intrigues; and there is no Arab of fourteen who has not already discharged his musket at the enemy. No nation on earth is so passionately fond of the noise of powder. Whoever has watched the Arab in the fight—how his eyes sparkle—how his imposing person rises erect on the saddle of the war-horse with barbarous majesty—how the fiery battle-inspiration shines forth from every feature of his expressive countenance—how his battle-cry or his songs, which praise the whistling of the bullets as his dearest music, resound over the plain,—whoever, indeed, has observed the demeanour of the Arab in the field, will be convinced that this is a people born to war, and that a great man, combining the qualities of a good warrior with those of a prophet, might yet perform great deeds with the Arab people. Two men of our own age have proved this in some respect,—Mehemet Ali and Abd-el-Kader.

The love of independence is a characteristic feature with the Arabs in every time of life; fondness for war and adventure is more an attribute of youth. With increasing years, the Arab becomes more taciturn and contemplative. About his thirtieth year, he commonly performs the pilgrimage to Mecca, and when he returns from thence, his behaviour is entirely changed. The fondness for plays, dances, and songs, has left him; he finds it more amusing to see the sports of youth, and to remember the enjoyment of his earlier years, than to join in them. Contemplation and tales begin to have peculiar charms for him; the silence and monotony of the Desert give free scope to his imagination;—there is nothing to disturb the raptures of the dreamer, since the stars above, twinkling like the eyes of fairies, and the sometimes rustling wind, which tells to the sand of the Desert tales of distant countries, seem to him only the glances and the voice of the spirits of his tales: they fill the pauses of the story-teller, and lull the listener gently into a yet more cheerful dream. The impressions which the Arab gets from his tales remain lasting with him. They reappear to him in their brightest lustre when, reclining under the palm-tree, or sitting on a ruin, he watches the browsing herd;

or when he is galloping on his steed through the Desert, and hears from afar the roaring of the lion.

With increasing old age, the Arab becomes more and more addicted to contemplation, and his chief occupation is the reading of the Koran, and prayer. Though faith in the reality of the doctrine of the prophet, and in the bliss of Paradise to come, is the common property of all the people, it grows always more intense and fiery when his beard becomes whiter, and his pulse slower. This faith, never troubled by a shadow of doubt, is that blessing of the Arab which is most envied by many spirited but unbelieving Frenchmen. How many of them would readily sacrifice a part of their earthly property, could they acquire by it the unshakeable conviction that their glazing eye will be illumed by the sight of a new world, which the poetry of Mohammed has adorned with all the sensual charms coveted by the highest desires of Eastern nations; and which, even in the West, are, for some natures, not sufficient to fill the yearning of the soul! The Arabs, with all uncultivated nations, do not aspire beyond the natural objects which they can perceive with their senses, and leave idealized goods and enjoyments for the future world. The Oriental, therefore, sees in Paradise palm-trees of gold, and, perched on their branches, the nightingale, the queen of song, whose plumage has become purple, and which now sings verses of the Koran instead of her former unintelligible warbling. Crystal bells are suspended on the golden palm-trees, moved gently by the breeze which proceeds from the throne of Allah. Moreover, this new world is inhabited by beautiful black-eyed virgins, so pure, that a single tear of their eyes would sweeten the ocean. The red man, whose imagination is more simple, and whose desires are therefore more modest than those of the Oriental, puts his forests and hunting-grounds into his heaven, and peoples them with buffaloes and elks. Paradises of such earthly enjoyments cannot satisfy the higher soaring spirit of a German. His desires are less dear, but he likes better to have only a surmise of the blessings to come, than definite images which cannot fill his soul.

Such is the difference in the aspirations of mankind. The earthly happiness of the Arab, and his images of Paradise, do not suit us, because the direction of our soul has always been different from that of his. Could the French sceptic, in accepting the life of the Arab, buy likewise all the simplicity of his mind, and all the intensity of his faith, half of the army of Algeria would be ready for the exchange.

The Koran, with all its contradictions and frequent obscurity, is a very pleasing book to its believers. The Arab scarcely knows that awful torturing feeling, independent of our will, which we call conscience. The thief who has robbed his friend, the murderer who has shed the blood of his brother, enjoys the same peaceable sleep as the most virtuous Marabut. So at least I was told by the renegadoes who, like Moncel and Geistinger, had lived long among the most notorious robber-tribes, the Hajutes and Garrabas, and who had committed with them many such crimes. There is not an evil-doer amongst them who would not believe that the divine mercy is greater than his crimes. On my way to Mascara, my guide was an old Arab, of the tribe of the Garrabas, who live in the plain of Tlelat, near Oran. They boast that they, among all the tribes, have slain the greatest number of French; and, in fact, on the Makta, they maimed and killed the wounded stragglers of Trezel's ill-fated army. They are dreaded by all the other tribes, and there are few men among them who have not shed human blood; and yet that old Arab was the most fervent devotee whom I ever met with. He vaulted from his horse at every grave of a Marabut, and threw himself on his face, and writhed in the dust. The features of the man, otherwise hardened and repulsive, showed at such moments rather the raptures of a saint than the wrath of the robber. When he mounted again and proceeded with us, he cast a glance of defying triumph on me. "I have a pious faith," he seemed to say, "and a place in Paradise, whilst you, unbelieving dogs, are to be turned into dust." A good Christian has no happy moment without a pure conscience: with the Mohammedan,

his blind faith suffices to make a long career of crimes supportable, and to deaden remorse.

During the later years of his life, the Arab never becomes so dull and decaying as the old man is with us. He retains a certain bodily agility and freshness of mind up to a few days before his death, which then ensues rapidly and easily. Though his weary bones can no longer support the hardships of a campaign, yet there are many instances in which, when the Iad (the holy war) was preached, even old men took the field, and had the deficiencies of bodily strength recruited by the spirit of fanaticism. At the storming of Belida, on occasion of the first expedition to Medeah, the Frenchmen saw many grey beards amongst the storming-party, and others, who had not sufficient strength, inspired their followers by preaching and praying from their horses. However, the old man cannot endure long travels, as for instance the caravan expeditions through the wilderness. On the whole, he likes rest; he seldom goes hunting, and limits his rovings to a narrower district; but, on the other hand, he is little susceptible to the changes of climate. During the nights which I spent in Arab encampments, it was always the old men who kept watch in the open air. Whilst the young men slept in the warm tents, the old enjoyed the moonshiny night. On the whole, the scenes of nature delight the old men more than the young, and this is intimately connected with the growing fervour of their fanatical piety. During thunder-storms, when the citizens hide themselves in their houses, we often saw old Arabs sitting on a rock, or under a withered palm-tree, looking at the struggle of the elements with perfect satisfaction. When the hurricane shakes his house of camel-hair—when the pouring rain deluges the encampment, and the peals of thunder, repeated by the ghostly echo of the Atlas, frighten every living creature, then the soul of the old Arab exults at the greatness of his God, and his fervent prayer pours in lively strains from his lips.

Towards the end of his life, the Arab becomes thoughtful and silent. He feels the approach of death, for which he yearns with

joyful anxiety, as children with us before Christmas evening: and he has hopes similar to theirs. Comparatively few individuals among this people die from disease: with the majority, death is the sudden crisis of dissolving weakness—a stoppage of the circulation of blood, without painful agony. The dying man is carried before the tent, and laid down on soft blankets. The head is supported by a pillow of palm-leaves; the countenance is turned to the east, in the direction of the Kaaba, and of the tomb of the Prophet. Thus the Arab departs easily, and without a death-pang; turning his closing eye, full of hope, to those worlds of light which have cheered his imagination from childhood. The sons, grandsons, and other relations of the dying man, assemble round him; as long as he breathes, they are silent; afterwards they break out into their mourning howl; the females utter their dismal, shrill yells, and the Marabut says the prayer. I have already mentioned the affectionate reverence of the young Arabs for their fathers. It is a deeply-rooted feeling, and the sorrow of the survivors is true and profound. The Arabs always select the finest scenery in the Atlas mountains for their cemeteries; the inhabitants of the Desert bury their dead in those lovely little oases, with bubbling brooks and green palm-trees, which are so frequent on the northern borders of the Sahara. Three simple stones, without any ornament or inscription, designate every grave. The survivors sometimes go on pilgrimages to these places, kiss the tomb-stones, and even shed tears. Thus the Bedouin lies buried amidst his vast realm: his dust rests in an ever-free soil: the tyrants of all ages have never been able to break the liberty of his wild country, and his realm will remain unchanged, as it is to-day, till the time when the dead of the Desert are all to rise!

CHAPTER II.

THE KABYLES.

The French, and even the writers of official bulletins in the *Moniteur*, often mistook the Kabyles for Arabs, though they are distinct from them in language, descent, and appearance, and partly likewise in character, and in their manner of life. But the religion, the love of independence, and the hatred of strangers, common to both, form that bond of amity between the two nations which, in the war against the French, has so often proved strong and dangerous, and which helped to consolidate Abd-el-Kader's power. His influence was greatly shaken after the expeditions against Mascara and Tlemsan; several of the Arab tribes forsook him, but the Kabyles on the Tafna declared for him, and his power was once more re-established.

The numerous tribes of the Kabyles or Berbers, who inhabit the whole of the coast-mountains of Barbary, from Morocco to Tripoli, but are thinly scattered over the interior, have different names; and the languages which they speak vary. In Morocco, where they are most numerous, they are called Amazigh, or Shilluk; in Algeria and Tunis, Kabaili; and the Tuariks and Tibbos, in the south of Tripoli, are probably likewise Kabyles. Their language is called Kafilé, in the neighbourhood of Bujia; Shauia, in the interior of the province Constantine; Shilluk, on the Tafna, and in Eastern Morocco; and Amazigh, in the other parts of Morocco. All those dialects belong to the same mother-tongue, which has little affinity with the Arab. The Kabyles of Algeria and the Amazighs of Morocco understand one another as the German and Dutch do, whilst both idioms are foreign to the Arabs.

This people, so little known, inhabits an immense territory, and maintained its independence for more than a thousand years, though close to that Europe which is so covetous of land. The question whence they originate, in the defect of his-

torical evidence, can only be conjecturally solved. The majority of historians and geographers regard them as descendants of the ancient Numidians; others, who have heard of some fair-haired Kabyle tribes in the interior, on the high lands, took them for the descendants of the Vandals.* It is, however, more probable that the Kabyles of the present day sprang from the mixture of the different nations which have settled successively in Northern Africa, and, repressed by new and warlike intruders, have found in the mountains a home of freedom. The blood of Numidians, Phœnicians, and Vandals, mingled when those people sought successively a refuge in the Atlas, and engendered a new nation. In the Regency of Algeria, they are mostly of short stature, and inferior in every respect to the vigorous, handsome Bedouins; whilst the Amizighs of Morocco are stout and muscular. The Kabyles living between Bujia and Bona are dark-haired, and of dirty-yellow complexion; on Mount Auras, they are of fair hair and skin; so much so, that Bruce, who visited them in the last century, was startled, and found that they reminded him of his Anglo-Saxon countrymen. The inhabitants of the Auras are probably Vandals, though they speak the language of the Kabyles; † and the tradition current amongst them, that they are descendants of Christians—a tradition of which, as Bruce observes, they appeared rather proud—seems to confirm that opinion. The renegade Baudouin, who had visited them, told me several interesting particulars about these fair-haired Kabyles, who had received him hospitably. The strongest of the fair tribes is called Niardy. They do not shave their heads like the other Kabyles, but wear long hair. The plateau of the Auras is one of the most fertile countries of Numidia, and its inhabitants are all agriculturists, a peaceable race, well versed in mechanical arts. They tattoo a Greek cross above their eyes, on their forehead. The same custom

* The language has nothing of Vandal in it; so the infusion of Vandal blood cannot have been large.

† Procopius mentions the crossing of a portion of the Vandals with the aboriginal Africans as having taken place before the death of Valentinian (de Bello Vand. i. 5).

is found likewise amongst other tribes of the Kabyles, who are dark, but with them it is practised only by the females. They have the following tradition in this respect:—"Many, many years back, a fair and warlike people came from the north, and conquered and plundered Africa; but those of the inhabitants escaped their fury who had painted a cross on their forehead." This popular account evidently refers to the invasion of the Vandals, who, in the fifth century, had propagated Christianity in the most remote wildernesses of Northern Africa. But it is remarkable that Procopius mentions a fair-haired, light-coloured tribe, not on the Auras, but in the wilderness, far in the interior of Numidia.* In spite of the assertion of this author, that all the Vandal population was destroyed by the army of Belisarius, and that the Emperor Justinian had, in the year 539, carried away the last remnants, and even the females, it is not unlikely that the Auras tribes are descendants of the Vandals, if we consider that the extirpation of a whole people who had swayed all over Numidia for nearly a century, is difficult, or even impossible, in a thinly-peopled country, where nature offered them so many hiding-places.† Procopius declares in another place, already quoted, that many Vandals had become mixed with their barbarous neighbours. William Schimper mentions of the Kabyles, who worked in Algiers for daily wages, that he thought he saw the true image of the Würtemberg peasant in them. I convinced myself of the correctness of this observation in Reghaia, where, after the attack of the Amraouahs, a German workman and a Kabyle, both wounded and naked, lay on the bed. The German had formerly served in the Foreign Legion, and the heat and bivouacs had burned his complexion so much, that he could not be distinguished from the Kabyle. The Berber workmen in Algiers look like sun-burnt German peasants of Suabia, who

* De Bello Vand. i. 13. They are not of dark skin, like the Moors, but white in complexion, and the hair fair.

† The fair complexion of the Kabyles is only found amongst those living on the table-lands; it thus seems that the climate is the cause of that peculiarity.

have not washed for some years. But their dark black eye, of piercing, wild expression, forms a contrast with their vulgar boorish physiognomy. The Arabs, too, have remarked this resemblance of the sun-burnt German soldiers of the Foreign Legion to the Berbers, and they call them French Kabyles. Among the mountain tribes of Bona and Stora, we no longer see those striking German features. There they resemble more the southern tribes of Europe; and an Italian resident of Bona thought that if, instead of the wool-cowl fastened with a rope around their head, they would wear a hat in the shape of a sugar-loaf, they might be taken for Calabrians. The heterogeneous origin of the mountain people is likewise evident from the formation of the skull, the traditions, and the manners of the Kabyles. Even their mixture with the Arabs can be traced in several parts of the country, especially in the province of Constantine. The transition from the Arabs to the Kabyles is found amongst the tribes which speak the dialect Shauiah—that is to say, the Amrauahs, Araktas, and the Ulid-abd-el-Nur.

The Kabyles have been described as a savage, warlike, and liberty-loving people, by Shaw and other travellers in the first half of the last century. But the often-repeated assertion, that they never were subdued, is entirely incorrect; or can, at least, be only applied to a very few tribes who inhabit the most inaccessible mountain regions. The numerous ruins of Roman cities, camps, and fortifications, all over the country, even in the most remote wildernesses, afford a lasting evidence of the complete subjugation of Numidia after the Jugurthine War. We find the ruins of Sava, Horrea, and Mussulubium, to the south of Bujia, in the territory of the most independent tribes. Lambessa, on the Auras mountain, far in the interior, was a city of about three hours' circumference. Those numerous towns and fortresses were connected by good roads; and we do not want even the testimony of the geographers of old, to show that the *Provincia Africa* of the Romans was a flourishing and civilized state. The remains of the ancient buildings afford sufficient evidence in this respect.

This great extension of the Roman power proves that the savage tribes of the aborigines were either subjugated or entirely weakened; since, without such success, the lengthened prosperity of the Roman colony would have been impossible. The champions of the proposition, that it was impossible to subdue the aborigines, quote a passage of Procopius, where we read that travellers had always to go by sea from Carthage to Julia Caesarea (Shershel), as the road on land was infested by the barbarous tribes. But Procopius speaks here of the time of the Byzantine sway in Northern Africa, after it had been subjected to Justinian by his general Belisarius. This second Roman dominion was neither so flourishing nor so firm as the first: since the old cities were in a great measure destroyed, the defeated Vandals had reinforced the Numidians in the mountains; and it is this crossing of blood which probably gave origin to the Kabyles of the present day. The Kabyles, from the times of old, together with the Moors who dwell in their neighbourhood, were again subdued in the seventh century by the Arab armies issuing from Egypt. Their incomplete conversion to Islam is an evidence of subjugation, for it is improbable that such a savage nation—so much addicted to its customs, so jealous of its liberty, so ill-disposed to strangers—ever could have accepted the faith of a foreign people, speaking a different language, without being subjected to it.* But this subjection may have soon ceased, when the Kabyles were raised to equal position with the victors by their accepting the Koran. In fact, shortly afterwards we see the Kabyles fighting in the Moorish-Arab armies which overran Spain in the eighth century. After the Turks had seized the dominion of Algeria in the sixteenth century, a great portion of the Kabyles had to share the fate of the Arabs, who bowed under the new yoke, and paid tribute to the Pasha, or Dey. This relation of allegiance lasted until the downfal of the dominion of the Deys in the year 1830, when

* The Tartars who conquered Persia adopted the faith of the conquered. Does not every superior creed conquer an inferior, when the latter is not stereotyped by institutions?

the reaction against the Turks took place in the interior, and the indigenous people slaughtered or expelled their former rulers. It is therefore incorrect to state that all the Kabyles have been independent of the Turks, as has been alleged by so many superficial tourists and journalists, each of them copying the statements of a previous writer. The Beni-Salah, Musaia, Sumata, Beni-Iad, Amrauah, Beni-Menasser, Ulid-abd-el-Nur, and the fair Kabyles of the Auras, all paid tribute to the Deys, which tribute, however, was smaller than the tribute paid by the Arabs. Even the mighty tribe of the Flissas, on the Jurjura mountain, was tributary to the Turks, though their taxation was rather nominal, consisting only of a few pieces of copper money for every house. The same tribe sent a military contingent to the Turks, which, in 1830, fought gallantly against the French. Only the numerous tribes on the Tafna were really independent of the Deys, composing a great part of the inhabitants of the coast between Dellys and Bona, and at last all the tribes who dwell south of Bujia, between the rivers Summam and Uad-Ajebbi, up to the Biban. The most important of those tribes were the Zuaua and the Beni-Abbes, who were able to take the field with ten thousand warriors.

The Kabyles are divided into grarubas, or districts—the grarubas, again, are divided into dashkaras or villages. These villages seldom contain more than thirty gurbis, straw huts, each inhabited by one family. A few tribes have larger villages, with stone houses; some of them have even towns—for instance, the Flissas and the Beni-Abbes. The tribes are under the dominion of Kaids, whose power over their unruly subjects is, after all, very small. Justice is administered by the *Talebs*, or doctors, but the greatest deference is paid to the Marabuts. This order of saints has been evidently introduced by the contact with the Arabs, together with Islam, as the name is the same with both those nations. What we have said of the Arab Marabuts applies likewise to the Berber ones, only that they are more fanatical, yet more intolerant towards foreign religions, and more influential over

their countrymen. At the attack upon Belida by the Flissas, an old Marabut, with entirely white beard, so weak that he had to be supported by two Kabyles on both sides, was seen riding on the back of an ass in front of the battle. He preached to his warriors with wild gesticulations amidst the most terrible fire of muskets, and retired only when a French cannon-ball had carried away the head of his ass. The Marabuts of the Kabyles speak, besides their own language, likewise the Arabic, as they have to expound the Koran to their Mohammedan countrymen.

The Kabyles are agriculturists; they have fixed dwellings, live in a frugal way, and do not possess such large herds of cattle as the Arabs. But they are more industrious than the Arabs; well versed in many mechanical trades—in the manufacture of arms and gunpowder, in the forging of base coin, and the building of stone houses—arts unknown to the Bedouins. Their attire is generally dirty, ragged, and miserable beyond description. They clothe themselves in a kind of woollen tunic, named kandura, which corresponds with the Arab haikh or shirt. Their legs are bare; their feet are covered with a piece of sheep-skin, for protection against the sharp stones. They shave their heads, have but a scanty beard, are thin, of middle size, but of muscular make. In their features there is no trace of that noble cast peculiar to the Moors and Bedouins. Savageness, hatred, thirst of blood, may be discerned in their looks. Their language is yet more noisy than that of the Arabs; and in speaking, they show their teeth, which are as white as those of a jackall. The Kabyles being, on the whole, very poor, and addicted to the custom, general among Mohammedans, of hiding their hoards, by which the sons often lose their paternal inheritance, many young Kabyles are compelled to work for daily wages in the cities, until they earn about one hundred boojoos, which enables them to take a wife and to buy a musket. About four thousand Kabyles generally work for wages in Algiers and its neighbourhood. They sleep in the open air; live on water and unleavened bread, niggardly and penuriously, until they have accumulated

the above-mentioned sum; they return to their mountains to live free and independent. They are very frugal; one kandura, a hundred times mended, and inherited perhaps from the grandfather, suffices for their whole life. One wife, a hut, a musket, a yatagan (sabre), a few goats, a mule, and a dog—the Kabyle does not require more, according to his views, for a happy existence. His life is very monotonous. At dawn he prays, then he works for a few hours on his field, amuses himself with his family, as dirty and as savage as he is himself; stretches himself lazily in the sunshine, and looks thoughtlessly on the sea or the plain below—for the Kabyle lacks the poetical turn of mind of the Arab—or plays on a wooden whistle monotonous, tiresome melodies. These are the pursuits and joys of the Kabyles, according to the accounts of the French and German deserters, who returned from them after a miserable servitude of several years. The Kabyle knows no other enjoyments, and has no farther wishes. Those among them who possess a stone house and a horse are esteemed the luckiest of mortals. It is only war which introduces frequent, though not enviable episodes into that monotonous life. They seldom have occasion to fight the "Rummis," as the French seldom climb up their mountains; but they war incessantly with one another, district contending against district, village against village, house against house. No people on earth live in such anarchy as these men of the Atlas. The returned renegades told me that the inhabitants of the same village often assailed one another in the most furious way, on account of a theft or a seduction; the nearest kinsmen shed each other's blood; the brother murdered the brother, until the Marabut came and made peace.

The war carried on by the French with the natives brought them less into contact with the Kabyles than with the Arabs. The reason of this is obvious: the Arabs are all mounted, and can easily, and without great danger, manœuvre against the heavy columns of the French, who have but little cavalry; while the retreat of the Bedouins is always safe, as the French horsemen are seldom able to overtake them. The Kabyles, on the other side,

always fight on foot; they have but few horses, and cannot make much use of them on their mountains. The Berber horses, however, are the best breed in the country; and the Kabyle cavalry, though not formidable in numbers, are always gallant in battle. Another reason of the greater combativeness of the Arabs, is their more roving life. As their dwellings, the tents—and their property, the herds—are easily moveable, they do not dread war; for they know that water and pasture-grounds can be easily found elsewhere. But the Kabyles have huts and houses, which may be destroyed by the enemy without difficulty; and their property consists in the harvest of their fields, which is not so easily transportable. They have, therefore, more reason to dread war; and, busied with their more peaceable occupation, they are less inclined to engage in it than the nomade Arabs: yet, when an enemy approaches their dwellings, they always fight gallantly. As often as the French had to deal with Kabyles, the struggle lasted longer, and was more bloody, and the victory more hardly contested, than with the Bedouins. The Kabyle fondly loves his country, and does not like to have even his brethren in faith, whether of Arab or of Moorish blood, in too immediate proximity. Hospitality is unknown to them, and distrust is a prominent feature of their character: the independent tribes are jealous of their freedom; and even in the time of the Deys, they always received the Turks or Arabs, or whoever approached their habitations, with a volley of bullets.

Since 1830, however, there have been several instances of the Kabyles going to war even when their dwellings were not threatened. At the time of the first expedition of Marshal Clauzel, Ben Zamun attacked Belida with his Kabyles, though it is at thirty hours' distance from his tribe. The columns of warriors who in 1837 attacked the fortifications on the heights of Mejez Ammer, were Kabyles of the tribe Mezzaia, near Bujia. Kabyles fought as auxiliaries to Ahmed Bey in the defence of Constantine against the French in 1836 and 1837. Then it was not danger to liberty, but fanaticism, which impelled the mountaineers of the Atlas to fight the war, and so much prevailed over their

attachment to their homes, that for months they remained far from their beloved villages, from their wives and children, and often did not return at all.

The tactics of the Berber warriors are in so far different from the warfare of the Arabs, that they turn the peculiarities of the country to more account; whilst the Arab, confident in his fleet horse, does not heed these much. The Kabyles, accordingly, like to fight in their mountains, where they have a great superiority over the French soldiers, being accustomed to climb nearly inaccessible rocks, and trained to agility and endurance. If they accept battle in the plain, it is always only in such localities as furnish a covered ground in their rear, whither, retreating, they can creep into the bushes. Their enemy has always to dread ambuscades: the Kabyle warriors lurk in every creek and on every slope, aiming at the first French who approach, and immediately retiring, after the fatal discharge, into the thickets on the higher mountains. Often they assemble in great numbers for the attack of the weakest points of the French posts. Such attacks are generally planned on some festive occasion; for instance, on the Bairam, or when a great feast draws larger crowds together. Emissaries, nearly always Marabuts, begin to wander through the districts of the tribes, to preach the holy war, and to announce the day when the attack is to begin, and the last hour of the "Rummi" to strike. Every tribe sends then its contingent to the trysting-place, and as these warriors are always volunteers, and, being composed of the most fanatical and most gallant individuals of the country, it is natural that the attack is generally bold and desperate. The block-houses near Bujia were often hard pressed; and, in spite of the cannonade from the forts, the garrison was repeatedly on the point of giving way. There often happened murderous single combats between troopers in the French cavalry and Kabyles, where sabre and yatagan were crossed, and the Kabyles were frequently victorious.

In their warlike expeditions, the Kabyles are often accompanied by their wives, who enjoy more liberty, and have greater

influence over their husbands, than other Arab women. Those wild females encamp near the battle-field, and, like the wives of the old Cimbrians and Teutons, encourage the warriors by gesticulations and addresses: they celebrate the strong and brave, and chide the coward. During the siege of Constantine in 1837, many Kabyle females were in the camp of Ahmet Bey. In June of the same year, Colonel Schauenberg was marching with a corps of two thousand men through the plain of the Isser against the Amrauahs, when the infantry and cavalry of the Kabyles boldly attacked the French; and while the fire of muskets was sounding from every bush, the slopes of the hills and the cliffs were covered with Kabyle females, in fluttering, uncouth attire, with unloosened hair, uttering their savage yells, like so many sorceresses.

I have known well-educated Frenchmen who had become enthusiastic admirers of Kabyle life, which, of course, they had not themselves seen, but had heard described, and who believed this savage freedom, this easy existence without wants and cares, to be most attractive. With as much reason might they have praised the hyena as happy, which likewise lives in holes, and has no master in the world, and is fond of its mate and its whelp, and shows its teeth to any intruder, and exists carelessly from day to day. Some politicians, on the other hand, advised cultivation of the alliance of the Kabyles in preference to that of the Arabs; but they had probably forgotten the character of that people, who have so often proved themselves to be fanatical, despising friendly intercourse with the French, and giving such proofs of faithlessness, that even the "*fides Punica*" was eclipsed.* The reader perhaps yet remembers the treacherous assassination of the Commander of Bujia, Salamon di Musis. Less known are crimes such as were committed during my stay in Algiers. A planter with whom I was acquainted,

* The German author forgets that the Phœnicians of Carthage were by far less faithless than the Romans; and had Carthage triumphed, and history been handed down to us by the Phœnicians instead of the Romans, we should hear with greater justice of the *fides Romana*.

and who had married a young Spanish lady from Minorca, had a property in the neighbourhood of Algiers, not far from Kuba, and gave work to several European labourers, and to three Kabyles, whose affection he thought to win by kind treatment. He trusted them in so far, that he allowed them to sleep in a house—a thing which even the Turks never had permitted. One night the young wife came, pale, and fleeing into the camp of Kuba. The Kabyles had murdered her husband in his sleep; they had assassinated her children and the German labourers; and she had only been spared because one of the Kabyles had fallen in love with her; from whom, however, she had escaped by a leap through the window. Eight corpses were found in the empty house; the Kabyles had fled into their mountains, after having plundered it. Captain Rozet, of the staff, who had often visited the Berber labourers in their huts, liked to converse with them, and made them presents in order to get information from them about their country and their people, once jestingly proposed to accompany them to their homes. They cast an ironical glance at him, and remained silent. "Would my life be in danger with you?" asked he; "would you perhaps yourselves cut off my head?" "Ah!" exclaimed they, with a peculiar accent, and said nothing more. A physician asked a Kabyle labourer, who had been most kindly treated by the Sisters of Charity in the Civil Hospital at Algiers, and had left it as convalescent, whether he would injure those females, if he should meet them in the mountains? The Kabyle answered with a grin, "I would not just take their head, but——they had better stay where they are." Dr. Marseillan, a young French army physician, was very fond of intercourse with the Arabs; he visited them often, and had never reason to complain. When transferred to Stora, he thought he could be on the same footing with the Kabyles. To his misfortune, he did not know the difference of character between the Arabs and Kabyles: he followed one of their Sheikhs, who had invited him, and was found next day, two hours' distance from Stora, a mutilated corpse. This is the people of which Pellissier

says, that they deserve freedom in every respect,* and that a crossing between them and the French settlers would be advisable!

CHAPTER III.

THE MOORS.

THE most ancient inhabitants of the western part of Barbary were the Maurusians, or Moors. Their origin is hidden in the darkness of ante-historic ages, and the facts, or rather hypotheses, mentioned by the old authors, differ greatly in this respect. Sallust, in his Jugurthine War, tells us that when Hercules perished in Spain, his motley army disbanded; and the Asiatic mountaineers, the Medians, Persians, and Armenians, sailed to Africa, where they became intermingled with the aborigines—the Libyans—a rude race, living, like beasts, on the raw flesh of wild animals, and the herbs of the field. Their name was, according to him, corrupted from Medes into Moors. Procopius, a much later author, assigns them a different origin; saying that, according to their tradition, they came from Phœnicia, and were originally Jebusite, Gergasite, and Ammonite tribes, who were expelled by Joshua, the son of Nun, from Palestine, and arrived in Africa after many wanderings. The name of Joshua lived yet amongst them at the time of Procopius; they called him "the robber." Other authors think they were the descendants of those Arabs who, several thousand years before Mohammed, had overrun Egypt; † and it is not improbable that some swarms might have proceeded farther west, and settled in the country known in later times as Mauritania. The facility with which the two nations, Arabs and Moors, combined in the seventh century, and founded jointly

* What does Dr. Wagner think the people deserve? slavery? or massacre? or to be let alone?

† The author means evidently the Hyksos; but those were not Arabs, but probably a Tartar race like the *Medes*, *Turkomans*, and *Turks*.

the empire of Spain; the identity of their language, whilst the Kabyles, subdued and converted by the Arabs, yet retained their tongue; and the resemblance of many customs, for instance circumcision, which was usual amongst the Moors even before the Arab invasion, seem to argue a relationship of the two nations. Leo Africanus, in his *Descriptio Africae*, mentions an Arab immigration into Africa, headed by Malek Afriki, several centuries after Joshua. But several other ancient authors also mention the similarity of manners between the Arabs and the old inhabitants of Africa. Strabo, for instance, says explicitly that the Getulians, who, with the Libyans, were the aborigines of Africa, lived entirely like Arab nomades.

The modern Moors constitute only about the tenth part of the population of Algeria, and their number has been decreasing ever since 1830. Many of them emigrate, from religious and economical reasons, to the other Barbary states; others have been driven by the destruction of several cities, and by the calamities of war, into the interior among the Arabs, with whom they soon assimilated. Of all the indigenous populations of Barbary, the Moors have the mildest manners, and the greatest amount of knowledge. From the times of old, they have chiefly dwelt in the cities and sea-ports. There are few races in the world handsomer than the Moors. They are well built, not so tall as the Arabs, but above middle size; they incline to corpulence; and very few of them are thin. Their features are noble, but less energetic than those of the Arabs: the complexion of the children is clear, white, and rosy, as Shaw has remarked, who says that it is rare to find in Europe so fine a complexion. With adult age, men get pale or a little brown; the hair, which is shaved in the Arab manner, leaving but one tress on the top, is jet black; so are their eyes. The physiognomy seems to indicate mildness and melancholy; and nobody could surmise that this race of soft glance and quiet demeanour furnished its contingent to the pirate fleets which, a century back, were the terror of the Mediterranean. The Moorish females, who never expose them-

selves to the rays of the sun, but remain all the day at home in the cool shady gallery of the colonnade, or when they go out, cover their faces with veils, retain their brilliant complexion to old age. Their features are uncommonly handsome; the forehead is very white; the slightly-bent nose nobly shaped; the mouth, teeth, and chin, are perfect, and the fiery splendour of their eyes surpasses that of their husbands, whose glance is rather soft and tender than ardent. My observations, however, are confined to a very insignificant number of Moorish females whom I saw on the terraces of their houses, or at hunting-parties, or on occasion of nuptials.

The costume of the Moors resembles that of the Turks, of course not the reformed ones: it is like the old splendid Turkish attire, with the gaudy turban, the elegant gold-embroidered waistcoat, the wide trousers full of folds, which reach only to the knee, and the rich scarf. Those who have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca wear green turbans; and the distinctive sign of the Kadis (judges), of the Kodshas (scribes), of the Marabuts (saints), and of the Talebs (doctors), is a peculiarly formed white broad turban, with many small folds. The young Moors, up to their fifteenth year, wear a skull-cap, which covers only the tress left unshaven on the top of their head; many take the turban only when they marry. All the Moors wear white or black burnuses, like the Arabs, but of lighter and more delicate fabric, and of more elegant cut. They wear this cloak only in bad weather, but they always carry it about them, throwing it on the shoulder or across the arm. The higher classes even think it improper to go out without the burnus, which is a very picturesque attire, and resembles much the toga of the Romans. With the poor, the cut of the costume is the same; but instead of fine cloth and gold-embroidered silk, they dress in coarse stuffs, sometimes in rags. The calves of their legs are always bare, the feet being covered with a kind of slippers. The Moorish females in the streets are clad in white from top to toe. They wear white muslin or linen pantaloons; a haikh covers the upper part of their body; the face they veil with white handkerchiefs, and they leave their brilliant eyes alone uncovered. Their

garb at home is of a different description. There they dress gaudily and sumptuously, adorning their heads with a peculiar towering ornament of braided silver. They have silk jackets with short sleeves, and rich embroidery; a broad girdle of the most costly fabric encircles their waist; their pantaloons are commonly of white silk, reaching only to the knees, whilst their feet are inserted in half-slippers of peculiar form, the upper part, of green or red velvet, being usually overloaded with gold-embroidery. Such is the attire of the Moorish ladies at home, both sumptuous and pleasing to the eye.

What I said about the manners and costumes of the Moorish inhabitants of Algiers, is applicable to the entire Moorish population of the country. The religious observances, the public and private feasts, the social life and occupations, are the same in all the cities. The most characteristic feature of this people which strikes every foreigner, is their apathetic calmness. The majority of the Moors are shopkeepers; we see them the whole day sitting before their stalls with crossed legs, drinking their coffee, or puffing slowly the smoke of tobacco from their red clay-pipes; and often, likewise, without coffee and tobacco, staring, motionless, silent, serious, and seemingly forlorn, in abstract meditation. There are many mechanics among them,—joiners, turners, clockmakers, tailors, embroiderers, gunsmiths, and especially shoemakers. But they work with unbearable slowness: they put their tools often aside to take again and again a cup of coffee; then they examine their work for a long time before setting about it again: they perform everything with the slowest and most measured movements. I have already mentioned the life in the coffee-houses; there, too, the Moor sits with crossed legs without stirring, and listens to the slow cadence of the monotonous music.

It is difficult to say whether the Moors are as poor in thoughts as they are scanty in words. I saw some of them leaning on the terraces of their houses, or on the battlement of the pier, gazing at the foaming waves when the mistral of the north-west was clustering. Their pale serious countenances looked so grand, that

they might have been taken for mighty magi, at whose command the sea was in rebellion. When, on summer evenings, they sat in groups at the gate Bab-a-Zun, imposing and dignified, and when one of them began to speak, and all the others listened to him attentively, it was the image of the Roman Senate in turbans; and whoever did not understand Arabic would not have believed that this solemn congregation was talking simply of the cattle-market of the next day, or of the hen of the neighbour which yesterday had laid one egg more than usual: he would not have thought that an assembly of such commanding appearance, where heroes and senators seemed to have met, is composed merely of farmers, cheesemongers, school-teachers, and smiths. The science of physiognomy nowhere deceives more strikingly than here. For a long time I could not believe that these noble figures, these melancholy, dreaming eyes, are absorbed in dull and empty brooding. I could not help fancying that it is the sorrow of the broken greatness of their once so mighty race which gives the beautiful melancholy expression to their pale features, or that it was only the body which sat there dreaming, whilst the spirit was wandering over the graves of the Abencerrages, and conversing with its deceased ancestors in Granada, and planning how to avenge the injuries of centuries. But the Europeans who for many years have lived at Algiers, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Moors, who converse with them daily, and have every opportunity of studying them soberly, declare unanimously that this people lack every poetical thought or energetic aspiration, and that they do not think in their shops of anything else except of the coffee-house; and, in the coffee-house, only of their shops or of their kuskusu-dish, or of their wife at home, or of nothing at all; whilst they always retain that deeply thoughtful expression. Though it is difficult to attain a knowledge of the moral resources of an uncommunicative people, yet, as far as I got acquainted with the Moors, during a stay of two years among them, I must say that I concur in the opinion of the other Europeans in respect to their faculties. Beside the countenance and costume, I did not find

anything poetical with them. The calmness and the melancholy expression of their features is more a sign of apathy and dulness than of resignation and thought.

Their mildness of manners facilitates pleasant intercourse with them, and the French never have found them obstacles to the extension of their dominion. Though the Moors, like the other Mussulmans, are fanatical, yet their fanaticism is not dangerous; they are too peaceable, and oppression must grow unbearable before they would think of armed resistance. In the first years of the French sway, they saw their mosques destroyed, and the tombs of their fathers violated; but they did not dare to show their disaffection to the stern Duke of Rovigo, otherwise than by angry looks. They were afterwards reconciled to the victors; and many Moors are now in French service as interpreters, police-agents, orderlies, &c. Others, who could not bear to live with infidels, emigrated to Tunis, Tangiers, or the East; or they retired into the interior, there to be absorbed amongst the Bedouins. The number of those emigrants is estimated at rather more than a third of the nation. Those who remained have accustomed themselves to their present position and existing rulers; and in many cities, as for instance in Bona, the mutual intercourse is so friendly, that very few of the Moors would be inclined to wish for the restoration of Turkish sway. To an Arab rule they would even make resistance with arms in hand, as, on the whole, there is a great dislike between Arabs and Moors, which is partly tempered by community of faith, but cannot be wholly overcome until faith rises into fanaticism. The Arab, who is much more energetic, more hardened and warlike, expresses his contempt of the Moor on every occasion, and the name Hadar (town-folks) has with him a degrading additional meaning.

Recent travellers have expressed as contradictory opinions respecting the character of the Moors as regarding that of the Arabs. William Schimper has been entirely captivated by their mildness and calmness, whilst Rozet did not find a single good quality in them. It is true that the Moors are as avaricious as all the other

Mohammedan nations; they, too, steal and cheat where they can do it without danger; yet those crimes are not more frequent here than in France. In spite of their apparent mildness, the Moors have sometimes been hard and cruel with prisoners; but this happened before they had entered into closer friendly intercourse with the French: it was more the result of religious fanaticism than of natural disposition, and perhaps arose from the remembrance of a dim tradition of the oppression and sufferings sustained by their forefathers in Spain. They designated all the Europeans by the name of "Rummi," and vowed common hatred to them all. That hatred was inherited by them from their ancestors, who were expelled from the soil of Spain by the cruel zeal of the Philips. For two hundred years they had nearly no intercourse at all with the Europeans; they knew them only from the history of the Spanish persecutions. The difference of faith, and the establishment of the Knights of Rhodes, had originally given rise to piratical warfare, and the Moors did not know that the civilization of Europe had changed the manners of the Western nations, that the fanaticism of the crusades is out of fashion, and that even Spain has become tolerant* in some respects. When the war broke out with the French, the recollection of the Ferdinands and Philips of Spain awoke in their minds, and the barbarous fury with which they treated the unfortunate crews of some wrecked men-of-war, though unjustifiable in itself, was yet in some respect to be excused in an uninstructed people, to whom the Dey and the Marabut had preached so much about the danger which threatened their faith, their property, and their wives. The population, otherwise so apathetic, peaceable, and cowardly, took up arms, partly from fanaticism against the "Rummi," and partly from fear of the Dey. It was only when the French twenty-four pounders began to batter the Emperor's fort, that they again recovered their senses, and became aware of what European warfare is in

* That is to say, tolerant enough to accept money from Protestant and Jewish lenders, but not tolerant enough to pay interest to infidels and misbelievers, or to grant them a decent burial-place.

reality. They soon saw that a suddenly aroused paroxysm of gallantry, and a fanaticism awakened by the approach of the traditional enemy of their faith, could not avail against the columns of arms and cannon. Their dread of death triumphed over all their other feelings. When the French entered the conquered pirate-city, the Moors, stunned by the unexpected blow, returned to their dull, passive apathy. But soon they began to look defyingly when they saw that the victors were not at all so dangerous and blood-thirsty as they had been described. In the first years of the occupation, the Moors shunned all intercourse with the French. The females of rank did not show themselves in the streets, even though covered with veils; and they hid themselves, crying and trembling, when they perceived a Frenchman lurking perhaps on the terrace of the neighbour house. But by and by they became accustomed in Algiers to have infidel Frenchmen for neighbours, who, after all, were more amiable than they had expected. The most fanatical party emigrated from the city; an intercourse began to be established, first from commercial motives; afterwards, when acquaintances were made in a business way, even from feelings of mutual cordiality and attachment. The beginning was made with the youths, in whose meek and serene souls hatred and fanaticism were not yet confirmed. Moorish boys of the lower classes learned French with remarkable ease; together with the Jewish children, they became the interpreters, and negotiators between the European and the indigenous population: some of them even took service with the French. Though the fathers watched them closely, that the boys might not meddle with the "Rummis" more than was necessary, yet they could not prevent the pleasure which the children took in the sights and enjoyments of the Europeans: they could not prevent the boys from running to the harbour when a steamboat arrived from France, or from admiring with envious eyes the shops of the confectioners, with all the delightful cakes displayed in the windows, or from hastening to the gate Bab-el-Uad when the troops were reviewed, or the fire-works discharged; or from gathering regularly at the

great square at eight in the evening, to accompany the tattoo to the barracks, and thence to return home in rank and file, imitating the French soldiers, drumming and trumpeting, and using the French words of command. Perhaps the continual display of military pomp and ornament might arouse the military spirit of the Moorish youth, and accustom them to look to more energetic occupations than those of their fathers. Or if the report of powder and the neighing of horses does not allure them, perhaps the aspect of the great and striking wonders sent to Africa by European civilization, the mighty ships, the novel buildings, the glistering articles of mechanical skill, may not fail to produce abiding results, and may give them an impulse to imitation and competition. In any case, the defying and fanatical hatred will die out with the old Moorish grey-beards, and the rising generation will not be envenomed against those with whom they have played in their childhood, and with whom they grew up side by side. Without any too sanguine hopes, I yet believe that the Moorish population, if managed with forbearance, and employed with prudence, might in future render substantial service to the European colonization.

What I have said about the inveterate though silent hatred of the grown-up Moors against the Europeans is, however, only in general true; exceptions are frequent. Even the circumstance that many Moors derive pecuniary advantage from intercourse with the French, has softened their hostile feelings. Some of them approached the Europeans with open cordiality and without caring for the peevish resentment of their stricter co-religionists. In the large Moorish coffee-house in the Divan Street, I often saw Europeans and Moors sitting together on the long benches, and sometimes even the Moorish host expelling some of his countrymen to make room for European guests, who commonly pay one sou more for their coffee. I made several agreeable acquaintances with Moorish farmers in the neighbourhood of Algiers. They are, on the whole, better, and of more open character than the citizens, who, by their trade, have become more inclined to selfishness and roguery. I remember them, with great pleasure, in their

neat white cottages, and should like to meet them again. When overtaken by a thunder-storm, on a naturalist's expedition, I often took refuge in those cottages, and found an equally friendly welcome from poor and rich. I was commonly offered coffee or milk and fruit, and the host often refused to take a counter-gift. As the *agave* inclosures of the Moorish gardens are nearly all defective and incomplete, I used to rove through them with my musket without ceremony, since I often found insects there, which I could not meet with elsewhere. Yet never did a landlord reproach me for such trespasses. On reaching one of them riding on his ass, he always halted, and, after a kind greeting, offered me tobacco, or even something more substantial. Once I took a walk on the western hills of Bona, and sang German songs, whilst I sought a beautiful green-shining beetle on the flowers of the *Daphne gnidium*. A Moor stood on the slope of the hill in his vineyard, and listened to me attentively. Suddenly he approached, and offered me an immense bunch of grapes. The air was very sultry, and this refreshment, offered in so kind a way, was very acceptable to me. At the time of the fruit-gathering, many Europeans are invited by their Moorish acquaintances to their farms; and Christians and Mussulmans then feast comfortably together from the same dish, and drink from the same cup. Of course, such a Moorish harvest-feast is not so merry and entertaining as a vintage on the Rhine, or in the Gascogne, where the female wine-dressers appear with the leaves twisted into their shiny hair, and enliven society with their amiability. When a female is seen in the Moorish feasts, it is only a negress with thick lips, and ugly animal features. The Mooresses hide themselves carefully when a guest is in the house; and, if we meet them, they are nearly always covered with white veils, from top to toe, like a ghost. But the females being excluded from all intercourse with men, it is natural that social life in Algeria should be dreary and monotonous. As I have already remarked, the Moors are by no means communicative, and the best entertainment at such parties is afforded by the delightful scenery, the view of the trees studded with

golden oranges, and of the blooming plain and the dark-blue sea.

But even with those Moors who would not live in Algiers (the warlike El-Jesair)—after the pirate-queen had to bend her haughty neck under the yoke of the Christians; or who, at a later period, thought that their hearts must break when they saw how their mosques were destroyed, and the tombs of their ancestors defiled; who, therefore, emigrated to the interior—even with those Moors the old hatred has lost its intensity. Whatever was the mischief brought upon them by the French invasion, they did not resent it on individuals. And as to the individuals, they had really seldom any reason to complain; the French soldiers evinced, on the whole, great forbearance when the struggle had ended; and exceptions were very rare. I have met some of the emigrant Moors of Algiers at Mascara. Those men whose eyes were opened by a residence of three years in a country ruled by Arabs, greeted us with unfeigned joy. These half-civilized Mohammedans found more to sympathize with, in the life, the manners, and costumes of civilized Christians, than in the wild character and savage life of the Bedouins. Under French sway, their life and property was at least secure; the unoffending race was not persecuted, whilst with the Arab officials of Abd-el-Kader, they had been exposed to manifold vexations, and had to suffer humiliations of every kind in their daily intercourse with the Arabs, who most heartily despise every "Hadar" (citizen), and make them feel their superiority. The Consul Daumas and his retinue lived on the best understanding with the emigrant Moors, and scarcely a day elapsed without a visit from them. All those Moors inquired about their French acquaintances in Algiers; there was scarcely one who had not made the acquaintance of some European to whom he wished to be remembered. One of them accompanied us on our return from Mascara for several hours, and took then such an affectionate leave of us as if we had been his brothers. Should it require any farther instance to show how quickly the hatred arising from ancestral traditions, and maintained by the

lack of information about the character of the Christians, is softened and melting away, I may mention Constantine, the population of which was most hostile to the French, and committed atrocious outrages on the prisoners. A few months after the capture of the town, this feeling had altogether vanished; the conquered people attached themselves openly and readily to the conquerors, and soon took up arms on the side of the French against their late Bey, for whom they had fought valiantly only a few months before against the "Rummi."

As the majority of the Moors have become dull, cowardly, and demoralized by a long endured tyranny, they cannot become an important prop of the French dominion; yet they constitute no hindrance to the new colonization, and this is most advantageous in a country, the great majority of whose inhabitants are opposed to their rulers in deadly hatred.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURKS AND KURUGLIS.

The number of the Turks in the Regency of Algeria has materially decreased since the downfal of their sway in 1830, and now scarcely amounts to more than a few thousands, who are dispersed in the cities of the coast and the interior. The first Turks came to Algeria in 1516. They consisted of a band of freebooters, whom the renegade Horuk (Haruj) Barbarossa had gathered, along with many other desperate characters from all the different countries of the coast of the Mediterranean. After the death of that renowned pirate-prince, his brother, Khaïreddin Barbarossa, threatened by Ali Homar, the chief of Tlemsan, sent an embassy to Constantinople to the Sultan Selim, requesting his protection; he promised to subject the country to the allegiance of the Porte, under the condition of being invested with the Pashalik of Algiers. Selim complied with the request, and sent him two thousand janissaries,

who were afterwards reinforced by new detachments. Thus the Turks acquired a settlement in Algeria, and extended their dominion even over the interior of the country. The less accessible mountain-regions and the deserts alone remained independent; such as the country of the Kabyles, south of Bujia, and the dry steppes of the Arab tribes of the Angads, south of Tlemsan. The Turks were continually recruited by voluntary enlistment at Constantinople and Smyrna. Many of them married Mooresses in Algeria, but they lost by this a portion of their privileges. The offspring of those marriages were called Kuruglis, and were nearly, in all their qualities, the equals of their fathers; yet they were jealously watched by the Turks, as they had repeatedly attempted to possess themselves of independent power, and had allied themselves for that purpose with the Moors. After the conquest of Algiers by Marshal Bourmont, the majority of those Turks who were able to bear arms were banished from the city: they are now scarce in the sea-port towns: and the greater part of them live at Constantine.

All the Turks whom I have seen in the different African towns are less tall, less bony, and more fleshy than the Arabs, though they do not incline to corpulence so much as the Moors. Their features are handsome, and more energetic than those of the Moors; more marked, yet without their interesting melancholy expression. Their eyes are far from being so fine, and rather indicate wild boldness than dreamy mildness. Their costume is similar to that of the Moors, but commonly more gaudy. The Kuruglis, especially, are fond of a bright and rich attire, and some of them wear clothes of several thousand francs in value.

Many of the Turks and Kuruglis of Algeria have entered the French service. In Constantine, they form several corps, organized in the manner of the late janissaries of the Deys; they are chiefly employed as moveable columns, and the French are greatly indebted to them for their favourable progress in that province. Altogether, the French have reason to repent of having disbanded the army of the Dey, and banished the majority of its

soldiers from the country. The invaders thought they could rely on the Arabs, the formerly oppressed race. But they soon found that this nation never can become a prop to the new dominion, as it is wilder, more unruly and fanatical, and more opposed in its manners and customs to the Europeans than the Turks, who had been the dreaded rulers of the country, and knew both how to war with Arabs, and how to keep them in peace. It would have been easy to prevail upon them to accept service with the French. After the explosion of the Emperor's fort, many of them were heard to say that French silver had as good a sound as that of the Dey. The co-operation of the Turks would have been of evident advantage for the French conquest, since the Arabs could not have risen to such energy and boldness, seeing that their old masters were in the service of the French, so that things would have taken altogether a different turn.

In point of character and manners, the Turks of Algeria pretty much resemble their brothers elsewhere in the East. They are proud, frugal, gallant, very honest in commercial dealings, very faithful and reliable as allies, even when they have to fight against Mussulmans. They are less fanatical than all their co-religionists, the Mozabites excepted; they keep their word strictly, and are often generous. I hold the Turks to be the noblest and most important Mohammedan nation. But they are likewise not exempt from vices. They are less avaricious, but they are more rapacious than the Arabs: they plunder and make exactions without remorse; they are cruel, lazy, and sensual. The Turks of Barbary remain entirely what their countrymen were in Constantinople before the reform. They maintain the old costume, and the old manners; where they rule, as for instance in Tunis and Tripolis, they have likewise the old energetic and despotical turn of mind. The Turk is superior to all the other races of Barbary—a born ruler, before whose proud deportment all the other Mohammedans bow. Even now, when they are no longer rulers in Algeria, they hold a high rank among the natives. All the qualities of the Turk, even his imposing calmness and his idleness, seem to

have stamped this people as the rulers of the Moslems. This accounts for the strange fact that from twelve to fifteen thousand Turks, dispersed all over the country, were able to maintain the peace of Algeria before the arrival of the French, and that they could even carry on a system of oppressive despotism, whilst Arabs and Moors did not dare to stir.

Most of the Turks and Kuruglis are well off, and live upon their income. They have but few wants, yet they make a greater display in their attire and in their fare than all the other natives. A portion of the Kuruglis are merchants in retail; they hold several shops in Algiers, especially in the Divan Street. The shopkeeper sits there with his usual gravity, richly adorned, and serves his customers with dignified courtesy. The Turkish merchants principally traffic in handsome embroideries, perfumes, pipes, and arms; they never ask too high prices, never make abatement, and maintain in business the strictest honesty. They are less apt in mechanical skill than the other native races; in point of scholarship they stand on the same level with the Moors. Their conversation is agreeable; they do not avoid the Europeans, are fond of social life, have already learnt from the French how to drink wine, and show sincere attachment to their friends, even when these are Christians. The Kuruglis of Mostaganem and Tlemsan have given abundant evidence of their faith and general honesty.

CHAPTER V.

THE JEWS.

THE Jews of Barbary came to that country probably soon after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the remnant of the unhappy nation became scattered all over the world. According to local tradition, however, the great majority of them came to Africa only after the fall of Granada, to share the exile of the Moors and Arabs of Spain. At that time, the spirit of the most bitter persecution

reigned in Christian Europe against the Jews, whilst they found protection with the Moorish kings, and though not admitted to equal rights with the Mussulmans, lived at least under a tolerant policy, which did not prohibit them from the performance of their religious rites, nor interfere with the observance of their manners and customs. According to this tradition, the first emigration took place so early as in 1390, led by the chief Rabbi of Sevilla, Simon Ben-Smia. When he and his fellow exiles landed on the African coast, the Rabbi entreated Sidi-Ben-Jussuf, a celebrated Marabut of Miliana, for an asylum, which was readily granted. It is even said that the Arab Chief and the Hebrew Rabbi drew up a formal agreement, guaranteeing the rights of the new comers. The Rabbis of Algiers assured me that this deed is still kept in the principal synagogue of the city. Under the reign of the fanatical Philips of Spain, the Jewish emigration quietly increased and the Jews extended slowly all over Barbary. We find them now in all the towns, even in the oases of the Sahara. The Jewish dragoman (interpreter) Ben-Amran, in Mascara, who, as a boy, had with his father accompanied the expedition of a Turkish Bey to Ain-Maadi, assured me that a considerable number of Jews live even in that remote and small desert state, but that they have adopted the Bedouin costume. There are Jews in Tuggurt and Gadames, and even in the Mozabite republics; and it is said that some of them dwell in the villages of the Amazighs, in the mountains of Morocco. Everywhere they are tolerated, but only as a subordinate, despised, and oppressed race, useful in its low sphere, and on which even the Mohammedan beggar can vent his insolence.

It appeared to me that the Jews of Algeria are superior in bodily strength to those of Europe. Particularly in Constantine, I saw handsome, well-built men among them, similar to the Moors, but not so fat. Their physiognomy has more of the marked Eastern type than that of the Turks and Moors. The females surpass in beauty the Jewesses of Europe; when young, they have a slender, graceful figure, a fine complexion, and soft features, which they

retain nearly up to their fortieth year, though without the noble expression of their youth. Towards thirty, they usually become rather stout.

The costume of the Jews resembles in its cut that of the Moors, but they never exhibit bare calves; they cover them with stockings. The colour of their attire is always dark: even their turban is black. During the time of the Turkish dominion, this colour, an abomination to the present Moslems, was forced upon them to distinguish them from the believers. The attire of the young Jewesses is uncommonly pretty. They wear a long robe,—the wealthy of silk, the poor of wool, without sleeves, but richly embroidered on the chest with gold and silver. The arms are only partly covered by the loose sleeves of the fine white muslin shirt. Around the hips they bind a silk scarf, by which the robe is made closely to fit the waist, and to show the form of the body to the greatest advantage. They put their bare feet into embroidered slippers, and throw a silk shawl on the head, which does not entirely hide the long, flowing tresses. The hair-dress of the married women is highly curious: it is a kind of cap, woven of silver thread, two feet high, surrounded by a long floating gauze veil, which often reaches the ground; it is, in fact, the exalted horn to which the prophets allude. The face of the Jewess is always unveiled: a strict law of the Deys formerly enforced this. But from the time of the downfal of the Turkish dominion, the Jews enjoy equal rights with the other inhabitants; they, therefore, and their wives, can live and dress entirely as they please, but the former restrictions have entered so deeply into their manners and customs, that even now they cling to them. The males continue to wear dark-coloured clothes,* and the females

* The learned author seems to forget that in Russia, Poland, and Hungary, where there are no laws about the costume of the Jews, they likewise wear black clothes; black having always been their favourite colour. Yellow is an abomination to the Jew; it is the colour of the fire-worshippers and Sabæans of ancient Persia, Assyria, and China. *Black is not at all distasteful to Moslems!* it was the court-colour of the Turkoman tribes, and of the Abasside Khalifs; even the veil in the sanctuary of Mecca which hangs over the Kaaba is black.

remain unveiled, though the Jews have now more reason to be jealous than they had before. As to the younger generation, it has to a great extent accepted the European dress.

On the whole, the manner of life of the Jews resembles that of the Moors. They dwell in modest houses of Moorish architecture; they live frugally, are fond of kuskusu and coffee; and above all, of hard cash. As everywhere else in the world, they also here do not care for agriculture, and few of them are mechanics. Yet there are sailors among them, and shoemakers, tinners, goldsmiths, but especially swordsmiths, who manufacture very handsome articles, such as yatagans and daggers with silver sheaths and ornaments in relievo. The great majority of them are traders; but in the present day, they can no longer make advantageous jobs as they were wont to do in the time of the Deys, when nearly all the wholesale business was concentrated in their hands. As often as the Dey intended some great speculation, he always turned first to the Jews, who used to act as brokers, not only between the Mohammedans and Christians, but even between Bedouins and Moors. This has now ceased to a great extent, and the Jews encounter considerable competition from the numerous busy European speculators, who surpass them both in cupidity and avariciousness, though the former have the advantage of a more thorough knowledge of the Arabic language.

Many Bedouins, bringing their cattle or wheat to market, employ the Jew as a broker, and refuse to sell without his mediation. When such an Arab arrives in town, he is immediately surrounded by a crowd of importunate Jews, who obtrude their services with loud noise. Each of them pretends to have arrived the first; one takes the bull to be sold by the ears, the other by the tail; they quarrel, and often come to blows, whilst the Arab remains an undisturbed looker-on of the contest, without saying a word, but always paying honestly the broker who really gets a buyer for him. The activity of the Jews, enhanced by their love of lucre, begins in early youth. The market-place of Algiers is daily full of industrious little Jews, who offer their services to

buyers and sellers—now act the interpreter, then again carry the bought wares after the buyer. Nearly all the poor Jewish boys are boot-cleaners. Hundreds of them are roving through the streets, with their blacking-box under their arm, addressing any passer-by who happens to have dusty boots. Many young Jews have taken service with European merchants: all of them speak French perfectly; some of them likewise write it remarkably well. The schools open to all the natives are frequented almost solely by Jews; and their talents, desire of knowledge, and progress in study, is really astonishing. The ever-busy industry of that people forms a great contrast to the apathy of the Moors, to whom the Jews are superior in every mental faculty except in courage.

I had many opportunities of observing the manners of the Jews, since their houses are open to foreigners, and European guests are frequent at their feasts. One of my friends, Dr. Trubelle, had many Jewish patients, and took me, at my request, to their houses. Thus I became acquainted, and at a later time I repeated my visits. Young Jewesses do not go out in the streets, from their thirteenth year to their marriage, without peculiar necessity. This is a requirement of the traditional etiquette. Whoever, therefore, has no access to private families, remains wholly unacquainted with the lovely figure of the Jewish girls, just in their most interesting age. Those who are seen in the streets are always of questionable reputation. Yet the Jewesses in Algiers are wrongly charged with immorality; only some of the poorest are unable to withstand the temptation. On the whole, the houses of bad repute are peopled rather by French and Moorish girls than by Jewish ones. The Jewesses of the wealthier classes are modest and virtuous, though they do not hide themselves before the stranger like their Mohammedan sisters. Their virtue is so much the more to be commended, as scarcely anything is done for their moral, religious, and mental education; and attempts at seduction are nowhere more common than in Algiers. But they are not devoid of natural understanding, and of the gift of agreeable con-

versation. They often become intimate with a Christian, if he behaves well; but they do not tolerate an improper word. They are thrifty and industrious; they wash and sew and embroider under the eyes of their mothers, and are fondly attached to their parents and relatives. I have often witnessed the most affectionate care for a poor father or a sick brother. The treatment of the Jewesses by their husbands is, on the whole, good here, though they are kept under greater restrictions than in Europe.

The Jews, as compared with other natives, are less sensual, and equally frugal in eating and drinking. They avoid intoxicating liquors, though they are not forbidden to taste them by their religion, as is the case with the Moslems. Avarice and cupidity are common amongst them, as amongst the other races of Barbary; but this vice is with them less dangerous to others. The love of money makes the Arab a robber, and the Turk an oppressor; whilst with the Jew it only stimulates his commercial industry and his spirit of speculation. His trading activity is an advantage to the other races, and facilitates intercourse; though, on the other hand, their obtrusiveness is often unpleasant, and their meddling into every affair most mischievous. The Jews of Algiers cling strictly to their religious ceremonies; but they are not fanatical, though very charitable to all their co-religionists. The Jews, fleeing from Belida, found food and shelter with their brethren in Algiers. In spite of their fondness for trade and money, they cannot be induced to transact business on Saturday, however advantageous it may be; or to touch coin, were it even glittering "sultanis" (gold coin). They wear their best attire on the festive day, go with their richly-dressed wives three times to the "gemaa" (synagogue), and hasten thence to their amusements. They have coffee-houses of their own, where they sometimes dance, and are fond of a music which is yet more monotonous and tiresome than the Moorish.

I have often been present at their family feasts. The girls commonly marry at from thirteen to sixteen: with the men, the age is less early; and many of them remain bachelors to their thirtieth

year. It is not customary with the Jews, as it is with all Mohammedans, for the man to pay a certain sum for his wife; on the contrary, the girl brings a dowry, and the richer her parents, the greater is the number of her suitors. When a girl has accepted a ring from a young man, she is betrothed to him; and should her parents withhold their consent to the union, he can claim the girl as his legal bride from the chief Rabbi, the so-called Jew-King; but usually he is satisfied with a sum of money as a compromise with the family. The Rabbi draws up the marriage agreement. The festivities begin as early as six days before the marriage; all the kin assemble for feasting and enjoyment, but the males and females remain separated. On the marriage morning, when the bride is fully adorned, two old men lead her by the hand to the house of her future husband, followed by a crowd of friends and relations, each of them carrying a paper lantern, and yelling incessantly "*Yuh! yuh!*" In the house, the Rabbi recites a long prayer: the young lady receives a golden ring from the hand of the young man: the guests sit down in the hall, and dishes and trays and tumblers, filled with all the delicacies of the season, are handed round, whilst music is sounding and dancing is going on. At midnight the crowd leaves the house, and the young pair retire to the fantastically-adorned bridal chamber. For eight days they are expected not to leave the house, even on business. Polygamy is forbidden among the Jews; but the husband can repudiate his wife, if he has reason not to be satisfied with her; after which he may marry another wife.

At deaths I remarked very ludicrous ceremonies. All the female relatives assemble around the corpse, and yell and cry with the most pitiful accents. They do it in turn; each of them has her peculiar time for crying, and as soon as she is relieved by another, she becomes as composed as ever; occupies herself with her regular pursuits, and seems not to think any more about the dead until her hour returns again, when she has to cry, to yell, and tear her hair. At the burial, after some curious ceremonies, some pieces of gold coin are thrown to a distance, and

the corpse is hastily plunged into the grave and covered with earth. The Jews gave an explanation of this custom, saying that the devil is lurking around the dead body, in order to seize it. When the corpse is to be laid in the grave, the devil must be allured elsewhere by gold; whilst he is running after it, the dead is housed in his last dwelling, and the devil is cheated of his prey! The tombs of the Jews are very handsomely adorned by monuments of white marble. On the 30th, 90th, and 330th day after death, the next kin of the deceased visit the cemetery, to pray at the tomb, and to kiss the grave-stone.

The Jews were an ill-used people under the sway of the Deys, and suffered under the insolent arrogance of the Moharamedans of all sects and races. Such is still their position in Tripolis, in Tunis, and especially in Morocco. There they have still to bare their feet before every mosque—peculiar attire is forced upon them—they are not allowed to ride on horses—have to wait at the well until the last Mussulman has filled his jar—nor are they allowed to make use of the Arab alphabet; any offence against those restrictions being followed by punishment. The rich Jew was not permitted to enjoy his wealth in the days of the janissaries; he could only escape extortion, or perhaps death, by anxiously concealing his treasures, which he commonly hid in the earth, and did not dare to contemplate or to count, except when at nighttime the thick iron bolt was drawn across his door, and he had no other witnesses than his dim lamp and his own pale face. On occasion of every financial pressure of the Deys, Beys, or Kaids—at every riot of the unpaid janissaries—at every foreign war which absorbed the regular income, the government did not resort to the iron chests in the vaults of the Kasbah, that held everything which tyranny had extorted during a long series of years, but to the wealth of the Jews. The richest of them were imprisoned and sentenced to death upon insidious charges, and constrained to forced loans, either by tortures or by the fear of death.

Since 1830, the Mohammedans, when exasperated at the pro-

gress of the Christians, have always vented their fury on the poor unoffending Jews who lived among them. When, in December 1835, the army of Marshal Clauzel approached the city of Mascara, the disbanded Arabs of Abd-el-Kader fell upon the Jews, ill-treated the men, violated the women, and plundered the shops. When, in 1837, the French army appeared before Constantine, it was again the unhappy Jews who were forced by threats and blows, to dig the trenches under the fire of the French artillery, by which Ben-Aissa had hoped to check the progress of the enemy after the breach was open. The victorious armies of France were always liberators to the Jews; but these men had no high aspirations, and were so much accustomed to the yoke, that they have not shown any sign of gratitude for their present security and liberty; and I have heard more than one Jew regret the times of the Turks, when, in spite of the tyrannical pressure, it was easier for them to earn money than now.

Tyranny and persecution nowhere oppress this hapless race more than in Morocco, Fez, Fezzan, and Mogador, where their number is considerable. A French tourist, speaking of the Moroccan Jews, justly remarks that their sufferings do not awaken the sympathy and compassion of any nation, and that this is the greatest misfortune of that race. No white people on earth have ever been more shamefully crushed, and yet they have found fewer protectors among philanthropists than the heathen Negroes. They have not met, amongst nations of different creeds, with a friend who would take them by the hand. Nor did the tortures inflicted upon them raise their bearing into that of martyrs. In all the countries of the world—among Mussulmans and Chinese, among Protestants and Roman Catholics—the Jews are looked upon as a foreign plant which has no root in the country, and which is tolerated only from motives of interest. The Jew is therefore homeless everywhere: he does not care for the well-being, the independence, or the glory of the nations with whom he dwells. Any country, or dwelling-place, be it the most dirty town of Africa, is acceptable to him, provided he can there earn

money. He meekly bears oppression and insult: there is in history no other instance of such degradation of a people, which accounts for the popular prejudice* that an everlasting curse is attached to the descendants of Israel, which has scattered them all over the world, which does not allow them to become a nation again, which makes them everywhere the object of scorn and abhorrence; for even the poorest and most miserable serf amongst those who differ from them in creed would not exchange his lot with that of the richest Jew.† The spirit of oppression, inherent in so many religious sects, accounts, to a great extent, for the degradation of the Jews. But a great deal of the fault lies with the Jews themselves, who have everywhere yielded to tyranny with the patience of the wretch who never armed himself with a single spark of enthusiasm when he had occasion to raise himself from his miserable condition; and who, instead of risking life and property for his deliverance, rather submits to his fate with almost a stoical passiveness and endurance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEGROES.

The number of Negroes in the sea-ports of Algeria is by no means small. There are free blacks and slaves amongst them. But the latter live in a kind of voluntary servitude to their Mohammedan masters, as the French Government does not acknowledge slavery in Algeria, and has prohibited the sale of Negroes. The

* The German Doctor is too unjust against the Jew: in the United States, in Hungary, in England, he did and does care for the well-being of his country; and it is the prejudice which caused the degradation, not the degradation the prejudice.

† Of course all this does not apply to the Jew merchant-kings of England, the United States, Holland, and France, and the capitals of Germany; still it is true in the rural districts of those countries, and all over Italy, Russia, Spain, and Turkey.

natural increase is slow, the climate of Barbary not being favourable to it. Most of them have been brought by land from Sudan, the minority was carried by sea from the shores of Guinea to Morocco, and were from thence imported to Algeria.

All the blacks whom I saw in Algeria were very ugly. The forehead is strongly receding; their hair is short and woolly; the nose broad and flat; the mouth large; the lips thick; and the chin protruding. The women are still less attractive than the men, owing to the tattooing by which they disfigure their faces. A peculiar smell renders their presence disagreeable to a European. The colour of their skin differs in its shades: full black Negroes are seldom to be met with; they are commonly of an ashy hue, and sometimes yellowish. Though some of them are of muscular frame, their legs are usually very lean. In the towns they wear the Moorish costume: those who live in the encampments adopt the Arab haikh and burnus. The women walk about unveiled.

The Negroes conform themselves to the habits and the mode of living of the people amongst whom they dwell. In the towns they live like the Moors; in the country like the Bedouins. Very few of them are rich: the majority live by daily labour. The Negro women cook scanty meals in the open market for the labourers, and sell bad unleavened bread to the Bedouins and Biskris. Some of the wealthier blacks possess country houses, and cultivate gardens; others have enlisted in the French ranks. The slaves of the rich Moors or Turks are very mildly treated: they are in fact servants, and not slaves; and we find them, in general, greatly attached to their masters. This is especially the case with the women, of whom rich Moorish ladies often possess half a dozen. These women willingly share the fate of their mistress, whatever it may be. When, at the storming of Constantine, a portion of the inhabitants attempted to save themselves by scrambling over the rocks, the Negresses tore their clothes and tied the pieces together, that their mistresses might use them as ropes to escape over the cliffs. In the house of Ben-Aissa, the

corpse of a young Negress was found, who had fallen bravely fighting, pistol and yatagan in hand. The Mohammedans have no prejudice against colour and amalgamation. In Algeria, I know of several Moors married to Negresses, and the Mulattoes sprung from such marriages enjoy all the rights of legitimate children.

The Negroes of Algeria do not lack intelligence. They have little difficulty in acquiring languages, but they do not speak them correctly: the Mulattoes are far more clever in this respect. The blacks are the buffoons of Algeria. Whenever a public festival takes place during the Bairam, as well as on the birth-day of the Emperor of France, they act as the harlequins of the people. They make music with drums and iron-rattles, and perform grotesque dances in the streets with the most comical gestures. Dancing and music they especially enjoy.

I found the Negroes generally good-natured, and I cannot agree with the opinion of those who represent them as cruel, and delighting in the tortures of their fellow-beings: on the contrary, as regards freedom from fanatical hatred, and cunningly devised ill-treatment of enemies, they far excel the Kabyles and Arabs. For those whom they love, they readily undergo every sacrifice, and they keep better faith than any other African people. The immediate body-guard of Abd-el-Kader, as well as that of the Sultan of Morocco, consisted accordingly of Negroes. The black Spahis, in the French army, are second only to the Turks in the courage with which they expose themselves to fire: they always used to carry the banners. The colour-bearers of the Arabs are likewise commonly blacks, who often displayed remarkable bravery by advancing close to the ranks of the French riflemen. A rare instance of Negro heroism occured at the storming of Algiers. When, after the fearful bombardment, the Turkish garrison retreated from the Emperor's fort, the Dey sent a Negro to throw a match into the powder-magazine, and thus to blow up the citadel. The Black faithfully obeyed the order of his master, and was buried beneath the ruins.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOZABITES.

THE Mozabites, or Beni-Mozab, are as yet little known, but they are, from their character and manners, a very interesting people, inhabiting three oases of the Sahara. A few hundreds of them have settled in Algiers. Their origin is very uncertain; but several hypotheses have been advanced, any of which may be correct. According to their own traditions, their ancestors did not always dwell in the Desert, but many years back they inhabited a mountainous country far to the east, from whence the blue sea could be seen. Leo Africanus, a learned Moorish author, converted to Christianity, who lived in the sixteenth century, tells us that the Canaanites, expelled by Joshua, emigrated to Africa, and settled there. The same author says, that Malek Afriki, several centuries later, headed a large emigration of Sabæan Arabs to Africa; and it is singular that the Jews seem likewise to believe in a double immigration of Asiatic nations to Barbary. Up to the present day, they call the Kabyles Palestines and Philistines, identifying them with their enemies of old in Canaan; and their Rabbis believe that the Mozabites are the descendants of the Moabites, the ancient neighbours of Israel, the offspring of Moab, the son of Lot. Their language is different from that of the Kabyles, but it is said that there exists some affinity between them.

The emigration of Moab to Africa is explained by the persecutions of that tribe in the latter time of the Hebrew monarchy. It is singular that there is still a tradition among the Arabs of the incestuous origin of the Mozabites, which subjects them to many a joke and many a sneer. The Biblical Semitic names, Ben-Saram, Ben-Elam, Ben-Salef, Ben-Jobab, are often found among them, and the peculiar exclusion of the Mozabites from the mosques of Algiers, though they are Mohammedans, reminds us of the old law of the Hebrews, which excluded Moab from the community of God.

All particulars known about the modern Mozabites, or Beni-Mozab, are based on the oral communications of the renegade Baudouin, whom I found still resident in Algiers in 1836. As far as I know, he was the only European who ever has visited the oase states of that interesting people.* He had an uncommon talent for acquiring languages, had accompanied a Marabut through a great part of the Regency of Algiers, and had learned, besides the Arabic, likewise the languages of the Kabyles and of the Mozabites. He spoke the latter so well that the Mozabites in Algiers took him for one of their countrymen. He proved that he really had for a long time lived in Gherdaia, the most important town of the country of the Beni-Mozab, by a circumstantial description which he gave to the Mozabites at Algiers of their native town, and of their kinsmen. Baudouin, who was born near Marseilles, and taken prisoner by the Arabs in 1831, had, up to the year 1836, roved through the interior of Barbary; and, to my regret, remained only a few months in Algiers after his return. He had become entirely savage, not indeed in mind, but in his manner of life, and could no longer reconcile himself to the manners and customs of the Europeans. He again disappeared towards the end of 1836, and has never been heard of since.

The three oases of the Mozabites form a federative republic. They have little to fear from a foreign attack, since they live at a great distance from the Tell (the cultivable region of the Kobla or Belad-el-Jerid), and love enthusiastically the independence of their country. Besides, their cities are fortified, and impregnable to Arabs. The Turks have sent expeditions against other oase states of the Sahara—for instance, against Ain-Maadi and Tuggurt—but they never dared to approach the country of the Beni-Mozab. Even Abd-el-Kader, who had extended his conquests much farther south than the Turks, did not threaten Gherdaia, though in 1836 he went as far as to the Uad-el-Biadh, and had subjected nearly all the Bedouins of that country. The dignity

* The French occupied the oases of the Mozabites in 1853.

of Marabuts is unknown to the Mozabites. Instead of them, the Talebs (doctors) exercise considerable influence. These are men who can read and write, who expound the Koran, and lead a pure and virtuous life. They are not fanatical, like the Marabuts. They have not to preach the Iad, since no Christians are in their neighbourhood; and the religion and customs of the people are not threatened in any way. Besides the Talebs, the Mozabites have likewise Sheikhs and Kadis, who are subordinate to the former, and possess but little influence. The Sheikhs combine with their civil authority likewise a priestly office, and pray in the smaller mosques, whilst the Kadis are judges; but the dissatisfied party is always allowed to appeal from their decision to that of the Talebs. I was told by Baudouin, the renegade, that in no country of the world are crimes so scarce as among the Mozabites. They are a people very kind and pure in manners; they do not share in the rapacity of the Bedouin of the Sahara, and they respect property. They are principally occupied in the cultivation of their gardens and orchards, which are studded with date-palms. They are likewise very industrious as mechanics, and many of them carry on a considerable trade with Sudan and other oases of the Sahara. The Mozabites have a great many camels, few sheep, and no other cattle. The chase of the lion, of the gazelle, and of the ostrich, are their principal sports. The greatest part of the ostrich feathers exported from Algiers to Europe come from the country of the Mozabites. They are excessively fond of social entertainments. Between the village of Melika and the city of Gherdaia, many coffee-houses are raised on the banks of the Uad-el-Biadh. These are surrounded by palms, under the scanty shadow of which, crowds of guests assemble in the evening, in order to enjoy music, to listen to the story-tellers, or to indulge in harmless chat. The females, who are better treated than any other Mohammedan people, likewise assemble for similar purposes, and enjoy social entertainments. The Mozabites fall easily in love. Elopements are frequent; and in such cases, the different towns and villages sometimes break out into feuds, which, however, are

commonly quelled by the interference of the Talebs. In spite of the amorous character of the people, faithlessness is in no respect more frequent than among other nations. Though the Koran allows them to marry four wives, a Mozabite is contented with one, at least until she becomes old. The climate of the Sahara is not favourable to the fertility of the females; many of whom die in child-birth. In the oasis Metlili, there was at one time such a scarcity of females, that the otherwise peaceable and conscientious inhabitants made an expedition against the Bedouin tribes of the Beni-Amer and Beni-Luat, who live about a hundred and twenty miles north of them; and whilst the majority of the men of these tribes had gone to Medeah with their camels in order to buy corn, the Mozabites carried away about one hundred females. The Bedouins, enraged at this high-handed robbery, requested the Bey of Titteri for assistance; and as he refused to send his troops to such a distant region, the Beni-Amer and their allies resolved to try the fortune of war, and to attack Metlili at their own risk. The Taleb, Ben-Aram of Gherdaia, offered his interference as mediator; for though the Mozabites had no occasion to dread war with the Arabs, yet they felt the injustice of the deed committed by the inhabitants of Metlili; and as their people had, until that time, always enjoyed the reputation of honesty and equity, the Talebs of Gherdaia, Bonora, and Uaragla, resolved to force their fellow-countrymen of Metlili to return the booty. The chiefs of the Beni-Amer themselves had appeared in Gherdaia with presents as a ransom for the females; but their gifts were not accepted, and Ben-Aram led his army against Metlili, followed by the chiefs of the Beni-Amer. The Mozabites of Metlili still refused to restore the females, and took the field, determined to resist; but at the first shots the captured Arab females rushed between the fighting warriors, and, like the Sabine women of old, requested their fathers and husbands to sheath their yatagans. A convention followed: the married Arab women were returned; the girls remained with the Mozabites of Metlili, who undertook to pay damages to their relatives. This happened

about fifty years ago; and the high opinion which the Arabs had always entertained of the wisdom, justice, and energy of the Mozabites, was farther enhanced by this incident. Many travel singly with sufficient security through the different territories of the Bedouin tribes, between their country and Algiers, though the Arabs refuse to acknowledge them as true believers. They are however looked upon as heretics, and are therefore excluded from the mosques.

Amongst no people in the old world do the ideas of freedom and equality pervade public life more thoroughly than amongst these republicans of the Sahara. The comparatively few officials—the Talebs, Sheikhs, and Kadis—are elected at public meetings, where universal suffrage is unrestrictedly exercised. There are so few ambitious men among them longing for such dignities, that it often happens that the elected official flees suddenly from his city, not to be compelled to accept office; but commonly he is pursued, and constrained to accept the dignity bestowed upon him. This curious custom, related by the Mozabites living in Algiers, and confirmed by the renegade Baudouin, is explained by the circumstance that these republican offices are not connected with any sufficient remuneration; and while the power of these officials is very restricted, and they do not enjoy their former independence whilst in office—for they are not allowed to trade, to travel with caravans, or to hunt the ostrich in the Desert—it is easily to be conceived that the Mozabite, who is as fond of personal freedom as he is of national independence, does not covet public duties. Amongst the Talebs, it is always the eldest who is chairman, but without enjoying any higher authority than the others. Some of them exercise greater influence; but this is the consequence of higher personal esteem, earned by an exemplary life, or accorded in consequence of peculiar popularity. The office of the Talebs is not hereditary, like that of the Marabuts: it is only by election that the son may succeed his father. Simplicity, frankness, meekness, piety without fanaticism, calmness blended with energy, intelligence and industrious habits, distinguish this interesting

people of the Republic of the Desert, which is probably one of the happpiest tribes in the world.

The Mozabites dwelling in Algiers carry on continual intercourse with their countrymen; they have the monopoly of the mills, baths, and slaughter-houses. They have enjoyed this privilege from the time of the celebrated expedition of Charles V. At that crisis, the Mozabites sent a considerable sum of money to the Turks, which aided them in repelling the Emperor. The Mozabites obtained this monopoly from the gratitude of the Turks, and make much money in consequence. Their costume is scarcely different from that of the Arabs: their face is sun-burnt, their features are interesting: the expression of the eye is melancholy and enthusiastic: their physiognomy is on the whole soft. They are much liked by the whole population on account of their peaceable life; but I remarked that they are rather exclusive towards Mohammedans, and prefer to hold social intercourse with their countrymen; yet they often converse with Europeans, and seemed to like them better than the Arabs or Moors.

PART III.

HISTORY OF THE REGENCY OF ALGERIA.

CHAPTER I.

NORTHERN AFRICA, FROM THE EARLIEST EPOCH TO THE LANDING OF THE TURKS IN ALGERIA.

THE historians of antiquity give us only a few uncertain facts about the aborigines who originally inhabited Northern Africa from the Syrtis to the Atlantic. These were the Getulians and Libyans, rude savages, who lived on raw meat and the herbs of the field. We have mentioned already the traditions current about the first immigration: Persians, Armenians, and Medes, according to Sallust; Canaanites and Arabs, according to Procopius and Leo Africanus.

Later, it was the Phœnicians who occupied the coast of Northern Africa, and founded many cities about 1500 B. C.: Utica, Hippo, Hadrumetum, Leptis, and Carthage. The Phœnicians did not extend their sway towards the Desert, but remained in possession of the coast from the Syrtis to the Columns of Hercules, trading with the tribes of the interior and of the coast of the Mediterranean. A colony of Lacedæmonians had established itself east of the Phœnician settlements, in the Pentapolis Cyrenaica, now called Jebel Akdar. The Numidians and Moors of the interior were at that time divided into smaller states, were ruled by kings independent of one another, and often involved in bloody contest. When, in the second Punic War, the Romans landed on the coast of Africa, Syphax and Massinissa were the

mightiest of the Numidian chiefs; of whom Syphax sided with Carthage, Massinissa with Rome. The former were defeated, and the dominions of Syphax were annexed to those of Massinissa.

After the destruction of Carthage, the Romans converted its continental domain into their *Provincia Africa;* but the powerful Numidian realm in the interior, governed by King Micipsa, the son of Massinissa, was a formidable rival to them. They had raised up its might in order to check Carthage; now they no longer needed the Numidian alliance. When, therefore, Jugurtha, the nephew of Micipsa, had deprived his cousins of their heritage, the Romans seized this opportunity for war, pretending to avenge the murder of Adherbal, their protegé, but in fact in order to get possession of Numidia—a long-coveted booty. The Roman historian, Sallust, has described the Jugurthan war. His work is a highly important document, the study of which cannot be sufficiently recommended to the present conquerors of Numidia. It characterizes the epoch and the country, and contains very interesting and useful disclosures of the policy and tactics both of the Romans and Numidians. Jugurtha's way of carrying on the war greatly resembles that of the present natives; and the faithlessness of the people has likewise remained the same. After a struggle of three years, full of the strangest vicissitudes—in the course of which an army of Rome had to pass under the yoke—Jugurtha was conquered, and at last taken prisoner. He was killed by cold and starvation in a stone dungeon in Rome, after having adorned the triumph of his victorious enemy, though his undaunted energy deserved a better fate. His realm became a Roman province, with the exception of one portion, bestowed on the Moorish king Bocchus for having treacherously delivered up Jugurtha, his ally, to Rome.

The empire founded in Africa by the Romans was one of the greatest and most flourishing on earth. It comprised the largest portion of the present Regency of Tripolis, the countries of Tunis and Algiers, and the great empire of Morocco, extending from the Libyan Desert, which divides the two Syrtes from Egypt, up to the Atlantic. Large cities were built all over that country; the

ruins of which, mighty and imposing like everything bequeathed to us by those conquerors of the world, are seen in the most remote wildernesses, to the very borders of the Sahara. Even in the almost inaccessible mountain-regions of the Atlas, we meet with such remains. South of Bujia are the ruins of Sava and Musulubium, which have not been seen by Europeans for a thousand years; for even after 1830 no French army has dared to advance far into those mountain-fastnesses, inhabited by the most warlike and most unruly people on earth. A mighty Roman city, Lambessa, stands on the Auras mountains, not far from the border steppes of the Sahara: its ruins cover considerable ground, and are of great extent. But of many once celebrated cities of the interior, even the traces have disappeared. Scarcely a few stone heaps mark the site of Sitifis, the capital of Mauritania Sitifensis.

The dominion of Rome over those countries has something mysterious for us. The Romans had there no garrison of 100,000 men, as the French of our days have, yet they held the country in undisputed and complete possession. In founding this mighty empire, the Roman settlers worked for their descendants as well as for themselves, since they undertook great enterprizes, the completion of which one generation could not hope to see; as, for instance, the immense cisterns and aqueducts of Russicada, Hippo, and Cirta, where the present European settlers, the publicans from France and Malta, build only frail huts, which are destroyed by storms and rain as soon as the number of their drinking customers falls off in consequence of a change of garrison, and the publican colonists leave, seeking elsewhere their temporary profits.*

The Numidians were driven to the mountains by the Romans, or were kept in strict order in the cities; they therefore became harmless: occasional riots were easily put down. Had the inse-

* The learned author forgets that those aqueducts, theatres, cisterns, &c., were built in the course of centuries. Let the French occupation be consolidated by half a century, and theatres, and market-places, and water-works, will again rise in Africa.

curity, in the epoch of the first Roman dominion, been only half so great as now, the Romans never could have built large cities on the border of the Desert, in the neighbourhood of a population against which the French cannot always defend their corn-fields, even close to their camps, within reach of their cannon. I saw temples, amphitheatres, circuses, and baths, among the ruins of Calama and Aruna, which indicate a peaceable life of wealthy colonists, fond of enjoyment.

Under Constantine, Northern Africa was divided into seven provinces: Maurjtania Tingitana, from the ocean to the Malva (Moluiah), which up to our days forms the boundary between Morocco and Algeria; Mauritania Cæsariensis, east of the Malva; Sitifensis, up to the River Ampsaga (now the Rummel); Numidia, between the Ampsaga and Tusca (Zaine), which divides Algeria from Tunis; Zeugitania, from the Tusca to the Cape of Mercury; Byzacium, bordering on the smaller Syrtis, in the west; and Cyrenaica, divided by the Libyan Desert from Egypt.

When the Roman empire was partitioned under Theodosius, Egypt and Cyrenaica were given to the Eastern emperors, whilst the other provinces of Africa became the share of Rome. Christianity had soon extended to North Africa, and spread so rapidly, that the three Mauritanias contained one hundred and sixty bishoprics, ennobled by many celebrated men, among whom we may mention principally St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo Regius, and St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage.

Towards the end of the fourth century, the warlike spirit of Rome began to decline, and feuds and treachery among the chiefs accompanied the demoralization of the effeminate armies, which could no longer keep the field against the vigorous barbarians of the North. In 428, Bonifacius, the Roman proconsul of Africa, who was to be deprived of his command by the intrigues of the great hero Aëtius, in Rome, raised the standard of revolt against the Emperor Valentinian; and, unable to maintain himself against his master, he invited to Africa the Vandals, who had just conquered a great portion of Spain. Genseric, the Vandal king, a fierce barbarian

prince, who knew how to keep alive the spirit of conquest with his hordes, landed, in May 429, on the Moorish coast with 90,000 men, including, besides his Vandals, many Alans and Goths,—all reckless adventurers, who expected rich booty in the thriving Roman provinces of Africa, which had not been ravaged by war for many centuries. The army of Genseric was reinforced in Africa by many Romans. By the sect of the Donatists, which had to endure the most severe persecutions, the Vandal king, who was an Arian, and therefore a dissenter from the dominant church, was hailed as a liberator. The cowards among the Donatists favoured the public enemy secretly: the enthusiasts went openly over to him. Numerous tribes of savage Numidians and Moors, driven by the Romans into the inaccessible mountain-fastnesses of Mauritania Tingitana, came down from the woods when they heard of the arrival of an army opposed to the Romans, and joined the foreigners, with whom they hoped to take revenge on their oppressors. Genseric's army grew every day, and crowds of sun-burnt, half-naked savages of the Atlas were seen in company with his fair-haired, blue-eyed German warriors, trampling down the crops, destroying and sacking the cities, and drenching the soil with Roman blood. It was too late for Count Bonifacius, now bitterly repenting that he had invited the dreadful barbarians, to resist them effectively. He was defeated under the walls of Hippo Regius, and the seat of the pious Augustine was invested by the Vandals. The saint died in the third month of the siege: Providence had granted him to close his weary eyes before his heart should be broken by seeing his cathedral burnt down, and his bishopric dissolved. Eight years after the fall of Hippo, Carthage too was taken by the Vandals, and Genseric allowed his troops here, as everywhere, to give vent to all their bad passions in the conquered city. A certain tendency to destructiveness is inherent in all armies, even in the best disciplined troops of the most civilized nations, and where no national hatred envenoms the contest. But what scenes must have happened in Africa at a time when no people had yet divested itself of its ori-

ginal ferocity,—when the religious fanaticism of the long-persecuted Donatists, and the burning desire for revenge of the Numidians, who had been driven from the country of their ancestors into the mountains or to the Desert, were added to the savage fury of Vandals, maddened by encountering a fiercer resistance than they had anticipated! The wanderer of our days gets an idea how such fierce elements must have raged during an internecine war of ten years, when he travels over the desolate wilderness of the once celebrated granary of Rome, and visits those heaps of stone which once were monuments of Roman art. Nearly all which the Romans had created during a series of centuries perished either in that ten years' war, or under the subsequent sway of the Vandals, which lasted for ninety-six years.

The dominion of the Eastern emperors was in the first part of the sixth century once more established in Northern Africa. Justinian sent Belisarius, his celebrated general, with an army to Africa. They landed at Cape Capaudia, west of Carthage. The Vandals had in the mean time grown effeminate by the warm climate, and by their wealth: the bravery and adventurous spirit of Genseric's followers had vanished in their grandsons, swallowed up in luxury and wantonness. According to the historian Procopius, who was the companion of Belisarius, they enjoyed the delicacies of the table offered to them by land and sea. Their wide-flowing silk robes were embroidered with gold, love and the chase were the only occupations of their life, and their leisure was spent in pantomimes, races, music, and scenic performances. Such were the descendants of that rough warlike people, who had cherished the sound of the steel more than the sweetest music, and to whom every sort of luxury was an abomination. The city of Sullicte was the first to open her gates to Belisarius; Leptis and Hadrumetum followed the example. Gelimer, the Vandal king, prepared now for defence, and hastened with his army to the rescue of Carthage; but he was defeated, and fled to the desert. Belisarius occupied Carthage on September 15, 533. The Vandals fought one battle more, but without the spirit and confi-

dence of victory, and were accordingly signally beaten. Gelimer fled to the mountains, and had there to endure such privations, that when summoned to submit to Justinian by Pharas, the chief of the Herulians, he requested the prince for a lyre, a sponge, and a loaf of bread. The King of Africa had for a long time not tasted bread: with the sponge he wished to wipe his eyes, which had become sore by tears; and with the lyre, to comfort his hours of sorrow by singing the history of his own pitiful fate. Misery no longer to be endured forced him at last into submission; he appeared in one of the suburbs of Carthage to declare himself a prisoner of Belisarius. The moment the king beheld his conqueror he burst into frantic laughter: it was a fit of insanity. Such was the end of the Vandal empire in Africa. The old authors are not sufficiently explicit about what has become of the mass of the conquered people. The bravest Vandal youths were put into five cavalry divisions, which had immediately to leave the country, and which rendered effective service to the Romans in Asia in the war against the Persians. Justinian granted large property to the ex-king Gelimer in the province of Galatia, where he and his family and friends lived in a quiet way. But the majority of the Vandals who had not fallen victims of the war found probably a refuge in the mountains and the wildernesses, and the offspring of their intermarriages with the aborigines may probably be the origin of the present Kabyles, among whom, as already mentioned, an occasional white complexion, and the flaxen hair of the sons of the North, may be identified as traces of Northern descent.

The armies of Justinian had one more dangerous enemy to encounter after the defeat of the Vandals, namely, those Numidians and Moors who, under the former dominion of Rome, had kept aloof from the coast at a respectful distance. Under the less energetic sway of the Vandals, they had sometimes attacked the cities; they had occupied the coast from Tingis (Tangiers) to Cæsarea (Shershel), and pitched their tents even in the fertile province of Byzacium. After the departure of Belisarius, they attacked the new conquerors at different points, and single Graeco-Roman corps were

defeated. The eunuch Salomon, who had succeeded Belisarius in the command, now made an expedition from Carthage into the heart of the country, and defeated the natives in two great battles, in which 60,000 barbarians are said to have been slain. He advanced to Mount Auras, the citadel and the garden of Numidia, as Procopius calls it, and built a fortress on its highest top to keep the numerous population of the plateau in subjection. Yet in spite of this fort, the Graeco-Roman dominion, which lasted up to the invasion of the Arabs, was principally confined to the coast, especially around Carthage. It was rather a military occupation than a real dominion of the country, since the old Roman colonies existed no longer, and no new emigrants came from Europe to till the waste ground, and to rebuild the destroyed cities. The savage natives had nearly everywhere in the interior become masters of the country, and in the western provinces they had occupied even the coast. In Mauritania Tingitana, the dominion of the Romans had, on the whole, always been less firmly rooted than in the eastern provinces; the rougher mountains and the more warlike spirit of the natives made the progress of conquest very difficult.

The first attempt of the Mohammedan Arabs to subdue Barbary was made in the year 647, when 40,000 Arab warriors crossed the Desert between Egypt and Tripolis, under the command of Abdallah-ben-Said. The decisive battle was fought near Tripolis between the Arabs and the Byzantines, who were led by the Prefect, Gregory. The Arabs remained victorious, after a long protracted resistance of the enemy, especially through the gallantry of Zobeir, who killed the Greek general in single combat, and who, a true warrior for his faith, refused even the price put on the head of Gregory, namely, the hand of his beautiful captive daughter, and one hundred thousand gold pieces; declaring that his sword was devoted only to the service of his religion, and that he aspired to higher recompense than all that the charms of terrestrial beauty or the riches of this transient life could offer. After this dearly-bought victory, the Mussulman schemes of conquest in

the West were kept in suspense for nearly twenty years by the feuds of the princes, until their internal dissensions were healed by the firm establishment of the house of Ommijah. In 665, the first lieutenant of Moawiah defeated an army of 30,000 Byzantines: he conquered also several Numidian cities, and got immense booty. Many Greeks thereupon adopted the faith of the conquerors in order to escape extortions, being well aware that by this step they entered into all the rights of the Arabs,—a concession which was always made by the Mohammedans to their proselytes, and by which the cause of Islam was considerably strengthened.

The first real conqueror of Barbary was, however, Akbah, who in 670 arrived with a reinforcement of 10,000 fresh troops from Damascus, selected from amongst the warmest and most fanatical warriors of the faith, and took the command of the victorious Arabs in the West. Akbah, whom the Mohammedan historians compare to Alexander the Great, conquered the majority of the cities on the coast from Tripolis to Tangiers; he founded the city of Kairoan, marched through the mountain-fastnesses, where his successors built the cities of Fez and Morocco, and reached at last both the coast of the Atlantic and the borders of the Sahara. The course, but not the enthusiasm of the Mohammedan hero, was checked by the view of the boundless plain. Akbah spurred his steed into the waves, raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "Great Allah! were my course not checked by this sea, I would proceed to the unknown countries of the West to preach the unity of thy holy name, and to cut off with my sword the rebellious people who adore other deities than thee." Yet this enthusiastic hero, who sighed for a new world to subdue it, could not maintain even his own immense conquests. The defeated Greeks and Africans rose everywhere in his rear: he had too rashly proceeded onward. Immense wildernesses, and daring enemies, who would not exchange the creed of their fathers for all the alluring promises of the new faith, separated him from his resources. Akbah could not do more than die in a glorious battle, in which all his followers were slain to the last man.

When, in 692, the restoration of the internal peace of the Khalifate rendered it possible for Abd-el-Malek to turn his attention once more to the conquest of Africa, Hassan, the Governor of Egypt, got the command of an army of a hundred thousand men. He took Carthage by storm, and sacked the city, which had always risen mighty and grand after the frequent disasters which had befallen her, and which even now yet towered above all other cities of Africa by her wealth. But the much-tried city of Dido, the old empress of the seas, did not survive the last desperate struggle between the Cross and the Crescent. After Hassan's victory, the Prefect John landed in Africa with an army of Goths and Greeks, and reconquered Carthage. But a new Arab host poured forth from the East. A battle was fought at Utica, which decided the fate of Africa. The Greeks and Goths were completely routed, and only their hasty embarkation saved them from the scimitars of the pursuing Saracens. Carthage was once more stormed, and consumed by fire. The celebrated city which had acted so conspicuous a part in the history of the world, disappeared now for ever. Her old rival in Europe had likewise to bow her triumphant and haughty head; her walls had likewise been stormed by barbarians, who defaced her noble buildings, and trod into dust the trophies of a thousand victories, and the bequests of millions of heroes. But Rome has always retained a shadow of her greatness. Even when she had lost the supremacy of the sword and the supremacy of genius, she remained a sainted spot, to which religious and poetical enthusiasm constantly leads crowds of devoted pilgrims, some for the sake of the holy water in St. Peter's Church, and others for the sake of the broken columns of the Forum. But who has ever thought of undertaking a pilgrimage to the ruins of Carthage, the city branded by the hatred of her enemies with the charge of faithlessness, and never praised by the song of any poet? and her ancient splendour has passed without leaving any trace: there is not even a broken column to mark her site. On the few mounds, of which it cannot be said with certainty that they really designate the site of

Carthage, there sit sonly the ragged Bedouin, inspecting his browsing camels; and, at night-time, nothing but the jackal visits the home of Hannibal and St. Cyprian.*

After the expulsion of the Byzantines, the Arabs had yet many a war to wage against the Berbers and Moors. The natives offered brave resistance under the banner of their queen, Kahina. Hassan, the Arab commander, had once more to retire to the frontiers of Egypt, and to remain there inactive for five years, until he got the promised reinforcements from the Khalif. At last they arrived: he proceeded again onward to the west, and was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of the coast, who had less to fear from the Mohammedans than from the savage natives of the interior; finally, he defeated the Berbers in a battle, in which their prophet-queen, Kahina, was slain. Mussa-ben-Noseir completed the conquest of Africa after the death of Hassan, first by arms, and then by persuasion. This great man was as eager to get souls for Islam, as he was to extend the boundaries of the empire. He treated the conquered natives with kindness: he preached the Koran, and succeeded first in converting the Moors, who, under the Romans, had been orthodox Christians, had become Arians under the Vandals, and, being devoid of religious fervour, had little objection to exchange the faith received from their former oppressors for a creed which gave them equal rights with the conquerors. It was more difficult to convert the heathen Kabyles. Yet the allurements of Islam, which have a peculiar charm to the southern mind, did not remain without influence. When, in 710, the first Mohammedan host landed on the shores of Spain, there were already many Berbers under the standard of the Prophet, eager to take vengeance on the Goths, and to win booty.

The successors of Mussa, who governed Africa in the name of the Khalif, resided in Kairoan, the city founded by Akbah. They divided the Mohammedan-African empire into provinces, each of

* The harbour of ancient Carthage is too shallow for modern ships. That is the reason why the city has not risen again, and why Tunis supplants her; but Tunis is so near, that it is all but Carthage.

them under the administration of a Wali, the chief of the civil and military offices. The provinces were divided into districts, governed, as they are up to this day, by Kaids. The administration of justice was in the hands of Kadis; the Arab, Kabyle, and Moorish tribes had their own Sheikhs, whom they were always permitted to elect. Under such an administration, Africa remained quiet until the downfal of the illustrious house of the Ommiades, when, during the internal struggles, the Kabyles rose in arms; but they were defeated by the Arab Governor. In 750, Abderrahman-ben-Abib, Governor of Kairoan, made the first attempt to throw off allegiance to the Khalifs; but he was murdered, and the Abasside Khalif, El-Mansar-Giaffar, subdued Africa once more by his general, Yerid. In 800, however, the Governor, Ibrahim-ben-Aglab, declared himself independent, and Africa was henceforth lost for the Khalifs. Ibrahim became the founder of the Aglabite dynasty, which resided in Kairoan. Some of the western provinces had, about the same time, likewise thrown off their allegiance; and Edris-ben-Abdallah founded here the empire Moghrib-el-Aksa: he built the city of Fez, and became the founder of the Edrisite dynasty: his later successors, however, were vassals of the Spanish Khalifs, and reigned up to 985. The different Arab dynasties in Africa seldom lasted longer than a century, as there always appeared in the frequent internal disturbances successful generals, who dethroned the descendants of the former usurpers, and founded new dynasties. Yussuf-ben-Zeiri founded in this way the dynasty of the Zeirites in Kairoan (972–1148), which was overthrown by Abd-el-Mumen, the successor of El-Mahiddin, who, aided by the Kabyles, had got possession of a great portion of Morocco and Oran, and became the founder of the Almohades. His successors were the lords of Western Barbary and of Spain. A century later, the Arabs threw off the yoke of the Almohades, who had based their power on the Kabyles; and in 1270 even Morocco was snatched away from them by the family of the Beni-Merin. After the downfal of the Almohades, several smaller kingdoms arose from the ruins of the great empire:

among the rest, Tlemsan, Tunis, and Tripolis. It was at that time that the new Barbary States were formed. Tlemsan, under the dominion of the Ben-Zian (1295–1560), comprised the greatest portion of the present Regency of Algiers; yet the cities Algiers, Bujia, and Tenes, formed little independent states.

The reaction of the Christian nations against the Mohammedan conquerors began likewise at that period. Saint Louis undertook an expedition against Tunis, where the Beni-Hafzi reigned. The Arabs and Moors were pushed back, and at last were expelled from Spain. The Spaniards invaded Africa, and seized the coast-forts of Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Bujia, and an isle near Algiers; whilst the Portuguese landed on the coast of Morocco, and made considerable progress, but were at last defeated by the Moors.

Algiers, as already mentioned, formed an independent state towards the end of the thirteenth century, which was tributary to the King of Tlemsan. When, in 1505, the Spaniards had taken possession of an islet near Algiers, the Moorish inhabitants offered their allegiance to Selim Eutemi, Emir of the Metija, under the condition of aiding them against the Spaniards. Eutemi was not strong enough to expel the intruders; he therefore invited the pirate, Horuk Barbarossa, a Sicilian renegade, to come to Algiers with his brother Khairaddin, and promised him a considerable recompense in case he should succeed in taking the occupied islet. Horuk had already possessed himself of the town of Jijeli, and founded there a pirate den; whence he used to sail with his galleys into the Mediterranean, and attack all the Christian traders. He had a numerous retinue of freebooters—Turks, Moors, Arabs, and European renegades—and was the terror of all the Christian coasts, where he often landed, carrying away booty and prisoners. This pirate-chief came now with a few thousand followers to Algiers. Eutemi met him in triumph, and housed him in his own palace; but the dreadful guests behaved as in a conquered city. Horuk murdered the confiding Eutemi with his own hand in the bath, and had himself proclaimed Sultan of

Algiers. The wealthiest inhabitants were strangled; the others oppressed by heavy taxation; nobody dared to stir; and when the wild and cunning tyrant passed through the streets, the trembling inhabitants hid themselves.

The King of Spain hereupon sent a fleet, with ten thousand soldiers, under the orders of Don Diego de Verro, to expel the pirate-chieftain from Algiers; but a storm dispersed the fleet, and cast some of the ships on the shore: the wrecked Spaniards were cut off, or captured. Horuk then extended his empire into the interior, defeated the King of Tenes, and annexed his little kingdom. Thence he proceeded against Tlemsan, and was reinforced on his way by Moors and Arabs, eager for plunder. The King of Tlemsan met him with an army, but he was routed by Horuk, and slain by his own soldiers on his flight. The inhabitants of Tlemsan opened their gates to the pirate, and received him in triumph; but they had soon reason to rue their public joy: Horuk renewed here his Algerine outrages, had many inhabitants beheaded, and their property confiscated. In 1517, a Spanish army, under the command of the Marquis Gomarez, advanced from Oran to deprive the pirate-prince of his new conquest of Tlemsan. Barbarossa was besieged in the citadel: unable to hold out, he escaped by an underground passage; but he was overtaken on his flight, and beheaded.

When these tidings reached Algiers, the adventurers who were left there proclaimed Khairaddin Barbarossa, the brother of Horuk, Sultan of Algeria. This chief was as savage and cruel as his brother, but he did not think he could alone withstand the Spaniards; he therefore sent an embassy to Sultan Selim requesting his aid, and offered to put his realm under Turkish sovereignty if the Sultan would invest him with the dignity of Pasha. Sultan Selim accepted the proposition, and sent two thousand janissaries to Algiers, who were followed soon after by further reinforcements. With the aid of those troops, Khairaddin reconquered the islet occupied by the Spaniards, and joined it to the mainland by a vast dyke. Algeria became in this way

a Turkish pashalik; and, Khairaddin, who soon was appointed Kapudan Pasha (admiral) at Constantinople, was succeeded by Hassan Aga, who continued with success the piracy established by Horuk Barbarossa, and became the scourge of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER II.

ALGERIA, FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE TURKISH DOMINION TO THE FRENCH CONQUEST.

THE Algerines being thus assured of regular reinforcements from Turkey, increased their piracy so much that, in 1541, Charles V. had to undertake his celebrated expedition against the mighty robber-state. The chivalrous and costly enterprise of the Emperor, however, was wrecked by a storm which destroyed the greatest part of his fleet, whilst his army had to encamp for several days on the hostile coast, without shelter and without provisions, incessantly attacked by fanatical Mussulmans. The remains of the unfortunate army embarked again at Cape Matifu, where Admiral Doria had assembled the remaining ships. The number of Christian prisoners was at that time so great at Algiers, that, as the Moors relate until now, a slave could be bought for an onion. This unlucky expedition took place under the second Pasha, Hassan, whose remains are buried in the mosque of the gate Bab-a-Zun, and who is reverenced by the Mohammedans as a saint. He was a lucky chief, and shortly before his death he had conquered the territory of Tlemsan.

The history of Algiers under the successors of Khairaddin and Hassan presents very few interesting episodes. The Algerines carried on an uninterrupted war in the Mediterranean with all the Christian powers. They often captured European traders, and landed sometimes on the coasts of Spain, of the Baleares, or Sardinia, for plunder, and the kidnapping of white slaves. They were likewise in Africa always involved in struggles with their

neighbours, though there they had no enemy of the faith to encounter. The Pashas of Algeria had already, before the end of the sixteenth century, conquered all the western country up to the river Maluia. Oran alone remained in possession of the Spaniards. Bujia, in the east, which had been occupied by the Spaniards for thirty-five years, was likewise stormed in 1554 by Salha Raïs. Southwards, the Algerines extended their conquests to the Desert: they captured Tuggurt and Wurgelah. The Spaniards often tried to check the progress of the pirate-state, but all attempts failed. In 1561, a Spanish army under the command of the Count d'Acaudate was destroyed near Mostaganem, and twelve thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Pasha of Algiers. In 1568, the Porte invested a notorious pirate, Ali Fartaz, with the Pashalik: he conquered Tunis, and subjected all the province to the Porte. His success on the sea, however, was so great, that he was soon called to Constantinople for a higher dignity,—that of Kapudan Pasha (chief admiral). Another pirate-hero, Menuni-Raïs, got the pashalik in 1585. The Barbary pirates ventured under him for the first time into the Atlantic Ocean, and landed on the Canary Islands, carrying off plunder and slaves. In 1660, the Algerine militia sent a deputation to Constantinople with the request to be allowed to elect a Dey* from among their ranks, to have equal power with the Pasha, and to provide for the regular pay of the janissaries. The deputation carried rich presents to Constantinople, and the request was granted, though it could not but be seen that collisions would take place between the two chiefs which must result in a rupture between the pirate-state and its suzerain.

When the corsairs of Algiers began to extend their depredations to the coasts of Provence, Louis XIV. sent an expedition against them, which in 1683 bombarded Algiers for three days. The fleet of the pirates and the lower part of the city were destroyed; the humbled Dey sued for peace, and delivered up all

* Dey means in Turkish, *uncle*, and was originally a nickname of the chiefs.

the Christian slaves. This peace was to last for a century, but it was broken in three years by the Algerines. A new fleet, under the command of Marshal d'Estrées, left Toulon in June 1688, threw ten thousand four hundred shells into the robber-den, burned six men-of-war to the water's edge, and destroyed a great portion of the city. But even this expedition remained without lasting effects, and piracy continued, though Algeria once more concluded peace with France. In 1708, the janissaries seized Oran, which had been in the hands of the Spaniards for one hundred years. This happened under Ibrahim Dey, who was murdered two years later. His successor was Baba-Ali, a great warrior, but a savage man. In the first month of his reign he had seventeen hundred persons strangled, in order to strengthen his power. The Pasha having been opposed to his election, the Dey had him sent back to Constantinople, and threatened him with death in case he should return. At the same time he sent ambassadors with rich presents to Stambul, and made the proposition to the Porte no longer to name a Pasha, but always to invest the elected Dey with the pashalik, since two chiefs with equal rank could never govern the country without collisions, which always must turn to the advantage of the Dey, who can rely upon the militia who has elected him; whilst the Pasha, a foreigner, must remain isolated. The Porte felt the impossibility of governing a distant country of unruly freebooters under the form of a pashalik, and granted the request of Baba-Ali merely because the state of things could not be altered. From that time the Deys were in fact independent of the Porte: they made war and concluded peace without caring for the orders of the Porte. Not even tribute was paid to the Sultan: the robber-princes were too haughty and too rapacious. They thought it sufficient to send presents at every new election to Stambul, and the Porte never refused to confirm the elected Dey in his dignity as Pasha. The real independence of the pirate-princes of Algeria begins with Baba-Ali.

Under the Deys, Algeria was a kind of military republic. After the death of their chief, the Turkish militia assembled

before the palace, and began to shout the name of the candidate who was to succeed the deceased Dey. The shouting continued until a majority decided for any individual. The minority were generally brought to silence by intimidation and open threats. But the election often resulted in bloody scenes. The Dey-elect was placed upon the throne, and invested with the kaftan (tunic) of honour; he was forced by circumstances to accept the dignity, however disinclined he might be, since to decline the election would have been the signal for his murder, as his successor would not have dared to spare a man more popular than himself. After the election, the red flag with the crescent was reared on the palace, and the report of cannon announced the fact to all the neighbourhood. The new Dey had to take an oath administered to him by the Mufti; he had to promise the maintenance of peace and order, and guarantee the regular payment of the militia. All the superior officers and officials had now to declare their allegiance by kissing his hands. But it often happened that even before this ceremony was gone through, the malcontent party succeeded in creating a riot, in forcing their way to the palace, and murdering the new Dey. The chief of the rioters clad himself immediately in the bloody kaftan, and ascended the throne. It happened once that, with a nearly equal division of the militia, seven Deys were elected and murdered in succession in one and the same day. Their tombs are yet to be seen before the gate Bab-el-Uad. The new Dey did not know any more efficient means for strengthening his throne than terror, and nearly every election of Deys was accompanied by executions; and yet their reign seldom lasted long: half of them died by violence. After all the blood spilt, after all the sleepless nights of jealous distrust, the moment arrived at last when the pale tyrant was dragged by his own conspiring guards through the galleries of his palace, and delivered up to the yatagan of the Braham-Chaush (executioner).

The janissaries filled up their ranks by volunteers enlisted yearly in Constantinople and Smyrna from among the lowest

classes. The recruits were in the beginning severely treated, and not permitted to leave the barracks; but the longer they remained in the country, the greater became their privileges: their pay, too, was yearly increased. Married Turks had full freedom; they dwelt in their own houses together with their families; they seldom took the field, and had nearly no service to perform. The Kuruglis, offspring of Turks and Mooresses, could likewise enter the militia, but they were only exceptionally admitted to a high officer's rank. The Turks treated them with suspicion; the Kuruglis remained in a subordinate position, though in all their faculties fully the equals of their fathers.

The military force of the Algerine Government did not consist exclusively of Turkish militia; there were many individuals in all the Arab tribes who had their names inscribed on the rolls of the Deys of Algiers as irregular cavalry, and formed the *Makhsen*. The Arab auxiliary corps, who were free from taxes, had to take the field as often as required, and were regularly paid when in the field. These auxiliaries were of great use to the Turks whenever there was a refractory tribe to be punished; they were then summoned to go with the Turks against them, and they often got likewise a share of the spoils.

The Dey used to receive advice from the Divan, or Council of State, consisting of the sixty chief officers of the Regency. This Board had, of course, the greatest influence on the election or deposition of the Dey. The *Khasnadji* was prime minister: he had to administer the finances and the home affairs. The *Agha* was minister at war: he commanded the Turkish militia, and exercised the power of life and death beyond the boundaries of the capital. The *Ukil-el-Hardji* had to provide for the navy, and was at the head of foreign affairs. *Khodja-el-Kril* was the title of the minister of the crown estates; and the *Mahatadji* was the chief of the Khodjas, or clerks. The administration of justice had two chiefs: the *Kadi-el-Hanefi* was judge of the Turks; the *Kadi-el-Maleki* presided over the tribunal of the Moors and Arabs. The *Hanefites* and the *Malekites* are Mohammedan

sects, differing from one another in religious ceremonies. Above the Kadis stood two Muftis, as the highest clerical authorities. The *Mufti-el-Hanefi*, or *Sheikh-el-Islam*, was one of the most important persons in the time of the dominion of the Deys.

The State of Algeria was divided into four provinces; and it was only the province of Algiers, the smallest of the four, which stood under the immediate authority of the Deys. The other three—Constantine, Titteri, and Oran—were governed in the name of the Deys by Beys, who levied the taxes, commanded the war-contingents, and exercised power over life and death in their provinces. The different tribes of the Arabs and Kabyles obeyed their Kaids, who were appointed by the Turks; whilst the Sheikhs, or chiefs of the villages, were elected by the inhabitants themselves; nevertheless they had to be confirmed by the Kaid, and were subordinate to him. The independent Kabyle tribes south of Bujia had likewise Kaids, but they were elected by the tribes. With other Kabyle tribes, this dignity was hereditary in certain families: the chiefs of the most important tribes—for instance the Zuauas and Beni-Abbes—called themselves Sultans.

Such was the organization of the Regency of Algeria during the hundred and twenty years of the independent sway of the Deys. The Porte had, since 1710, when its Pasha was expelled, lost all its influence, and derived scarcely any advantage from that country, which, however, belonged nominally to her. The history of Algiers under the Deys is a series of janissary riots and murders of the Deys, varied by several expeditions of the maritime powers for putting down piracy. The Spaniards, in 1732, occupied Oran and Mers-el-Kebir once more. In 1775, a Spanish fleet of four hundred sail, and two thousand two hundred soldiers, arrived before Algiers, under the command of Admiral Castijo and General O'Reilly. The landing was easily effected; but an immense number of Arabs and Moors hastened from the interior to the defence of the capital. A sharp action followed, in which twenty thousand natives are said to have been slain; yet the Spaniards hastily embarked again, and left

eighteen hundred wounded soldiers and all their artillery in the hands of the Algerines. After the great wars of the present century, when the large fleets had disappeared from the Mediterranean, piracy once more became so rampant, that the English, who until now had not come into so many collisions with the States of Barbary, sent in 1816 a serious expedition against Algiers.* The Dey of that period was Omar, a savage, warlike Turk, who had rejected haughtily the summons of the English to give up piracy. The English fleet was commanded by the celebrated Lord Exmouth, and comprised, after the junction with the Dutch fleet under Admiral Van Der Capellen, five ships of the line, five frigates, and four bomb-vessels. Lord Exmouth was on board the Queen Charlotte, which cast anchor on the 26th of August 1816, so near to the pier that her bowsprit almost touched the first houses on shore. Omar replied to the summons of the Admiral by the order to fire upon the ships. But the English line-of-battle ships opened such a murderous fire upon the crowds on shore, who had assembled to view the defeat of the Christians, that they were immediately scattered asunder: the shells and rockets pursued them into the town. By

* Charles Sumner gives the following description of the American expedition, which had preceded the English:—"The lawlessness of the corsair again broke forth by the seizure, in 1812, of the brig Edwin, of Salem, and the enslavement of her crew. All the energies of the country were at this time enlisted in war with Great Britain; but even amidst the anxieties of this gigantic contest, the voices of these captives were heard, awakening a corresponding sentiment throughout the land, until the Government was prompted to seek their release. Through Mr. Noah, recently appointed Consul at Tunis, it offered to purchase their freedom at three thousand dollars a-head. The answer of the Dey, repeated on several occasions, was, that "not for two millions of dollars would he sell his American slaves." The timely treaty of Ghent in 1815, establishing peace with Great Britain, left us at liberty to deal with this enslaver of our countrymen. A naval force was promptly despatched to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Bainbridge and Commodore Decatur. The rapidity of their movements and their striking success had the desired effect. In June 1815, a treaty was extorted from the Dey of Algiers, by which, after abandoning all claim to tribute in any form, he delivered his American captives, ten in number, without any ransom; and stipulated that hereafter no Americans should be made slaves, or forced to hard labours; and still farther, that "any Christians whatever, captives in Algiers, making their escape, and taking refuge on board an American ship of war, should be safe from all requisition or reclamation."

evening, the Algerine fleet was destroyed, the fortifications scattered, and a great part of the city was a crumbling ruin. The English had likewise suffered much by the land-batteries, and their loss of life was severe. Omar was willing to continue the struggle, but the militia forced him to yield. He set all slaves free, and agreed to put an end both to piracy and white slavery. He was murdered in 1817. His successor, Ali Dey, formed the scheme of making himself independent of the janissaries, and took every precaution against a possible outbreak. He transferred his residence from the great open palace in the centre of the city to the fortified Kasbah, which, built on the highest point of Algiers, served as a citadel to keep the city in fear. He died of the plague in February 1818. Hussein, his prime minister, was elected in his stead, the last prince of the pirate republic. It was under him that the famous expedition of the French took place in 1830.

France had several grievances against Algeria. In 1818, a French brig was plundered in Bona, and the government of Algiers refused to indemnify the owners. In 1823, the house of the French consular agent was violated by the Algerine authorities, under the pretext of searching for smuggled wares, and no satisfaction was given. Roman vessels, sailing under the protection of the French flag, had been taken by Algerine corsairs. At last a rough insult was alleged as the ultimate cause of war,—the way in which the Dey had treated the French consul publicly before the Divan. Bakri, a rich Jew of Algiers, had supplied the French commissariat with grain at the time of the expedition to Egypt: his accounts had not been settled. In 1816, a commission was named, in order to sift the claims of the Algerine creditor. The commission acknowledged the justice of the claim, which amounted to about fourteen millions of francs; but that sum was reduced by consent, in 1819, to seven millions, with the stipulation that the French creditors of Bakri were first to be satisfied; and, in fact, several of them, influential persons at court and in the chambers, got their money. But the principal

creditor of Bakri was the Dey himself, who had sold to him a considerable quantity of wool, and who looked upon the debt of France as the guarantee of his debtor. The rumour was spread that many of the French claims which had been paid by the first instalment were fictitious, and Mr. Deval, the French consul in Algiers, was suspected of being in secret understanding and partnership with some of the French claimants. This opinion prevailed both in France and in Africa. The Dey, seeing that the value of Bakri's guarantee was day by day decreasing, wrote an autograph letter to the King of France. The letter remained without answer. The Dey, therefore, when in 1827 he publicly received the foreign consuls at the Bairam feast, asked Mr. Deval for the reason of that silence. The consul answered in words conveying the idea that the King of France could not lower himself so much as to write to a Dey of Algiers. At any rate, it is believed that Mr. Deval, either from his deficient knowledge of the Arabic or from hastiness of temper, used expressions offensive to the Dey. The Moor, Hamdan-ben-Othman-Khodja, who was present at the scene, assures us that the answer of the consul was literally the following:—"The King of France does not think a man like thee worthy of an answer." The Dey was maddened by such insulting language; and, with a flyflap which he just happened to hold in his hand, he slapped the face of the consul, bursting out into a disrespectful speech against the King of France. Mr. Deval made his report to the Government. It was M. Villèle who at that time stood at the head of the ministry, and the opposition had often charged him with weakness and cowardice towards foreign powers. M. Villèle, therefore, seized the opportunity of displaying cheap energy and silencing the opposition. He declared that the king would take revenge for such an insult; and the blockade of the harbour of Algiers was decreed, but it remained without result. The ministry of Polignac, wishing to turn the attention of the nation to foreign affairs, and believing that military glory might blind the French to the restrictions of the press which were intended

by the Government, resolved to send the memorable expedition to Africa.

On the 25th of May 1830, a fleet, consisting of a hundred men-of-war, amongst them eleven line-of-battle ships and twenty-four frigates, and of three hundred and fifty-seven vessels hired for transport, weighed anchor from the road of Toulon. It carried an army of thirty-four thousand one hundred and eighty-four men, the officers included. The commander of the fleet was Vice-Admiral Duperré, who had the reputation of being the best and most experienced French naval officer. The army was led by Lieutenant-General Bourmont, minister at war, whose precedents did not justify the nomination, and whose name could not inspire the soldiers either with confidence or with courage, neither of which, however, was deficient. Many of the officers had served in the wars of the Republic and of the Empire, and were accustomed to enemies more terrible than the undisciplined hordes of savage Africans. Besides, the army had always been honoured by the French youth, and it won fresh favour when they saw that it had a nobler task than the dry uniformity of drilling and barrack life. Many volunteers, admirers of the deeds of Napoleon, entered the ranks, not a few of them young men of wealth and education. They introduced a good spirit into the army, and communicated their fresh enthusiasm even to the more rough or apathetic of the common soldiers.

On the morning of the 13th of June, the fleet came in sight of the African coast, and landed on the sandy shores of Sidi-Ferruh, thus called from the tomb of a Marabut, twenty-five miles west of Algiers. The landing began on the 14th at dawn, and everybody expected a considerable resistance from the enemy; but only a few hundred mounted Arabs were seen in the distance, who seemed to spy the movements of the fleet. Scarcely was the first division (under the command of General Berthezène) on shore, when it marched in columns against the enemy, who had taken position on a hill at about half an hour's distance from the sea, and had covered it by his batteries. They opened

fire, but could not check the advance of the French. At that moment, General Bourmont, who hastened onward to lead the attack himself, had a narrow escape; two balls fell at his feet, and covered him with sand. As the French approached the batteries, the janissaries fled; all their artillery was taken by the victors.

General Bourmont had much too favourable an opinion of African tactics. He expected to have to encounter a cavalry similar to that of the Mamelukes in Egypt. He had even announced to the army, in an order of the day, dated from Palma, that the enemy were to send a mass of camels into the first line of battle, with a view to intimidate the French horse; but only a few of those animals were seen at a distance, carrying the baggage of the Turks. The dreaded African cavalry avoided every encounter: their method of warfare was a succession of skirmishes. The horsemen advanced suddenly, one by one, stopped their horses, discharged their long muskets, and rode away as suddenly as they had come, in order to charge their muskets again and to repeat the manœuvre. The Algerine army was commanded by the son-in-law of the Dey, Ibrahim, the Agha of the militia, a man without capacity. It amounted to 30,000 men, one-fourth of them being the auxiliaries brought by the Beys of the provinces. The Algerine Turks amounted to about 5000 men; the remainder were Arabs of the Metija, and Kabyles from the Jurjura mountain, mostly of the Flissa tribe, and led by their Kaid, Ben-Zamun.

As soon as the army had taken position on the coast, it built a fortified camp, as the over-prudent Bourmont did not dare immediately to attack the city. Since there was abundance of green trees in the neighbourhood, green huts and halls soon rose by the industry of the French soldiers. The camp looked like a city, and was enlivened by merry movement. In the meantime the struggle continued uninterruptedly at the outposts; the natives had a superiority in skirmishing over the French, because their muskets were of a longer range; but they dreaded the

artillery, especially the howitzers. As often as a shell exploded, the crowds of horsemen dispersed in all directions.

On the 18th, some Arabs came stealthily to the French outposts, and disclosed to General Berthezène that he was to be attacked on the next day by all the forces of the Dey. One of them, a Sheikh of the Beni-Jad, told the General that the Arabs were tired of the war, and that his tribe was favourable to the French; he himself promised to pass over to them with all his followers. This promise was not fulfilled, but the predicted attack really took place. The battle was stoutly contested, especially by the Turks, yet the natives were everywhere routed, and lost many men. The struggle lasted long, for General Bourmont lingered in giving the order to attack. At last he mounted his horse and gave the signal, and the first two divisions advanced rapidly over the broken ground, covered with bushes. The Algerines fled; their artillery, camp, and baggage was taken, and with it the splendid tent of the Agha, sixty feet long. This battle (called that of Staueli, from the name of the plain on which it was fought) cost the Dey from three to four thousand men in dead and wounded; but the French, too, lost six hundred men. All the natives say that had the French continued the pursuit of their routed enemy, they could have immediately taken the city, as the troops fled in such unruly disorder and consternation, that nobody thought of a serious defence of the gates. But Bourmont remained faithful to his system of prudence and slow progress; he did not advance, and remained in Staueli up to the 24th of June.

Ibrahim Pasha, the commander of the Algerines, had lost his wits after the battle. He hid himself in his country-place, and did not dare to appear before his father-in-law, who sent the Moor, Hamdan-Ben-Othman-Khodja to him to cheer him up, in order to collect the remnants of the army. In the mean time the French entered into communication with one of the Arab tribes. The interpreter visited even one of their encampments, and bought some oxen. The Arabs assured the French again that they felt weary of the war, and were ready to provide the French camp with

victuals, if protected against the revenge of the Turks, and principally, if paid in cash. The French promised it; they were not yet aware of the character of this people, and put more trust in those overtures than they deserved. Bourmont exhorted the army to treat the Arabs kindly and honestly, as they were on the point of joining the French, and fighting their oppressors, the Turks. But a few days dispelled the delusion; on the 24th, a new general attack was made on the French, both by Turks and by Arabs, who thought that the lingering of their enemies was a sign of weakness and cowardice. They were once more defeated, and yet the undecided Bourmont did not allow his men to pursue the enemy to the city.

The French army was occupied in building a solid highway for the convoy and baggage-waggons. The generals and engineers were so little accustomed to Arab war, that they went forward only with the greatest prudence and circumspection. A few years later, the most wanton rashness succeeded to the over-anxious system of tarrying. Whilst Bourmont required three weeks in summer to advance twenty-five miles on a field comparatively little broken, Marshal Clauzel undertook, in winter 1836, an expedition to Constantine, across dangerous mountain-ridges and ravines, without having had the path reconnoitered. On the 28th, a column of the enemy surprised a battalion of the 4th light-infantry regiment, just in the act of cleaning their muskets, which they had unscrewed; and killed one hundred and fifty of them, who were unable to make any resistance.

On the 29th, the army advanced and occupied the heights and slopes of the Bujarea mountain, which commands the city and the forts of Algiers. The resistance of the enemy was not very serious, though they had now a more energetic commander than heretofore. The Dey, convinced by the failure of the 24th of June, of the incapacity of his son-in-law, had given the chief command to Mustapha-Bu-Mesrag, the Bey of Titteri, a courageous Turk. The trenches were at last opened on the 3d of July, and Admiral Duperré appeared on the same day in the roadstead of

Algiers. On the 4th, the French batteries began their fire at once against the "Emperor's Fort" and the Kasbah, the two principal defences of the city. The Turkish batteries returned the shots with great energy for four hours. When, however, the majority of their cannons were dismounted, and the walls riddled by the balls, the fire slackened, and was silenced towards noon. The Emperor's Fort was evacuated, and its powder-magazine set on fire by order of the Dey. The explosion destroyed all the vaults and the inside walls. A few French companies immediately rushed forward and occupied the fort. They found three Turkish cannons still in good order; two French ones were carried into the fort, and with those five, the fort Bab-a-Zun, on the shore, was fired upon, and its batteries silenced. The fleet likewise attacked the fortifications on the sea-side, but the fire made no impression on account of the distance.

Great consternation prevailed in the town after the fall of the Emperor's Fort. The inhabitants, who dreaded the capture of the city by storm, and the disorder and outrages usual on such occasions, rushed in crowds to the Kasbah, and with great noise demanded that the Dey should capitulate. Hussein now sent his chief clerk to General Bourmont with the promise to pay the costs of war, and to give any satisfaction. As the French General declined that proposal, the chief clerk, a worthless traitor, as were nearly all the grandees of that pirate state, offered to kill his master, saying that it would be easier to treat advantageously with the new Dey. But the French General, who had orders to extinguish the domination of the Deys, rejected those proposals as incompatible with the honour of France.

Hussein Dey hereupon sent the Moors, Achmet-Buderbah and Hamdan-Ben-Othman-Khodja, as negotiators to General Bourmont. Both were clever and cunning; they had lived a long time in Europe, and spoke French with great facility. After a negotiation of about two hours, a capitulation was brought about, according to which the Kasbah, and all the forts and gates of the city, were to be delivered to the French army. The Dey was

permitted to remove from the country with his family and his private property whither he pleased. An escort was to provide for his safety. The same concession was granted to the Turkish militia. On the other side, General Bourmont further pledged his honour to respect the religion, the personal freedom, property, commerce, and industry of the inhabitants. Hussein Dey accepted this capitulation, which was equivalent to an abdication.

On the 6th of July, the French entered Algiers as victors; and their white flag, which soon was to change its colour, was reared on the Kasbah, and on the Emperor's Fort.

CHAPTER III.

ADMINISTRATIONS OF MARSHAL CLAUZEL AND OF GENERAL BERTHEZENE.

On the day after the capture of Algiers, General Bourmont, who soon after received the marshal's baton, sent a column to Cape Matifu to take possession of the stud and herds which were kept by the Dey on the "Haush el Kantara" (now *maison carrée*) and Rassota, two important crown-domains. But Ahmet, the Bey of Constantine, had, on his return to his province, anticipated the French: he had plundered those two establishments, and the French found nothing but bare walls.

The army remained quietly in the neighbourhood of Algiers up to the 23d of July. The destruction of the luxuriant gardens and handsome villas, by the French, took place in that time. Nobody knew then whether Algiers would be retained, and nobody cared for its future. The officers, therefore, remained indifferent when the first palms and orange-trees were felled by the axes of the soldiers, to be used for camp-fires. Gangs of Frenchmen broke into the neat villas, deserted by their frightened inhabitants, and destroyed even the walls in the hope of finding hidden treasures.

The traces of this Vandalism are not yet all obliterated, especially on the Bujarea, where we often suddenly fall in with modern ruins in the midst of the finest gardens.

Such disorders were not confined to the encamped army. A much more shameful charge is brought against the superior officers, who were quartered in the public buildings of the city. The rarities of the Dey's treasure were nearly all stolen. The splendid vases, the rich arms—many of them belonging to the best period of Spain, carried off by the pirates, and buried in the vaults of the Kasbah—were squandered away: the rich plate, of considerable artistic value, was melted and coined. It is believed in Algiers that many superior officers, generals, and persons of the military household of Marshal Bourmont, had taken part in these embezzlements. Inquest was afterwards made into the matter by a commission, but the report has never been published. Even the cash of the Kasbah was said not to have reached France without serious defalcation. But Pellissier, a conscientious man, contradicts this rumour, in his *Annales Algériennes*, with the greatest positiveness.

On the 23d, Marshal Bourmont made an excursion into the interior with a small column of from one thousand to twelve hundred men, and about one hundred horsemen. He went in a southern direction towards the Atlas, crossed the Sahel and the Metija, and encamped in the neighbourhood of Belida, where he was well received by the inhabitants. Ben-Zamun, the Kaid of the important Kabyle tribe of the Flissas on the Jurjura mountain, a man of considerable influence on all the surrounding tribes, had entered into negotiations with the French commander-in-chief, and had offered his good offices for bringing about an understanding between the conquerors of Algiers and his countrymen. When he heard of Bourmont's intention of making an excursion nto the interior, he advised him to delay it until a formal treaty should be made between the natives and the French in regard to their mutual intercourse. But Bourmont did not care for Ben-Zamun's representations, and scarcely deigned to give him any

answer, though common prudence advised to treat such an important man with more respect.

Curiosity was, in fact, the only motive of this excursion. But soon after the arrival of the column at Belida, it was seen by the movement of the Arabs and Kabyles, assembled at the foot of the mountains, that an attack was imminent. The carelessly disposed soldiers, who were admiring the beautiful scenery and the luxuriant orange-gardens, had scarcely time to take up their arms: a captain of the staff was killed, and the column continually harassed on its retreat towards Buffarik. Bourmont was maddened by this unexpected hostility. After the downfal of the Dey, he expected to find the whole country subjected, grateful for the expulsion of the tyrants; and now he encountered unprovoked hostility. Unacquainted with Arab character, and fancying that they were to be the future allies of France, he thought that their resistance was organized by the Turks. In consequence of this mistake, he decreed the expulsion of all the Turks who had remained in Algiers after the departure of Hussein-Dey. It was a most serious blunder, ever since repented; for the Turks and Kuruglis proved at an after period to be the only reliable support of the French. Those who remained in other places which were occupied by the French, fought faithfully and gallantly in the service of their new masters; but they were too few to quench the powerfully-roused enthusiasm of the Arabs for the re-establishment of an Arab empire. The five to six thousand Turks, expelled by Bourmont from Algiers, formed the nucleus of the Dey's army, and they alone had kept the country in subjection. Conversant with the character of the Arabs and Kabyles, with the position and mutual relations of the tribes and chiefs, their services would have been most advantageous to the French. By their support and instrumentality, the new dominion could have been extended immediately all over the country, and might have replaced the Turkish sway before the tribes became conscious of their power, and before they grew familiar with the idea of an Arab empire. But instead of this, the country was

thrown into disorganization; the former officials were expelled, and the deeds and rolls of the administration thrown away in the confusion which followed the capture of the Kasbah. The provinces and tribes of the interior were left to shift for themselves, and even the country in the immediate vicinity of the capital was only partially cared for. The natural consequence was, first anarchy, then a union of the tribes under the supremacy of the mightiest and most fortunate chief.

Marshal Bourmont had, even before his excursion to Belida, sent two small expeditions by sea to take possession of the cities Bona and Oran. Both corps were suddenly recalled at the tidings of the outbreak of the July Revolution. The troops sent to Oran, under the command of Colonel Goutfrey, had not even landed when they received the counter-order. But Bona had been occupied by General Damrémont, and bravely defended against an attack of the Arabs. However, the city had to be evacuated by the distinct order of Bourmont.

The news of the July Revolution was brought by a merchant-vessel to Algiers on the 11th of August. Bourmont, always of an undecided character, did not know what to do. He would neither attend to the advice of some enthusiastic Legitimists (such as were not scarce among the superior officers), who wished to embark the army, and to carry it to the shores of La Vendée, in order to fight there for Legitimacy; nor did he yield to the wishes of those who, as the Generals Lahitte and Tholozé, insisted upon the necessity of not bringing the army into collision with the majority of the country, and thought that it had passively to obey whatever government France chose to establish. But when the details became known that the triumph of the Revolution had nowhere been contested, the voice of the junior officers rose louder and more urgent that the new order of things must be acknowledged, and a great number of officers were about to proceed to the Marshal, summoning him to rear the tricolor instead of the white flag. Bourmont prevented this demonstration by the publication of an order of the day, dated August 16th, in which he

announced to the army the abdication of Charles X. and of the Duke of Angoulême in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux, and notified that, in consequence of an order of the Duke of Orleans, Lieutenant-General of the country, the white flag and cockade were to be replaced by the tricolor.

The last hours of command were embittered to the General by events which were but the result of his wavering indecision. The Arabs of the interior, seeing that the French did not stir, took the offensive, advanced towards the city, and blockaded it Whoever ventured too far beyond the walls was pretty sure of being killed. This happened to the colonel of the 17th regiment of the line, and to several other officers who were slain close to the small plain of Mustapha Pasha. Moreover, Mustapha-Bu-Mesrag, the Bey of Titteri, residing in Medeah, who had first acknowledged the dominion of the French, now declared war against them, under the pretext that the capitulation was broken by the expulsion of the Turks.

On the 2d September, General Clauzel, who had been entrusted with the command of the African army, arrived in the roadstead of Algiers. Marshal Bourmont embarked the same day. He had first the intention of proceeding to France, but he suddenly changed his mind and went to Spain. He claimed a government ship for the passage, but it was refused. The Marshal had therefore to negotiate with the traders, but it was long before he found a small Austrian vessel, which received him on board. Thus the conqueror of Algiers left the scene of his victory as an exile. Two of his sons accompanied him, the third was gone to France with the captured flags, a fourth had fallen in the affair at Sidi-Khalaf.

Though the name of General Clauzel was known and renowned under the Empire, his arrival roused no enthusiasm amongst the troops, who knew that the opposition, which had come into power, and to which the General belonged, was averse to the expedition. The first proclamation of the new commander announced Louis Philippe's accession to the throne, without mentioning by a single word, whether the country was satisfied with the army in Africa,

and whether it adopted the honour of the conquest.* Many of the officers and soldiers were at this time in favour of Marshal Bourmont. His last feat of arms had to some degree wiped out the stain which had sullied his name since 1815, when he had passed over to the enemy on the eve of the decisive battle. His misfortune now conciliated many of his former opponents, and their good wishes accompanied the banished conqueror of Algiers to his exile. Clauzel immediately appointed a commission to enquire into the mismanagement with which the army of Africa was charged in respect to the treasures of the Kasbah; but in spite of the zeal of the commissioners, they came to no result; and it will always remain unknown into whose pocket the jewels and money had fallen which were pilfered from the vaults of the Kasbah.

General Clauzel now set himself to a fresh organization of the army. A battalion of natives was formed under the name of Zuaves, mostly of Kabyles from the Regency of Constantine, who always used to sell their services to the Government of the Barbary States, as the Swiss do in Europe. This excellent corps of skirmishers, clad in Turkish costume, has been since greatly increased; but it consists now mostly of French volunteers, as the natives cannot endure European military discipline. The most important act of Clauzel was the organization of the courts of justice. But the Moors were not favourable to it, since it destroyed the supreme jurisdiction of the Kadi-Hanefi. All the European colonists who speculated on the future of the country were Clauzel's partisans. A society of settlers was formed under his auspices, and took possession of the farm of Hussein-Pasha, containing about a thousand acres of land, which was called from that time the *Ferme Modèle.*

After these administrative measures, General Clauzel turned his attention to his military schemes. Mustapha-Ben-Mesrag, the Bey of Titteri, had sent ambassadors to Hassan-Bey of Oran,

* It was perhaps known among the superior officers that the French Government gave the English a positive assurance, when sending the expedition to Algiers, that no territorial occupation was intended. Charles X.'s Government was in this respect false from the first, but in August it was not yet known whether Louis Phillippe adopted the falsehood.

and to Ahmet Bey of Constantine, claiming that they should recognize him Dey of Algiers, and send their war-contingent against the French. Hassan was inclined to accede; but Ahmet, who himself wished to become Dey, refused with the haughty answer: "Thou art not more than I am." Clauzel left Algiers on the 17th of November 1830, with 6000 men, to visit Medeah, the capital of the warlike Bey of Titteri, who thought himself invincible in his mountains. On the progress to Belida, a band of Arab horsemen was seen, who seemed hostile. One of the Zuaves, the young Italian renegade, Yussuf, who at that time did not dream of the importance which he was to acquire, was sent to the Arabs by the French commander in order to enter into negotiations. Yussuf returned with their chief, a proud Arab, of imposing features, who, when Clauzel told him he had the intention of spending the night in Belida, replied, "and I have the intention not to allow it." Hostilities immediately began, and Clauzel occupied Belida; left there a garrison of 500 men, and proceeded onwards towards Medeah. On the 20th, the small army arrived at the foot of the mountains. The artillery greeted the classic Atlas with a salute of twenty-five cannons, and a proclamation was issued in the Napoleonic style. At the evening camp-fire, the Paris volunteers, recapitulating their college-remembrances, told their less instructed comrades that from the time of the Romans—those great warriors with whom every nation feels honoured to be compared—no European army had crossed the Atlas. The French crossed it by the difficult defile of Teniah, on the 21st of November, not without a serious struggle with the Turks of the Bey, and with the warlike mountaineers, who were dislodged from their positions only by a severe fight of several hours. The French lost here 220 men; and General Clauzel put forth, from the heights of the defile, a bombastic and characteristically French proclamation, telling his soldiers that "they had fought like giants." On the next day, Medeah, the capital of the Beylik of Titteri, was occupied without resistance, and a new Bey, Ben-Omar, was left here with a garrison.

But whilst the General had been advancing, the city of Belida had become the scene of frightful events. Ben-Zamun and his Kabyles had attacked the small garrison. He succeeded in entering the city by the half-destroyed walls; a desperate street-fight ensued, and many children and women were murdered by the French in the heat of the battle, who thought themselves betrayed by the Moorish inhabitants. At the approach of the army returning from Medeah, the Kabyles took to their heels. Clauzel, however, evacuated Belida, as he thought it would be too dangerous to leave a garrison amidst such a hostile and exasperated population.

The obstinate resistance of the natives induced General Clauzel to devise a scheme which would have been highly advantageous to the progress of the French, without compromising their honour. Seeing the difficulties of such an extended basis of operations whilst his army was small, he made a treaty with Tunis, by which the provinces of Constantine and Oran were ceded to the brother of the Bey, under the suzerainty of the French. The new Bey bound himself, under the guarantee of his brother, to a yearly tribute of one million of francs, and promised to favour all the commercial settlements of the French in the interior, whilst he was assured of the assistance of the French army. In this way, France would have got allies instead of foes in the tribes of Oran and Constantine, and could have acted with concentrated forces on the provinces of Algeria and Titteri. This treaty, however, was not ratified by the Government; for the vanity of the minister, General Sebastiani, was hurt by the too independent course of General Clauzel, who therefore was soon recalled from Africa. The immigrant colonists and speculators deeply lamented his departure; they knew that he was favourably disposed to the colony, and had confidence in its future. The army lost with him an energetic and enterprizing leader: among the natives, opinions were divided. The Arabs of the Metija had liked his decree, which released them from the tribute they had paid to the Beys; but their fanaticism was not disarmed. The Moors could not forget that he had destroyed several mosques.

Clauzel's successor was General Berthezène, who had commanded the first division under Marshal Bourmont, and whose merits were, at that time, overstated by the opposition papers, in order to depreciate those of Bourmont. But Berthezène was a very narrow-minded man, both as Administrator and as General. In the beginning, he occupied himself much with measures of general government, but he did it without any system or consistency, and could not prevent increasing disorder. He had a peculiar predilection for the Moors. Intriguers such as Ahmet Buderbah, and Hamdan-Ben-Othman-Khodja, got considerable influence under him; for the Arabs, he did not care. It seemed as if he found it not worth his while to consider their affairs; generally he left it to the interpreters to despatch the business of the Kaids and Sheikhs who had come to Algiers. The Moor Mendiri, who had been invested with the office of Agha of the Arabs, did not dare to leave the city, fearing for his life among the Bedouins. Mohammed-Ben-el-Amry, the Kaid of the tribe Kashna, who had visited the Agha and brought him some presents, was murdered by his own tribe on his return as a traitor, and General Berthezène did not punish the crime.

Ben-Omar, the Bey installed in Médeah, was in the meanwhile in a dangerous position; for the small French garrison had retired while Clauzel was still in authority. Ben-Omar was a Moor, cunning and brave, but he lacked the energy required for such a critical post. He remained nearly always in town, got no influence over the surrounding Arab tribes, and was more intent on extorting money from the inhabitants, than to extend his power and the suzerainty of France over the province. A considerable portion of the population of Medeah entered into a conspiracy against Ben-Omar. Their head was Ulid-Bu-Mesrag, the son of the deposed Bey, who had left the city and had joined the discontented Arab tribes, with the assistance of whom he blockaded Medeah. Ben-Omar, who had to fear the outbreak of the conspiracy in the city, and trembled for his life, wrote to General Berthezène the most urgent letters, and asked to be released from

his most painful situation. In consequence, Berthezène started on the 25th of June 1831, with two brigades from Algiers, passed the defiles of Teniah without a struggle, and entered Medeah on the 29th. But the presence of the French incensed, instead of intimidating, the fanatical tribes of the province of Titteri. The French out-posts were continually harassed, and the fire of the hostile skirmishers lasted from morning to night. On the 1st of July, the General left Medeah, and advanced to Mount Auarah, where the hostile tribes had their trysting-place. But the tribes did not wait to meet the French, and, true to their Arab tactics, withdrew to attack the enemy on retreat. General Berthezène, finding no Arabs to fight, had the crops destroyed and the fruit-trees felled. But as the French began to retire, the enemy appeared on every side, and skirmished and harassed the rear-guard up to the gates of Medeah. Provisions were here scarce, as the surrounding country was held by the tribes; the General had therefore to retreat to Algiers. Ben-Omar was not willing to remain in Medeah: he went with the army. It was on the evening of the 2d of July that the disastrous retreat of Medeah began, the moral results of which, and of their barbarous ravages, were long fatal to the cause of the French. The tribes followed the rear-guard of the column, who trusted to pass the defile of Teniah without loss, in the dead of night. But soon an inexplicable confusion arose in the march of the battalions; they were seized with a panic, and hastened down the northern slope of the Atlas with a speed resembling a flight. General Berthezène committed the gravest errors: he did not even send a few companies on the heights west of the defile, in order to cover the retreat. The Kabyles therefore took up a position on those heights, and opened a murderous fire on the descending French column. Many soldiers were disabled, and the difficulties of transporting the wounded men heightened the confusion dreadfully. A battalion of the 20th regiment of the line lost its commander; he was not replaced by any one: all order was forgotten, and each man cared only for his own safety, and fled to get out of the reach of the Kabyle

bullets as soon as possible. The army would have been lost in that critical moment but for the courage and presence of mind of Duvivier, afterwards so celebrated. Though not ordered to form the rear-guard, he threw himself with his battalion on the Kabyles on his own responsibility. The mountaineers fought with a gallantry such as the French had not experienced from the Arabs. Many of them came down into the pass to fight the French, man to man. Several of the Paris volunteers who had taken military service shortly after the Revolution of July, and who formed at a later time the 67th regiment of the line, were not yet broken to the fatigues of a campaign; and, in extreme weariness, straggled behind the army. The Kabyles threw themselves principally upon those ill-fated men, who could scarcely offer any resistance, and flung several of them down into the steep abysses on the left of the rocky path. Duvivier fronted the enemy till all the stragglers had gathered round him; then he retired slowly, always fighting; again halting to repel the enemy, when the attack became too fierce. Whilst this brave officer and his soldiers risked their lives for the defence of the other battalions, these fled panic-stricken, and halted only at the foot of the mountain, where they formed silently into columns, ashamed of the weakness they had displayed, which had not been the result of cowardice, but solely of want of prudence and skill in their General. They were pursued as far as to the Chiffa, which they crossed by night. Their loss in this ill-fated retreat amounted to three hundred men in dead and wounded. But the impression made on the Arabs by the tidings of this first rout of the army, which until now had always been victorious, was far more serious than the material loss. Fanaticism broke out in a blaze. The most celebrated Marabuts, and amongst them Sidi-Saadi, who had just returned from Mecca, perambulated the tribes and preached the Iad (the holy war). Ben Zamun, the Flissa chief, came with an army of Arabs and Kabyles up to the *Ferme Modèle*, tenanted by the first European colonists, whilst Ulid-Bu-Mesrag advanced with his hordes to the block-house on

Uad-el-Kerma. The model farm was attacked by Ben Zamun, and the first crops sown by European hands were destroyed. General Berthezène made now a sally with all his cavalry and six battalions, and drove the enemy over the Arrij. The attack of Ulid-Bu-Mesrag on the block-house on the River Uad-el-Kerma, was likewise repulsed; the undisciplined hordes of the Africans could not keep the field against the French. But seeing that they did not succeed in regular war, they continued their harassing skirmishes, in which the natives are always superior to any intruder.

Whilst this warfare was carried on in the province of Algiers, other events happened in the more remote provinces of Constantine and Oran, not less disastrous to the extension of French dominion. Ahmet, the Bey of Constantine, had on his return from Algiers found the gates of his capital closed against him. A sedition had broken out amongst the Turks left in Constantine, headed by Hamud-Ben-Shakar, the Vicegerent of Ahmet. The Bey, seeing that he could not achieve anything against the city with his scanty troops, was just about to retire to his kinsmen in the Sahara—the mighty Beni-Gana, the chief of whom, Bu-Asis-Ben-Gana, was his maternal uncle—when suddenly a counter-revolution broke out in Constantine in favour of Ahmet. Hamud-Ben-Shakar was first expelled with his Turks, and soon after murdered by his own followers, who thought in this way to appease the wrath of the Bey, to whom they again returned. Ahmet received them very kindly, but afterwards had them nearly all beheaded, one after the other, under various pretexts. He was a Kurugli, jealous of the thorough-bred Turks, and favouring the half-breed Kuruglis; all his officers belonged to that denomination. He now increased his regular force, principally by Kabyles, of whom he was peculiarly fond. They did not pay more than a nominal tribute, and their Marabuts received even presents from him, while he held the Arabs of his province in a state of complete oppression. Ben-Aissa, the vicegerent and favourite of Ahmet, was a Kabyle.

The city of Bona, which belongs to the province of Constantine,

had been besieged by the surrounding Arab tribes, after the departure of the brigade Damrémont, recalled by Bourmont. The fanatical tribes were desirous of chastising the Moorish inhabitants for having received the infidels without resistance. The Commander of Bona was Sidi-Ahmet, a Turk, who had occupied the Kasbah, or citadel, with a few hundreds of his nation, and defended the city. This chief wrote to General Berthezène, and requested of him assistance in auxiliaries and ammunition, expressly stating that the auxiliaries were to be exclusively natives. The General sent him one hundred and twenty-five Zuaves, all Mohammedans, but under the command of two French officers, the commander, Houder, and Captain Bigot. The presence of French officers, which he had deprecated, made Sidi-Ahmet suspicious. Quarrels soon arose between him and Houder, and at last it came to an open rupture. Houder took possession of the Kasbah, and, with it, of the city. But the janissaries, accustomed to riots, soon became mutinous against the French commander, and took Ibrahim, a deposed Bey of Constantine, for their leader. This cunning and faithless man had previously obtained the confidence of Houder, and had received money from him, which he employed for bribing the Turks. Whilst the commander was in town, Ibrahim closed the gates of the Kasbah against him, and when he returned with a few faithful Zuaves, they were received by bullets. Upon this, the inhabitants notified to Houder, that they could not be responsible for his safety, as the Arabs were about to attack the city, and could calculate upon many fanatics in town for their support. The French officers hastened now to the harbour to embark in the corvette Creole, which was at anchor in the roads, but at the same moment the gates were forced by the Arabs. With fearful yells they rushed into the town; some Moorish wretches joined them; a street fight ensued, in which Captain Bigot was slain; the French of the corvette, and the Zuaves, threw themselves into the boats; the Arabs fired upon them; the ill-fated Commander Houder received a bullet through his head, and several French marine-soldiers

were taken prisoners. Upon receiving these bloody tidings, General Berthezène sent Commander Duvivier, with two hundred and fifty Zuaves, in two brigs to Bona. The prisoners were delivered up to him; but even that enterprising officer did not dare to attack the well-fortified Kasbah, as his troops were not numerous enough. He had to return to Algiers without having taken revenge for the death of the French officers.

The city of Oran had been delivered up to the French without resistance by Hassan-Bey, an old man, who wished for peace and rest. This happened under Clauzel, who gave the command of the city to the Khalifa of the Prince of Tunis. But as the French Government did not ratify the treaty between the General and the Prince of Tunis, the Vicegerent left the city, and General Boyer became its commander. Boyer had been notorious in the Spanish war for his iron severity. He thought he had to apply in Africa the same rule of terror which had produced such bad effects in Spain. Without previous trial, he had several citizens, who had been charged with a secret understanding with the Sultan of Morocco, beheaded, and their property confiscated. But his authority did not extend beyond the walls of the city. The Arabs used to come to market with their products, and when they left the gates of the town, often amused themselves by turning round and firing upon the French sentinels whilst they galloped off. None of the towns except Arzew, which was inhabited by a Kabyle tribe from Morocco, remained in friendly intercourse with Oran; this was through the instrumentality of the Kadi of Arzew, who exercised supreme power there. All the rest of the extensive province was in a state of dreadful anarchy. The Arab tribes of that region are more warlike and fanatical than anywhere else. Though treated with forbearance by the Turks, they unwillingly bore the supremacy of the Dey, and eagerly seized the opportunity of throwing off the yoke. Soon after the downfal of Hussein-Dey, the mightiest tribes took up arms. Sidi-Mahiddin, an old and highly-revered Marabut, the father of the afterwards so celebrated Abd-el-Kader, exercised unlimited influence on the numerous

tribe of the Hashems. He appeared with a great retinue before the city of Mascara, overpowered the Turkish garrison, and destroyed the summer-palace where the Beys had formerly occasionally resided. The inhabitants of Mascara hereupon elected Sidi-Mahiddin to be their chief, but the Marabut declined the dignity in favour of his youngest son, Abd-el-Kader, who had accompanied him on his pilgrimage to Mecca, and who had attracted the attention of his tribe by his melancholy, his continency, and the high gifts of his spirit. To influence the people in behalf of his favourite son, Sidi-Mahiddin related to them the prophecy of a dervish in Mecca, who had predicted the dignity of Sultan to young Abd-el-Kader, during their stay in the holy city. The fanatical people believed it, and elected Abd-el-Kader their Emir. The young son of the Marabut entered Mascara in triumph, accompanied by the horsemen of his tribe, and was hailed by the cheers of the citizens, who liked the thoughtful, pious expression of his pale countenance. Abd-el-Kader was at that time very poor: he wore a ragged burnus, and had only half a boojoo (golden coin) in his cowl when he took possession of the old palace of the Beys at Mascara, and received there the allegiance of the people, and among them even that of his father. Sidi-Mahiddin did not remain in town; he returned to his Ghetna, or hermitage, and was occupied in his last days in strengthening the power of his son by his own influence on the Arabs, and in preaching the holy war against the French.

The rest of the province of Oran was subdued by other Arab chiefs. Sheikh Sidi-el-Gomary held sway over the large steppes of the Angad; the warlike robber-tribes of that country obeyed his commands. Sidi-Buhamedi exercised a limited authority over the Kabyle tribes on the Tafna, and Milud-Ben-Arash was the most influential Sheikh amongst the Garrabas. But the most important chief next to Abd-el-Kader was Mustapha-Ben-Ismael, the former Agha of the Bey of Oran, a powerful, energetic old man, highly respected among all the tribes, and of peculiar influence among the Duairs and Zmelas, whose horsemen had been

the nucleus of the auxiliaries of Hassan-Bey. Each of these chiefs tried to extend his authority as far as possible. Thus the claims of these ambitious men gradually began to clash with one another, until the sway of the one had to yield to the other, either voluntarily, or under constraint of arms. Abd-el-Kader had the great advantage over his rivals, that the seat of his power lay in the centre of the province; the tribe who supported him, though less numerous than the Angads or Beni-Ammers, was very compact, enterprizing, and fanatically addicted to Sidi-Mahiddin. Besides those native chiefs, there was likewise a foreign monarch who tried to turn the downfal of the Dey and the anarchy of the province to his own account, in order to extend his dominions. It was Muley-Abder-Rahman, the Sultan of Morocco, who, as a prince of Arab extraction, is in high esteem among all the Bedouins of Barbary. Accordingly, a Vicegerent of the Emperor of Morocco occupied the city of Tlemsan, and appeared with a few hundred horsemen even under the walls of Oran, deriding the weak French garrison, who did not dare to make a sally.

Yet peace reigned in the province of Algiers towards the end of General Benthezène's administration, who had concluded a convention with the Arabs, according to which they might remain undisturbed and independent in their own territories, but, when armed, were excluded from the French lines. He had appointed their Agha, the most influential man of the Metija, the Marabut El-Haji-Mahiddin-el-Sghir-ben-Mubark, chief of the Marabut family of the Mubarek of Coleah, who for many generations had been in odour of sanctity. This Marabut bound himself to enforce the punctual fulfilment of the convention with the tribes, for a yearly allowance of 70,000 francs. The French thus paid a kind of tribute to the Arabs; and Berthezène did not interfere in any way in their affairs, though the quarreling parties often appealed to his decision. He let a precious opportunity escape to gain for France these Arabs, who, tired of anarchy, wished for an energetic rule. One of the most efficient expedients of Deyish policy had been to attach the Sheikhs and Marabuts to the

Central Government by personal interests, and to make use of one tribe in subjecting the other. The indolence of the General, or his deficiency in clear notions about the relations of the interior, prevented him from applying such means for the interest of France. He allowed time to the mightier chiefs for extending and strengthening their sway, and for establishing at last that Arab empire, which for a long period was able to resist all the French armies; whilst an energetic, decided, and timely interference, would have crushed it in its beginning. It was a misfortune for Algiers that the Government of Louis Philippe neglected the African affairs altogether. Yet these great mistakes of Count Berthezène, equally incapable as General and as Administrator, at last caused his recall. He left Algiers regretted by no one, except probably by some Moorish intriguers, who had made very lucrative jobs under his administration.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO AND OF GENERAL VOIROL.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SAVARY, Duke of Rovigo, was appointed successor to General Berthezène, and landed at Algiers on the 25th December 1831. The part he played under Napoleon, both as General and as Police Minister, is sufficiently known. After the July Revolution, he had, together with all the more pliable Napoleonists, attached himself to the new dynasty, and was offered the command of Algiers, there being no diplomatic post vacant, such as was suited to a Napoleonist notability. The Duke felt satisfied with the appointment: high rank and riches alone never could have contented an active ambitious man of his stamp; he wished for power. Though old, and weaned from business by an interval of fifteen years, the Duke could never forget that he had had once considerable share in the government

of his country, and had then found passive obedience among an extended circle of officials. Savary saw that the commandership of Algiers was now the only post fit for him. He went thither with the intention of devoting himself entirely to that country and its new organization. He looked upon his post neither as a stepping-stone to higher offices, nor as a source of riches—motives which have been imputed, not without cause, to several of his successors. He was never suspected of such motives, though there are plenty of people at Algiers always ready to bring forward charges, even when utterly unable to prove them. When the Duke of Rovigo left the province, he was perhaps less wealthy than at the time he assumed the command, and he had made many a personal sacrifice for the welfare of the African colony. Thus, for instance, he turned the garden-palace, late the property of Agha Ibrahim, son-in-law of Hussein-Dey, and the summer-residence of the governors, into a magnificent military hospital, on account of its healthy situation, and chose to remain himself all the year in the city. How was it then, that with so much good-will, with so praiseworthy a zeal, and such decided talent, the administration of the Duke was not only unlucky, but even complicated difficulties in the subjection of the country? Pellissier gives us, in his *Annales Algériennes*, a sufficient explanation. The Duke lacked the organizing power which cannot be acquired by experience, and he had contracted habits which cannot be abandoned at an advanced age. Had it been his task to continue the French dominion on the system of the Deys, Savary would have been the right man: he understood the maintenance of a tyrannical policy in a masterly way. But the old system did not do for the new conquerors. Formerly, it was the whole tribe which had to rue when a crime was committed on its territory; or if an Arab had resisted the soldiers of the Dey, a few heads fell, and amongst them several innocent ones. Such summary despotical justice spread terror among the tribes: no chief dared to stir, or he had to retire with his tribe to the Desert, out of the reach of the janissaries. However, such a

despotism could only be practised by a ruler who was connected with the Arabs by the tie of the same religious faith. The continuation of such a system by the French could not but have quite different consequences, because fanaticism would have soon superseded terror. Death by the yatagan of a Mohammedan executioner was far more fearful to the Arab than death in the battle against the Rummis, when his blood was boiling with hatred and enthusiasm, and when the hostile bullet sent him straight to the enjoyment of that highest bliss of Paradise promised by the Prophet to the martyr of the faith. The principle of the Dey to hold innocent men responsible, and to punish them for the riots or robberies of their kinsmen when these escaped, would, if imitated by the French, have occasioned and justified dreadful reprisals. Such a theme for an appeal to the holy war would have been welcome to every Marabut. But even if it might have been possible to continue the reign of terror from the Deys, it would have destroyed the moral aim of a European settlement in Africa. The old system of the janissaries was excellent for maintaining their tyrannical oppression; but it destroyed the resources of the country, and prevented all progress. The Arab did not care to increase the produce of his fields, or to improve his cattle; for, as he grew wealthier, he was more liable to extortion. With such a system, the natives would have changed masters without getting rid of oppression; the country would have remained uncultivated, and the people savage and ignorant. But had the Duke of Rovigo united conscientious justice to the severity and energy of his character,—had he dealt forbearingly with the religious prejudices and habits of the natives, but punished crimes strictly, and without delay, though never on innocent men, he might have achieved great results. There is nothing so well adapted to win the respect and affection of a half-savage people than even-handed justice. But the Duke was accustomed, as a police-minister, never to be restrained from harsh and arbitrary measures by regard to justice and equity. Every means, even the most cruel, was welcome to him, if it

answered the purpose he had to carry, namely, to extend the sway of France all over the old dominion of the Dey, and to subdue the tribes unconditionally. But that system failed altogether; hearts were hardened by mutual misdeeds; every drop of blood spilt cried for revenge; and any sincere accord between the conquerors and the natives became impossible when the passions of national and religious hatred were let loose. It was, in a great measure, the influence of the Duke which gave to the war between the Arabs and French that savage and terrible character which it maintained as long as it lasted.

Casimir Perrier was premier in France when the Duke entered upon his administration; but this talented statesman had little time to look into Algerine affairs: he left them entirely to the commander. Yet he enforced one important measure, which might have advanced the colonization of the coast under favourable circumstances,—he separated the civil and military administration, and appointed Mr. Pichon Civil-Intendant, who, though subordinate to the commander-in-chief, was to be in immediate correspondence with the premier. In this way he could sometimes thwart the oppressive measures of the General, and the colonists had some one to appeal to if military despotism became too oppressive. But the civil-intendant was just as ambitious and unyielding a man as the commander-general; collisions ensued; Mr. Pichon had to withdraw; but his successors, Genty de Bussy and Bresson, were likewise energetic and active men, with the will to do their best for the settlement as far as their restricted power allowed it.

The Moorish population of Algiers grew embittered against the Duke, principally on account of two measures. As the army was in the greatest need, and had no other shelter than their light tents, where they slept on the bare ground, the Duke imposed a contribution of 5400 cwt. of wool on the Moors, and had it levied by force. The other measure which had justly roused the indignation of likewise many a European, was the destruction of great numbers of Moorish tombs which stood in the way of the hand-

some high-road constructed by the Duke to the Sahel. Moreover, the Moors, who had sent their complaints to Paris, were banished from Algiers by the Duke.

We must acknowledge that the system of General Savary for the occupation of the country was suitable to the then-existing circumstances. He had camps and block-houses raised for the protection of the colony, and secured in that way an extent of forty square miles round the city against every attack of the Arabs. He saw that it was neither necessary nor advisable for the small number of European settlers to spread farther, as his army was not numerous.

In April 1832, an embassy arrived at Algiers from Farhat-ben-Said, a powerful chief, who dwelt in the south of the province of Constantine, in the steppes of the Belad-el-Jerîd, on the borders of the Sahara. All the numerous nomade Arab tribes of the Jerîd and the steppes in the Sahara always acknowledged the authority of a chief who was under the suzerainty of the Bey of Constantine, and had the title of Sheikh-el-Arab. This dignity had for centuries alternated in the two most important families of the south, the Ben-Said and Ben-Gana. At the time of the French expedition to Algiers, Farhat, the chief of the Ben-Saids, was Sheikh-el-Arab. But Ahmet-Bey of Constantine distrusted this ambitious man, deposed him, and appointed in his stead Bu-Asis, the chief of the Ben-Ganas, his maternal uncle. The deposed Sheikh did not yield immediately. He had great influence in the Sahara, gathered an army of cavalry around him, and advanced towards Constantine; but was defeated by Ahmet, who led his army against the chief of the south. The horsemen of the Desert were dispersed, and the authority of the new Sheikh-el-Arab acknowledged by the great majority of the tribes. When Farhat saw that he could not succeed against the Bey with his own forces, he turned to the French, and encouraged the Duke of Rovigo to an expedition against Constantine by the promise of an assistance of 10,000 men. The Duke, who did not know yet how swaggering and unreliable the Arab chiefs are, received the ambassadors of

Farhat with great splendour and ceremony; he gave an evasive answer to the proposal, but expressed it in most flattering terms. It was agreeable to the Duke to know that there was in those regions a mighty partisan of the French, whose assistance, though for the moment not wanted, might hereafter advance the extension of the dominion of France, and a future expedition against Constantine. Thus thought not only Savary, but likewise his successors, who entertained too great an opinion of Farhat's resources, and relied too much on the word of the Arab. When the expedition was really undertaken, it became clear that the commanders had all been deluded by the boasting and the promises of that chief.

Farhat's ambassadors left Algiers laden with rich presents. They had, among other gifts, received red burnuses of honour, embroidered with gold, such as the Deys were wont to bestow upon mighty chiefs. A few hours from town they were plundered by Arabs of the tribe El-Uffia, and robbed of their red burnuses. They returned to Algiers, complaining to the Duke, who just chanced to have an evening-party, and had gambled and taken wine. He rashly gave the order to one of the generals, a guest at the party, immediately to start with some troops, and to destroy the tribe. The general took this order literally. For this sudden attack he chose two corps of the army most notorious for their cruelty, the Foreign Legion and the Chasseurs d'Afrique; in the dead of night he surrounded the encampments of the El-Uffia, which lay in the neighbourhood of the fortified "*Maison carrée*," and slaughtered the whole population;—old men silently awaiting the death-blow, women crying for mercy, and children, who did not know what was to befall them, were unmercifully slain by the sabre and the bayonet. The soldiers returned with rich booty, carrying in triumph gory heads on the tops of their lances and bayonets to the camp. There they feasted and revelled till the next night, in an inhuman way: not one of them seemed to repent their horrid deed.

Many injudicious Europeans in Algiers approved of the barbarous

slaughter as an act of energetic policy. "Just so," said they, "had the Deys established their sway." But they had forgotten the difference of condition between the old rulers and the new conquerors. Instead of spreading terror, the execution kindled the fire of vengeance all over the country. Three weeks after the wanton murder of the tribe El-Uffia, a detachment of the Foreign Legion, commanded by Lieutenant Cham, a Swiss, was surprised and cut down by the Arabs near the "*Maison carrée.*" Only one soldier, a German, was spared, because he uttered the name Mohammed at the moment when the yatagan was raised against him. The Arabs carried him away as prisoner, but he succeeded in escaping, and returned to the army. It so happened that nearly all the soldiers slain belonged to the companies which had been active at the slaughter of the El-Uffias, and that their heads fell close to the spot where, three weeks before, they had spilt the blood of babes and females. The Arabs, who destroyed this detachment, belonged to the tribe of the Issers, who dwelt east of Cape Matifu. The Duke of Rovigo sent a great expedition against them by sea. But the Issers were on their guard, and General Buchet, who had the command of the expedition, did not dare to land. In consequence of the slaughter of the El-Uffias, the holy war was preached all over the country. The most celebrated Marabuts, especially the restless Sidi-Saadi, hastened from tribe to tribe, and excited all good Moslems against the French. Even Sidi-Mubarek, the Agha appointed by General Berthezène, and paid by the French, joined the insurrection. A great meeting of the principal chiefs of the province of Algeria took place at Suk-Ali, a farm in the Metija. Above a hundred Kaids, Sheikhs, and Marabuts, were present, and Ben-Zamun, the Kabyle Flissa chief, was their chairman. After many speeches and harangues full of fanatical passion, the military and religious chiefs unanimously resolved to carry on a war of extermination against the intruding Rummis, and every tribe promised to send its contingent. Even the cities Belida and Coleah entered the league. The Duke of Rovigo was pretty well informed of every-

thing that happened; but he feigned not to care for it, whilst in secret he fitted out a party for sudden action. He waited only until the enemy had united his forces, in order to make the blow more decisive. On the 2d October, two French columns started at night from Algiers, one in the direction of the farm Suk-Ali, the other towards the city of Coleah. The first column met the enemy at the wood Sidi-Kaïd. It was received by the musket-fire of the Kabyles, lying in ambuscade, which threw the vanguard into confusion. Yet the Chasseurs attacked the enemy bravely, and were followed by the Zuaves of Commander Duvivier. The Arab cavalry, though in number six times superior to the French, were put to flight, and left the Kabyle infantry in the lurch. Several hundreds of the mountaineers were slain after desperate resistance. Their chief, Ben-Zamun, indignant at the cowardice of the Arabs, retired into the mountains, and swore that he never would interfere in their affairs, and remained for several years quietly on his farm amongst his tribe—the Flissas. The other column, under the command of General Brossard, met no resistance at Coleah; the treacherous Agha Mubarek had fled. The French general took his relatives Sidi-Allah and Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Mubarek prisoners in his stead, though there was no evidence of guilt against them, and though their participation in the insurrection could not have been direct. The Duke had them thrown into jail, where they remained up to the time when they were released by the successor of Rovigo. The cities of Belida and Coleah were fined to the amount of 1,100,000 francs; but the inhabitants proved too poor ever to pay the total of such a large sum.

The administration of the Duke of Rovigo in Africa was closed by a deed which brands his memory yet more than his participation in the judgment of the Duke of Enghien. Two Arab chiefs, Ben-Mussa, late Kaid of the Beni-Khalil, and Messaud, Kaid of the El-Sebt, were denounced to the commander as bitter enemies of the French. He determined on their doom, and as the Kaids took care not to come to Algiers, the old police

minister tried to ensnare them. The inhabitants of Belida were about that time to send a deputation to him, and he let them know his wish to have the two Kaids to join the deputation. They tarried for some time; it seems they suspected the trick, and required, therefore, a written assurance of safe conduct, which the Duke sent to them. The Kaid of the Kashnas, a friend of France, trusting the word of the commander-in-chief, accompanied them. But scarcely had these chiefs arrived in Algiers, when they were handed over to the gendarmes and thrown into prison. The Kaid of the Kashnas, indignant at this breach of trust, claimed to share the prison of the two chiefs, and offered his hand willingly to the fetters of the French. Messaud and Mussa were brought before a court-martial, and, under a pretence of felony, unconnected with politics, sentenced to death, and beheaded before the gate Bab-a-Zun, in the public market-place. The Duke excused this breach of his pledge, which revolted many French officers, by saying that the safe conduct was issued for political, not for common crimes. But the dragoman who had written the letter declares that no mention was made of such a distinction. Soon after this deed, the Duke returned to France, attacked already by the malady of which he fell a victim in a few months.

By Savary's administration, the system of his predecessors had been entirely reversed. General Berthezène had renounced any direct influence on the Arabs, and when it was indispensable to deal with their affairs, he did it exclusively through his Agha, Ben-Mubarek. But this Agha had now become an enemy of France; no other chief was appointed in his stead, and the Duke of Rovigo renewed the direct intercourse with the Arabs. That system would surely have been the best had it been pursued from the beginning; but the frequent change of treatment had worse results than a bad system consistently carried out. The Arabs, a cunning and clear-sighted people, had soon penetrated the character of the French, and of their Government. The fickle and inconsistent behaviour of the different commanders weakened the effect made by the conquest of Algiers all over Barbary.

During the warlike excitement which, in the province of Algiers, followed the slaughter of the tribe El-Uffia, fighting went on fiercely in the provinces of the east and of the west. Ben-Aissa, the Khalifa (lieutenant or vicegerent) of the Bey of Constantine, had besieged the city of Bona, where the Turkish garrison had retired into the Kasbah (citadel); but induced by the persuasion of Captain Yussuf, threw themselves unconditionally into the hands of the French. Yussuf, a young Italian renegade, who had been carried away when a child by Tunisian pirates, and brought up by the Bey of Tunis, fully possessed a knowledge of both the Turkish and Arab languages, and had taken service with the French soon after the conquest of Algiers. Ibrahim, who had treacherously shut the gates of the citadel against the French officers when they came to his aid with the Zuaves, and had thus caused their death, was now expelled from the citadel with some of his staunchest partisans, and the French flag reared on it. Ben-Aissa, seeing it in the hands of the French party, evacuated the town, but not before plundering it, burning down the houses, and forcing the population to follow him. Yussuf and his Turks took possession of the empty houses and smoking ruins. The Arab tribes, incited by Ibrahim, attacked the city repeatedly; but Yussuf, who had in the meantime reorganized his Turkish corps, took the offensive, and made several sallies, or razzias, as the Arabs call these expeditions, the principal object of which is the plunder and destruction of the encampments. A sufficient French garrison arrived soon in Bona, and General Monk d'Uzer received the command. This general knew how to deal with the Arabs: he united much kindness with the necessary energy. Some tribes were won by his mildness, as for instance the Beni-Urshin and Kharesas, who pastured their herds in the neighbourhood of Bona. Others, as the Merdass on the banks of the Mafragg, and the Elmas close to Lake Fezzara, were forced into subjection by his severity. He punished their hostility by driving away their cattle, and they came at last to ask *aman* (pardon), and to promise the strictest neutrality. Yussuf, who had distinguished

himself in every engagement by his personal bravery, continued with his Turks to render efficient service to the French.

In the province of Oran, the French made less progress than in the province of Algiers. Though the Moroccan troops had evacuated the city of Tlemsan at the serious protest of France, yet Abd-el-Kader made greater and greater progress. General Boyer attempted several forays without result. The Arabs struck their tents at every approach of the French troops, and drove their cattle into the mountains. But as often as the French had to retreat for want of provisions, the Arab horsemen reappeared on all sides, harassed the march of the columns, skirmished with the rear-guard, and cut the stragglers to pieces. Not a single tribe made submission; nay, the tribes which, from the proximity of their pasture-grounds to Oran, had most to fear from the sallies of the French—the Garrabas and the Beni-Ammer—were the most hostile. On the 3d and 4th of May, the city of Oran was attacked by several thousand Arabs, led by the young Emir Abd-el-Kader, and his father, the Marabut Sidi-Mahiddin, in person. At that time the cannon and howitzers still inspired much fear in the Arabs. But Abd-el-Kader, a most excellent horseman, galloped up and down close to the walls, and paraded his horse and jocosely greeted the bullets whistling around him. He displayed this cool courage partly to raise yet higher the respect of his countrymen for himself, and partly to dispel their fear of the cannon. On the 9th of May, however, he saw that he could not succeed against Oran, and left the neighbourhood. But his Arabs often reappeared again, and cut off all intercourse between the city and the surrounding country. General Boyer was recalled in November 1832, and was succeeded by General Desmichels.

Whilst the Duke of Rovigo hoped to restore his health in France, the administration of the North-African French possessions was provisionally in the hands of General Avizard. He instituted the *Bureau Arabe*, which was to devote its peculiar attention to the affairs of the Arabs, and to carry on the negotiations with the chiefs. The young Captain Lamoricière, since so cele-

brated in the history of his country, became the chief of that Board, as, besides his military talents, he was remarkable for the zeal with which he had studied the language, the manners and customs, and the internal relations of the Arabs. His successor was Captain Pellissier, likewise a good administrator, and, moreover, an excellent author; but the opinion in Algiers is divided about his public merits. Even his numerous opponents agree that his views are enlightened and expansive, that his knowledge is profound, and that his character is upright and energetic. But they say that his activity was disastrous for the colony on account of his obstinate predilection for the natives, especially for the Arabs, and his contempt for the European colonists, who, it must be confessed, were really, to a great extent, either the very refuse of all the countries of Europe, or rapacious jobbers.

After the death of the Duke of Rovigo, General Voirol became Commander-in-Chief of the African army. He was a man of frank and open views, and immoveable justness, but rather too weak; the very reverse of his predecessor, of whose energy he should have borrowed the surplus. This strange and sudden change of men and systems was undoubtedly one of the principal causes of the slow progress of the French in Algeria. Clauzel had ventured to go right into the interior: he crossed the Atlas, and captured Medeah. Berthezène evacuated that city, intrenched the colony on the coast, and would not have any intercourse with the Arabs, but threw himself into the hands of Moorish intriguers. Rovigo tried to restore the lost prestige of the French arms in the interior, and intended to rule over the tribes directly without a native Agha; and he chose for this aim the old system of arbitrary despotism and bloody severity. General Voirol might have achieved great results had he conciliated the excited tribes by moderation, and maintained, at the same time, a prompt and severe justice against malefactors. But he was too weak: he did not avenge the murder of Buseid, the Kaid of the Beni-Khalils, nearly the only chief among the Arabs who never had betrayed the French, and who was slain for his adherence to the Europeans.

After the Arabs had been excited by the cruel severity of the Duke of Rovigo, they took the lenity of General Voirol for a sign of weakness, and renewed their audacious insults.

The administration of General Voirol was, on the whole, peaceable. This officer had great merit in constructing splendid high-roads between the different camps and villages; and not less in the organization of the Fhas, or territory of the city, for the protection of which he formed a corps of gendarmes, all natives. Already his predecessor had founded two European colonist-villages, Kuba and Deli-Ibrahim. The inhabitants were mostly poor Germans, who originally had had the intention of going to America, but could not afford the passage-money. The French Government granted to these helpless men the soil, the material for their houses, cattle, agricultural implements, and even victuals, just as to the soldiers, until they should be able to maintain themselves. Thus these men were saved from starvation; yet they showed little gratitude. Some of them sold the cattle and implements, lived in idleness and dissipation, and spent the money in drink. Kuba, situated in a fine but unhealthy neighbourhood, was visited by diseases; half of the inhabitants died; the remaining settlers left it, and two years after its foundation, this village was empty and uninhabited, and its cottages tumbled into ruins. A praiseworthy measure of General Voirol was the beginning to drain the plain of Metija. For that gigantic but necessary undertaking, he employed the military officers, Arab and Berber labourers, and even a portion of the army. It is a pity that this drainage was not continued systematically under the successors of Voirol. The works for draining the swamps, which in the neighbourhood of Bona reach the walls of the city, were likewise begun during his administration.

Already, under the Duke of Rovigo, the occupation of the seaport of Bujia had been determined upon. A protest of England gave occasion to it. An English merchant-vessel having been insulted by the natives in the roads of Bujia, the English Government declared to France that if she could not prevent such

occurrences on a coast which she considered her own, England would herself take measures for punishing such insults. The French Government considered this to be a menace, as if England intended to take Bujia, and therefore hastened to prevent such an occupation. On the 23d September, 1833, a small squadron, carrying two battalions of the 59th regiment of the line, left the roadstead of Toulon. The troops landed under the command of General Trezel on the 29th, at Bujia, after they had silenced the fire of the forts and of the citadel by the cannon of the French men-of-war. General Trezel was greatly mistaken when, at his departure from Toulon, he said to the officers of the expedition, "Our troops are not destined for a very warlike expedition; they will have to wield rather the spade and the axe, than the sabre and the bayonet." These peaceful expectations were cruelly disappointed by the reception which the expedition experienced from the Kabyles. The resistance of the inhabitants was nowhere so gallant and so obstinate as at Bujia. It was only after a fierce fight of four days that the French got possession of the place, after they had destroyed its greatest part by their cannon. All the inhabitants had left the city and joined the Kabyles of the mountains. The French occupied empty ruins, in which nothing but corpses and gore had remained; the population had carried away all their moveables. Duvivier, chief of battalion, was appointed Commander of Bujia, and earned much honour there by his frequent gallant fights with the Kabyles, without achieving any important result. The Kabyles of the vicinity of Bujia belong to the most warlike and unruly tribes of Barbary; they are so deeply imbued with religious fanaticism and love of independence, that in spite of all material advantages and promises, they could not be induced to enter into peaceful communication with the French.

In the province of Algiers, General Voirol had won some tribes for allies:—the Kashna, in the east of the plain of Metija; the Beni-Mussa, in the most fertile part of the plain; and a portion of the Beni-Khalil, in its centre. Those tribes were, on the whole,

not quite friendly to France, but their territory was so near to the walls of Algiers, and so much within the reach of the French, that they thought it advisable to be on good terms with the conquerors, in order to avoid the fate of the El-Uffia. Only one tribe entered the service of the French, the Aribes, formerly powerful and numerous in the Sahara, who had first emigrated to the plateau of Hamsa, but having met with ill-luck, had dispersed in different directions. One portion of them went to the Metija; but as they had no territory of their own, they lived upon theft. General Voirol granted them a territory east of Algiers, close to the farm named Rassota; he formed a corps of irregular Spahis out of their numbers, and appointed Ben-Zecri, a refugee chief of the province of Constantine, their Kaid. One tribe alone disturbed the peace in the neighbourhood of Algiers, the Hajutes, who made continual irruptions into the territory of the Beni-Khalil and in the Sahel. The Hajutes are Arabs; they dwell in a fertile territory between the Shiffa and Shershel, defended by swamps on the east and north. Their horses are excellent, and they have the reputation of being the best horsemen of the country. Many of them belonged to the auxiliaries of the janissaries during the sway of the Deys, and were renowned for their warlike and adventurous spirit. At the time of the conquest, the number of their horsemen did not exceed four hundred; but they have increased in number ever since, as all the malefactors of the other tribes, as well as all the individuals eager for war and plunder, fled to them in order to take part in the forays which the Hajutes had organized against the French, and against their Arab allies. Scarcely a day passed without some bold irruptions; isolated horsemen were plundered and the cattle were driven away. Such a condition became unbearable, and the energetic remonstrances of the Beni-Khalil, who had most to suffer from the robberies of the neighbouring Hajutes, roused the General at last from his peaceable apathy. Two expeditions were undertaken against the robber-tribe; the first failed; the other, led by General Bró, met with complete success. The Beni-Khalil and Beni-Mussa, who had joined the

French columns, recaptured their stolen herds, and drove the cattle of the Hajutes away in turn, upon which the tribe made submission for a time, fearing a new visit from the French columns. Kuider-ban-Rebeha, their Kaid, appeared personally in Algiers, and was invited by General Voirol to dine with him. The commanding appearance of the chief formed at that time the absorbing topic of conversation in the city.

Whilst the province of Algiers enjoyed peace, and the hostilities were unimportant in the province of Constantine, war raged in the west. General Desmichels was a restless, active, unprincipled officer; brave in the field, tried in diplomatic craft, full of ambition, and of an independence of character which made him unfit for a subordinate command. New to the country, not knowing by experience the manner of war and the way of thinking of the Arabs, he was desirous first to try what he could achieve by force against them. He made excursions against the Garrabas and Zmelas, surprised a few encampments, and drove the cattle away. Then he released the prisoners, in order to see what might be the result of severity united with mildness. But it was already too late to adopt such a course of policy. Abd-el-Kader's power and influence had been so far extended, that no single tribe dared any longer to make a convention with the French for itself without the consent of the other tribes. Some females of the Zmelas having been carried away by one of the French expeditions, this tribe tried to come to an agreement, and gave hostages to General Desmichels as pledges of their good faith. But Abd-el-Kader surprised the Zmelas with his horsemen, and forced them to give up all intercourse with the French, and again to take part in the war against the Christians, in spite of their pledge and their hostages. A subjection of the tribes of those provinces, or even a peace with them, was now no longer possible for the French, without having previously either annihilated the power of Abd-el-Kader, or won him over by agreement. His influence extended over all the tribes between Mascara and the sea. He possessed himself likewise of the city of Tlemsan, and

the Turks and Kuruglis did not oppose him, though they closed the citadel against him. Soon after the conquest of Tlemsan, Sidi-Mahiddin died,—Abd-el-Kader's father, the celebrated Marabut of the Hashems; but the power of the young Emir, and the reverence paid to him and his family by all the tribes, did not decrease in consequence.

On the 3d of July 1833, General Desmichels occupied the harbour and the forts of Arzew. The city itself (which by the instrumentality of Bethuna, its Kaid, had always remained in friendly intercourse with the French) had been stormed a few days before by the army of Abd-el-Kader, who had destroyed the houses, and forced the inhabitants to emigrate. Arzew ceased from that time to exist as an Arab city; its inhabitants have again become savages, and live now among the Arab tribes of the plain of Sig.

Soon after, the French troops occupied likewise the city of Mostagenem. It was delivered to them by the Turkish Kaid, Ibrahim, without resistance. General Desmichels left it to the choice of the inhabitants either to remain under the protection of the French, or to leave with their moveables. The great majority, above one thousand families, chose the latter alternative, and left their comfortable houses, their splendid gardens and villas, emigrating to the interior. The sullen fanaticism of the Moors could not rouse them to armed resistance against the French; but yet it was powerful enough to induce them to exchange their effeminate and quiet manner of life for the rough habits of the barbarous Bedouins, and to expose themselves rather to the exactions of the chiefs, who despise the Hadars (townfolks) most heartily, than to live under the rule of Christians.

On the 3d of December, Abd-el-Kader and General Desmichels, who both led their troops in person, fought a hard-contested bloody fight in the plain of Tlelat, to which the Emir had formally invited the French. But this battle too remained without result. The field-artillery of the French made terrible havoc in the swarms of Arab horsemen; but the French columns had after all

to retreat for want of provisions, and were followed by the restless enemy, who hovered around them on their battle-horses like birds of prey, pouncing upon every straggler, and attacking the column on its weakest point up to the walls of Oran.

General Desmichels, seeing that it was impossible to achieve anything by force of arms, in a country where the army could not find either food or shelter, and against a people which easily endured the most dreadful fatigues, and seeing that even victorious fights did not lead to any result, determined on negotiation. After a long correspondence, an agreement was signed between the General and the Emir, which Desmichels was audacious enough to conclude without the authority or even the knowledge of either of his superiors, the General Voirol, or the minister-at-war. The treaty had two clauses: the first allowed the Arabs to buy arms and ammunition in the French seaports; the Emir received the monopoly of the exportation of grain, and the Arab deserters were surrendered to him. In the second clause, Abd-el-Kader promised to stop the hostilities, to return the French prisoners and deserters, and to allow the Christians to travel without molestation in the interior, under the protection and with the firman of the Emir. General Desmichels found it advisable to keep the first clause of this treaty secret, and to submit only the second to his Government. The truth became known only under the successor of General Voirol, and Desmichels was immediately recalled. The majority of the well-informed Algerines explain this strange behaviour of the General by asserting that Abd-el-Kader had granted to him a share of the profits of the corn-monopoly.

The administration of the Regency of Algeria received a new organization towards the end of 1835. The command of the army, and the supreme administration of the country, now styled "The French possessions of North Africa," was given to a Governor-General; Lieutenant-General Count Drouet d'Erlon was appointed to the governorship. The nomination of Count Drouet d'Erlon, who had not sought the post, was an unfortunate one.

As with most of the veterans of the empire, age, and the results of harassing military life, had debilitated his energies and his faculties; it was difficult for him to see his way through the complicated relations of the country, which only a young and enterprizing genius could have mastered. Of all the used-up men who had conducted the affairs of Algeria since 1830, General Voirol was the most happy. He was not responsible for the immense blunder of the treaty with Abd-el-Kader, and he protested against it in Paris to the last. In the province of Algiers, he knew how to restore peace and order. With a little more energy he might have succeeded in installing native chiefs in the cities of the interior, namely, in Medeah and Miliana, who would have been allies of the French, and might have established a rival power against the ambitious Emir of Mascara. This neglect of General Voirol, and the treaty of General Desmichels, had the most disastrous results. But the administration of Voirol has the merit of having organized the country occupied by the French; nor did any of his predecessors or successors in office, before Bugeaud, ever do as much as he did in this respect. This fact was likewise fully acknowledged by the European settlers in Algiers, and the regrets and best wishes of Mohammedans, as well as Christians, followed the vessel which carried that noble man back to the shores of France.*

* He died in September 1853.

CHATPER V.

ADMINISTRATION OF COUNT DROUET D'ERLON, AND SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF MARSHAL CLAUZEL.

PEACE and tranquillity prevailed during the first months of the administration of Count Drouet d'Erlon in the vicinity of all the cities occupied by the French army; and, with the exception of the tribes around Bujia, the natives remained in commercial intercourse with the French. They visited the fairs, and seemed to be well pleased when they returned with plenty of money to their wildernesses. But this state of things did not last beyond a few months; there were people on both sides who began to be tired of peace. With the French, it was principally the ambitious officers who longed for warlike exploits, for advancement and decorations, and who valued their personal interests and the glory of the French army higher than the extension of the settlement and the prosperity of the colony. One of the first measures of the Governor was to send troops to Buffarik, where the principal fair of the Metija is held, and to form there a camp, which, in his honour, received the name of *Camp d'Erlon*. The situation of Buffarik in the centre of the Metija, is of the highest importance. Camp d'Erlon soon became the principal place of arms in the vicinity of Algiers. In a short time many houses were raised in the large plain, and the view of the wine-shops and coffee-houses contrasted strangely with the surrounding wilderness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marey, a very wealthy officer, who had high patronage in Paris, became the Agha of the Arabs, and the *Bureau Arabe* was discontinued. The new Agha took the command of the Spahis, and had to exert a somewhat extensive authority over the Arab tribes of the Metija. He had the reputation of eccentricity. The manners and customs of the country suited his taste; he let his beard grow, shaved his hair, wore a turban, and a rich attire of Moorish cut. Though aping the

manners of the natives in such external ways, he did not become familiar with them; the Hajutes scoffed at his grotesque appearance, and disowned him when he interfered in the internal affairs of their tribe. A theft of cattle was committed in the Sahel, and the blame was laid upon the Hajutes. The opportunity was eagerly seized of again exchanging some bullets with the Bedouins, and a column, under the command of General Rapatel, was sent to chastise the offending tribe. But the Arabs had been on their guard, and retreated with their tents, wives, and herds, to the forest of Khorasa. General Rapatel found only a few empty huts, which he destroyed; but the Hajutes now continued their depredations and incursions with increasing boldness up to the peace of the Tafna, and all the expeditions against them remained without result.

In the interior, the power of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, who, since he had concluded peace with the French, could turn all his forces against his rivals, rose in a most alarming degree. He forced successively all the tribes of the left bank of the Shelif and of the plain of Ceirat to acknowledge his supremacy, and to pay him the ashur (a tribute paid in raw produce). The Beni-Ammer, one of the most powerful tribes of the province, refused to pay this tax. Abd-el-Kader, before employing force against them, took advantage of the occasional presence of some of their Sheikhs in Mascara, and delivered such a pious, fiery, and persuasive sermon from the pulpit of the great mosque, that those chiefs were won to him, and with them all their tribe. The most important rival of Abd-el-Kader was now Mustapha-Ben-Ismael, a powerful old man, who had been Agha of the province under the Bey of Oran, and who retained his influence as Arab chief even after the expulsion of the janissaries. The growing jealousy between the old warrior and the young Marabut came to a bloody outbreak. Mustapha surprised the camp of Abd-el-Kader, defeated and dispersed his troops, and nearly slew his enemy. The Emir had two horses killed under him, and, for his ultimate rescue, he had to thank the assistance of his cousin, a most power-

ful man, who carried him off from the fight, and lent his own horse to the wounded chief. Mustapha wished now to come to terms with the French; but they refused, since they were bound to Abd-el-Kader by Desmichels' treaty. The triumph of Mustapha lasted, therefore, but for a short time; in a second battle he was defeated, and had to implore the mercy of the young victor, which was granted to him. After that victory, Abd-el-Kader, who was supplied by General Desmichels with muskets, turned against the Angads, and took their chief, El-Gomary, prisoner. But now a mighty chief of the Sahara, Mussa-el-Darkui, came with a large army of horsemen, and announced that Allah had called him from his sandy regions in order to throw the intruding infidels into the sea, and to cut off by sword and torch all their friends and allies, especially the son of Mahiddin. This fanatical desert-chief found numerous adherents: all the adventurers fond of plunder, and the enthusiasts of the tribes through whose territory he passed, joined his host. At the tidings of Mussa's approach, Abd-el-Kader advanced to the Shelif, subdued the important tribe of the Flitas, which, led by the Emir's own brother, had revolted against him, and halted on the left bank of the river, remembering the threats of the French Commander-in-Chief, who had announced that the crossing of the Shelif, which was the acknowledged boundary of Abd-el-Kader's territory, would be taken for a declaration of war. The ambitious young chief seemed to hesitate, and to ponder over the grave results of a breach with the French, how far they might affect his contested and not yet firmly established power. But when he heard that Mussa-el-Darkui had triumphantly entered Medeah, the approaching danger overcame all other considerations; he crossed the Shelif, and occupied the city of Miliana, where the people received him with joyful enthusiasm, and the late Agha of the French (under Berthezène), El-Haji-Mahiddin-Ben-Mubarek, and Mohammed-el-Barkani, late Kaid of Shershel, entered into his service. Abd-el-Kader proceeded from Miliana onward to meet the army of Mussa, who advanced from Medeah. The two enemies met at the farm named Amura, in

the territory of the Summata. The battle lasted long without results. The ragged Bedouins of the Sahara and the cavalry of the Emir wheeled long round one another, yelling like birds of prey which show their claws before they come to a serious fight. Abd-el-Kader had a more numerous infantry than his enemy, and even some cannon which he had got from Desmichels: these decided the defeat of Mussa. The sunburnt horsemen of the Sahara, who never had witnessed the effect of artillery, dispersed at the thunder, and could not be rallied again. The Chief of the Desert fled with a few followers to his sandy home, pursued and harassed by the horsemen of Abd-el-Kader, and they never attempted to return. Mussa's baggage and wives fell into the hands of the victor; but Abd-el-Kader treated the females with respect, and generously sent them back to his defeated enemy. The reception of the Emir at Medeah was as enthusiastic as at Miliana. Tribute was everywhere readily paid to him, because the tribes trusted that he would maintain peace and order. Mohammed-el-Barkani was appointed Bey of Miliana.

After the defeat of Mussa, no rival rose any more against the Marabut of the Hashems. All the cities and tribes of the provinces of Oran and of Titteri gave him the title of Sultan; the more remote tribes sent ambassadors and presents. He had now an easy game. His most dangerous trials were during the time when the religious fanaticism of the Arabs, the basis of his power, was likely to be turned against him,—when his rivals decried him as a friend of the infidels, and summoned the enthusiasts in the name of the Prophet and of the Koran to defection and to his destruction. It was then that Abd-el-Kader's genius displayed itself. A less resolute chief would have hastened to break the peace with the French, and to preach once more the holy war, in order to turn the fanaticism of the masses to his own account, and thus conjure up the storm which inevitably would have destroyed any less energetic and less cunning leader. But Abd-el-Kader possessed in the highest degree that strong confidence in himself which always accompanies genius. The outcry of blind fanatics

did not disconcert him; he fronted the most dangerous crisis he ever had to meet, since his accession to power, with courage and resolution, and overcame all dangers with such constant good fortune, as could not fail to make the deepest impression on a people which attributes all greatness to the special favour of God. They were reminded of the prophecy of the dervish of Mecca. Moreover, the Emir had probably whispered to the most influential Sheikhs and Marabuts that his peace with the Christians was false play, and that, as soon as all the tribes had joined him, he would turn his arms against the intruding foreigners, being called by Allah to save Islam in Africa, and to restore a great Arab empire.

The resolution which Abd-el-Kader showed in the interior was in just proportion to the cunning and craft he displayed in his dealings with the French. He carried on his intercourse with Count Drouet d'Erlon by the Jew Ben-Durand, an uncommonly sly diplomatist, who spoke French with facility, and knew how to treat Frenchmen. This intriguer succeeded so completely in getting the confidence of the old Governor, that he was invited to his table, and accompanied him in his drives through the town and its neighbourhood. Ben-Durand tried to persuade the Governor that Abd-el-Kader was intent in preparing the tribes of the interior for the direct sway of the French, by establishing the affairs of the Arabs on a European footing, and so paving the way for civilization. The old Count was deceived; and, far from enforcing his treaty against Abd-el-Kader as to the crossing of the Shelif, he sent an officer of his staff to compliment the Emir on his success, sending him even presents, which of course were received as tribute.

Whilst the weak Governor-General did not see the dangers of a union of the tribes under the sway of a native prince, the Commander of Oran took a course just contrary to that of his superior, by trying to detach the more important chiefs from the cause of the Emir. General Trezel had succeeded to the command of Desmichels, and he began immediately to carry on negotiations with the most influential Sheikhs of the Duairs and

Zmelas, who lived close to Oran, until he succeeded in persuading them to abandon the Emir. Abd-el-Kader, informed of those proceedings, sent one of his Aghas with some troops towards Oran, in order to force the Duairs and Zmelas to strike their tents, and to carry them away into the interior, where they could not come into contact with the French. Those tribes now hastily sent ambassadors to the French General, and claimed protection against the persecution of Abd-el-Kader. Trezel, a man of energy, immediately gathered all his troops, and started with them on the 16th of June from Oran; proceeding about twenty miles to the south in order to cover the territory of the tribes. The Agha of the Emir retreated at the approach of the French, and General Trezel advanced now to the plain of Tlelat. He concluded here a formal treaty with the Duairs and Zmelas, according to which these tribes entered the service of France. Trezel now wrote a threatening letter to Abd-el-Kader, requiring him to give up his pretensions of suzerainty over the tribes who had recognized French sovereignty. The Arab chief answered that his religion forbade him to leave Mussulmans under the sway of infidels, and that he was determined to pursue the rebel tribes up to the walls of Oran. At the same time he claimed his Vakil (representative) from Oran, in return for the French Consul in Mascara. This amounted of course to a declaration of war, and the passionate Trezel advanced immediately to the banks of the Sig. Though he had not sufficient provisions for more than a few days, yet he proceeded to attack Abd-el-Kader, who was encamped there with his troops, and had issued proclamations to all the faithful for the war against the infidels. The first engagement took place in the wood of Muley-Ismael, half way between Oran and Mascara. The battle was contested with great exasperation on both sides: the skirmishers fought from bush to bush. At last the Arabs were dislodged from the wood; but the French suffered severe loss. Colonel Oudinot, who commanded the French cavalry, fell, and his corpse was with difficulty saved from the hands of the enemy. The chief of Abd-el-Kader's

cavalry, his Khalifa, was likewise slain, and the Arabs disappeared. The small French army halted for a short time on the banks of the Sig; but General Trezel had likewise to retreat from want of provisions, and from the difficulty of transporting the wounded. He took the direction of Arzew. But when his weary troops had reached the banks of the streamlet Makta, they were suddenly attacked by the whole force of Abd-el-Kader, who had gathered an army of twenty thousand horsemen. The French columns were thrown into confusion; several companies who had to occupy the hills flanking the way were pushed back by the Arabs; a panic seized the Foreign Legion; one of its battalions behaved with cowardice, shouting "*Sauve qui peut!*" and threw itself, fleeing, on the other battalion, augmenting the confusion dreadfully. The other battalion fought bravely, but it was composed of soldiers of all nations,—Poles, Germans, Dutch, and Spaniards, and commanded by French officers whom they did not understand; they knew only the words of command: it was in vain to appeal to their soldiers' heart, and try to kindle enthusiasm. The fine speeches of the officers discouraged them rather by reminding them of their danger: the waggons in which the wounded were transported stuck in the swamps of the Makta; the waggoners, in fear of the enemy, had the cowardice to cut the traces and escape on the horses, leaving their unhappy comrades to the yatagan of the Bedouins. One waggon only, with twenty wounded, was saved, since the serjeant who commanded it threatened to shoot any waggoner who should dare to forsake his wounded comrades; and so it was rescued from the swamp in spite of the bullets of the enemy. The confusion had in the meantime seized all the other corps, officers and soldiers: no order was obeyed: the yelling of the attacking Arabs, and the cries of distress uttered by the pursued, drowned the voice of the commanders. Companies and battalions, following the instinct of self-preservation, fled on the way to Arzew. The author has heard the defeat on the Makta described by several eye-witnesses. There were amongst them men who (as for instance

the Commander Saint Fargeau) had been present at the greatest battles of the Empire, at Lützen, Dresden, and Leipzig. All these officers unanimously affirmed, that in spite of powder, smoke, and roaring of cannon, those great battles were by far less dreadful than the scenes on the Makta, where the wounded knew that they were pursued by an enemy who had no mercy. They ran with bleeding wounds as long as their strength supported them, and when the loss of blood forced them to stop, they entreated their comrades to kill them, that they might not be exposed to the cruelty of the pursuing savages. Some began to sing the *Marseillaise*, others prayed; shouts of courage and despair, war-hymns and prayers, filled the air. In such a desperate position, the army was saved only by the energetic self-sacrifice of a small number of resolute men who had not lost their presence of mind, and who voluntarily formed the rear-guard, continually repulsing the attack of the enemy. It was principally the mounted rifles (*Chasseurs d'Afrique*) who, though at last reduced to some forty men, constantly attacked the pursuing enemy and slackened the pursuit. They had in Captain Bernard a heroic leader. About forty or fifty officers and soldiers of the corps joined them voluntarily: but for this handful of heroes, all the column would have been destroyed. At last they reached Arzew, where, ashamed of their defeat, they rallied again. Their loss was about five hundred dead; but the moral influence of the event was beyond calculation. The natives ceased to believe the French invincible even in pitched battles; and all the tribes turned to the young Emir, who displayed five hundred French heads, one cannon, and the camp-baggage, as trophies of his victory. The ill-fated Trezel, who had given evidence of his great personal bravery and great incapacity for command, was removed. But public indignation in France turned justly against the Governor of Algiers, whose weakness and indulgence had given such power to Abd-el-Kader, and had caused the defeat on the Makta. Drouet d'Erlon was accordingly replaced by Marshal Clauzel, whose appointment caused no small satisfaction among the Euro-

pean settlers in Algeria, as by his first administration he was known as the most fervid defender of the African settlement.

The very day of the arrival of Marshal Clauzel in Algiers (10th of August 1835), the cholera broke out, and raged for a whole month with the most dreadful violence. The mortality was greater amongst the natives than amongst the Europeans; yet there died about 1600 men of the French army. The great expeditions which the Marshal had planned, were for the moment stopped. In the meantime, troops and material of war were sent from Toulon to Oran, since the French Government wished, as soon as possible, to efface the bad impression which the defeat on the Makta had produced both in France and in Algeria. On the 26th of November 1835, an army of 11,000 men undertook the march from Oran to Mascara. Marshal Clauzel had the command; the Generals Oudinot, Perregaux, and d'Arlanges, served under him. The Prince of Orleans accompanied them. Abd-el-Kader's resistance to that small but picked army, which was sufficiently provided in every way, was much slighter than expected. The expedition to Mascara was one of the most successful feats of the French arms. Marshal Clauzel commanded with so great a skill that even his personal enemies in the army were delighted. All the march by the plain of the Sig, where the Marshal induced the Arabs to believe that he was taking the direction towards Mostagenem, was a series of admirable manœuvres, displaying both the talent of the commander and the excellent drilling of the army. This campaign was in every respect most instructive for the younger officers of the army, as even Pellissier, the fiercest opponent of the Marshal, avows. The Arabs made some resistance on the Sig and Habrah. They obstinately defended themselves behind the sepulchral temples of the Marabuts of the family of Sidi-Mubarek. But they were driven from every position. Abd-el-Kader here, for the first time, made use of his artillery against the French; but he kept it at so great a distance as to be of no avail. The Duke of Orleans did not command any one brigade, but as a volunteer he went to all the

points where the fight was hottest, and received even a slight wound in the thigh. In bivouac he mingled with the soldiers, entered into conversation with them, and amused himself with their chat around the camp-fire. Whoever is unacquainted with the susceptibility, the power of invention, and the humour of the French soldier, can have no idea of the originality of the bivouac scenes and camp-life in Africa.

On the 6th of December, the vanguard of the French army entered Mascara. All the Mussulman population had left the town; the Jews alone remained. The bands of Abd-el-Kader, who had plundered Mascara before the French entered the city, committed the greatest outrages against those poor people. Females were violated, men ill-treated, and these horrors did not cease even when the vanguard of the French, which was composed of Zuaves, had arrived; for, as the soldiers, greedy for plunder, did not find the hoped-for treasures, they gave vent to the anger of their deluded expectations on the poor Jews with shameful brutality, which the officers could not immediately stop. The arrival of the staff put an end to the outrages. Marshal Clauzel and the Duke of Orleans took possession of the palace of Abd-el-Kader, whilst the army remained outside in camp. A proposal was made to Ibrahim, late Commander of Mostagenem, to remain in Mascara with the Duairs, Zmelas, and a few Turkish regulars. But the chief saw too clearly that without the aid of French troops he could not maintain himself in the interior. He therefore declined the proposal, and declared that he would rather return with the army. Marshal Clauzel thereupon resolved to evacuate and to destroy Mascara. In order to justify this singular resolution, he described Mascara in his official report as an insignificant position, not worthy to be erected into a Beylik. This representation was eminently untrue, and the Marshal could not have expressed his military conviction sincerely, since Mascara is, according to all the most instructed officers, the most important point in the province of Oran. Whoever occupies that city with a garrison strong enough to make excursions, holds sway over the

two largest and most fertile pasture grounds of the province, namely, the plains of Egghres and Ceirat, north and south of Mascara. The numerous tribes inhabiting them would not easily be induced to leave their dwellings, where the fields are so fruitful, and the herds find green pasture the whole year through. They would first retire, but soon negotiate with the lord of Mascara, and, after all, submit to the power which threatens them from the immediate vicinity. Besides, Abd-el-Kader's power was centred in Mascara. Here lay the nucleus of his force; the other tribes joined him only because he was the mightiest of the chiefs. Close to Mascara extends the territory of the Hashems, the tribe to which he belonged, in which his Marabut family had always exercised the greatest influence. The hermitage of Sidi-Mahiddin, and Kashruh, the cemetery of Abd-el-Kader's ancestors, both sacred places which attract the pilgrims, are in the neighbourhood of Mascara. These points once firmly grasped in the hands of the Christians, the religious influence of the young Marabut would soon have been gone. Men who had a deeper insight into the relations of the province of Oran than the Marshal, and especially the French officers who, as Captain Daumas and Colonel Mauzion, had lived in Mascara, knew perfectly well the high importance of that city, which was underrated by Clauzel, either from blundering superficiality, or some other unknown reason.

On the 9th of December, the French army retreated. Mascara was to be destroyed, but the stone houses resisted the flames, and a sudden rain quenched the fire on the few points where it had begun to spread. Only the palace of Abd-el-Kader and the gates of the city were demolished; the other buildings, though injured and defiled by the soldiers, were, immediately after the evacuation, again taken possession of by the returning inhabitants. The Emir, after the capture of Mascara, had remained nearly alone in Kashruh, at the tombs of his ancestors. All the tribes, even the Hashems, had forsaken him, under the impression that the French were to remain in Mascara. But the Arabs took the retreat for an evidence of weakness, and Abd-el-Kader, not disheartened by the

defeat, soon regained all his former power so much the more easily, as he turned the expedition of Marshal Clauzel against Tlemsan to his own advantage.

That expedition was undertaken at the urgent entreaties of the Turks and Kuruglis, who were besieged by the Arabs in the citadel (Meshuar) of Tlemsan. Already for a whole year these gallant fellows had been shut up in the small fort, and the old Mustapha-ben-Ismael, the restless enemy of the Emir, succeeded in keeping up the courage of the garrison. The Angads tried to relieve the citadel, but Abd-el-Kader hastened to reinforce the besiegers, and compelled the Angads to retreat to their wild steppes. On the 8th of January 1836, Marshal Clauzel marched with a small army of seven thousand five hundred men to Tlemsan. He arrived there without any fight; the besiegers dispersed before him, and the besieged garrison, with the venerable Mustapha-ben-Ismael at their head, hailed them with enthusiasm. The majestic frame of Mustapha, and his energetic character, delineated in his features, made a most favourable impression, and the Marshal appointed him Kaid of the Duairs and Zmelas. The old chief served the French ever afterwards with zeal and fidelity, and his services were acknowledged by his promotion to the rank and pay of a general.

The Moorish population of Tlemsan had been forced by Abd-el-Kader to emigrate; but the French, while reconnoitering round the city, fell in with the majority of them; the Arabs of the Emir, who had to escort them, were dispersed by the renegade Yussuf; after which the Moors were brought back. Abd-el-Kader held now scarcely more than one thousand horsemen in his service. The Arabs had lost their confidence in him. But Marshal Clauzel undertook an expedition from Tlemsan towards the Tafna, and the powerful and numerous Kabyles on the banks of this river, a most warlike and fanatical race, suddenly took the side of the Emir. Their tribes lived in continual feuds: their Sheikhs (amongst whom Buhamedi was the most influential) were jealous of one another. Threatened by the enemy, they desired to unite; but rather than give pre-eminence to any of themselves, they called

upon Abd-el-Kader, the stranger, to be their chief against the French. The scheme of the Marshal to advance to the mouth of the river was defeated by the gallant resistance of the Kabyles; the loss was considerable on both sides; old Mustapha had fought like a lion with his Turks and Kuruglis; but the horsemen of Abd-el-Kader were likewise brave, and their young chief was seen on his black steed wherever the danger was greatest. The French army was forced to return to Tlemsan, and Abd-el-Kader had regained his prestige.

At the outset, the Marshal had only intended to relieve the garrison of Tlemsan; but when he perceived the superiority of the site of this place, in one of the most fertile plains of Barbary, where the soil shows such exuberant vegetation as remains unsurpassed in any other district of the Regency, he resolved upon leaving a French garrison in the Meshuar. One battalion, under the command of Captain Cavaignac, took possession of the citadel. The army left Tlemsan on the 7th of February, returning by a different way to Oran, and skirmishing continually with the horsemen of Abd-el-Kader, who followed at their heels.

This second expedition of the Marshal remained likewise without the results hoped for. The garrison of Tlemsan, not being strong enough to undertake expeditions round the city, was soon blockaded, and became short of victuals; and Abd-el-Kader returned to Mascara more powerful than ever. He had got new allies,—the Kabyles on the Tafna, who had acknowledged him as their leader; and the Angad, who, hurt by the haughty reception which their envoys had met from the Marshal, likewise submitted to the Emir. Many Kabyles took service in the infantry of Abd-el-Kader, and accompanied him back to Mascara. When he arrived at his capital, reinforced by such powerful allies, all the tribes who had forsaken him after the capture of the city, returned suing for pardon and amnesty. Abd-el-Kader granted them forgiveness, and had not a single man executed, though the Hashems themselves had formerly requested the Emir to have the most guilty of their tribe beheaded.

Marshal Clauzel left the province of Oran for Paris in order to be present in the Chamber of Deputies during the discussion of the affairs of Algeria. The Generals Perregeaux and d'Arlanges made several expeditions in his absence in accordance with his orders, but they remained just as void of results as the expeditions to Mascara and Tlemsan. On the whole, no administration had wasted so much powder as that of the Marshal. It seemed as if this general took Africa for a camp of exercise for the French army. Perhaps he attempted so many expeditions in order to retain his post, as being well aware that with his nation he must become popular by bulletins of conquests and victories, even although the condition of the Regency should become worse by the system, and colonization not proceed at all. General Perregeaux extended his operations to the banks of the Shelif and Habrah, whilst General d'Arlanges went by sea to the mouth of the Tafna, where he established a camp. On one of his reconnoiterings in the direction of Tlemsan, his column met with severe loss; it was only with extreme difficulty that he could reach the camp. Surrounded by from eight to ten thousand Kabyles, led by Buhamedi, the French, who were not more than eighteen hundred men, were nearly crushed. The Kabyles of the Tafna fought as desperately as the tribes near Bujia; they often advanced up to the mouth of the cannon, and the yatagan constantly crossed the sabre. The French left above three hundred dead on the battle-field, their camp was surrounded, and General d'Arlanges had to send a boat speedily to Oran to announce his critical position.

When the tidings of this defeat reached France, it was determined to send General Bugeaud with reinforcements to Oran. He landed on the 6th of June 1836, with three regiments, at the mouth of the Tafna, released the besieged garrison of the camp, and proceeded to Tlemsan. The battalion which had been left in the citadel of that place under the command of the gallant Cavaignac, had maintained itself against all the attacks of the Arabs, and was bravely supported by the Kuruglis. The column of General Bugeaud, accompanied by three hundred and fifty camels,

carried provisions for the garrison of the citadel. On the 6th of July, Abd-el-Kader, who had lately established his head-quarters at Nedruma, a small town close to the Moroccan frontier, and had gathered a few thousand Amazighs (Kabyles of Morroco) under his banner, attacked the long marching line of the French in a narrow valley bisected by the river Sikak. The Arab horsemen pounced upon the vanguard, whilst Abd-el-Kader attacked the flank with his Kabyle infantry. But General Bugeaud succeeded by a skilful manœuvre in cutting off one part of the infantry. The horsemen who had to support it were repulsed by the French cavalry, and the Kabyles were soon defeated and dispersed in all directions, seeking refuge behind the rocks and in the bushes. Two hundred corpses and six hundred muskets lay on the battle-field, and one hundred and thirty prisoners and six flags were the trophies of the victory. Abd-el-Kader, who was always in the foremost ranks fighting like a common soldier, had a hair-breadth escape; his horse was killed under him; he fell on the ground and escaped death, only because he was clad as all other Arabs, and therefore was not recognised by the French. On the 12th, Bugeaud left Tlemsan, after having left provisions with the garrison, and returned to Oran unmolested by the Emir. And yet this victory again remained without results; not one tribe was won over, and the confidence of the Arabs and Kabyles in Abd-el-Kader continued unshaken.

In the meantime, the provinces of Constantine and Algiers were little disturbed. It was only the robber-tribe of the Hajutes which continued its forays in the country on the right bank of the Chiffa, and could not be subdued. General Rapatel crossed the defile of Teniah-el-Musaiah, and introduced a Bey, appointed by Marshal Clauzel to Medeah. But the new Bey could not maintain himself; three days after the retreat of the French columns, he was captured, bound by the partisans of Abd-el-Kader, and sent to the Emir.

Ahmet-Bey remained quiet in Constantine, his capital. With the exception of the tribes in the vicinity of Bona, all the pro-

vince obeyed him; he continued the old system; his cruelty paralyzed the Arabs by terror, but he did not gain their affection. On the whole, he was on good terms with Abd-el-Kader, as both were fighting against the enemy of the faith; but they did not give one another mutual aid: they were secretly jealous of each other, so much the more as Ahmet was a Kurugli continuing the traditional Turkish policy, whilst the Arab Emir destroyed every trace of the late domination of the janissaries. Both attacked the French with all their power, and with the fanaticism of the people; but both with the intention of struggling against one another for the sovereignty of Algiers, as soon as the French were expelled. Ahmet-Bey's greatest support lay likewise among the Kabyles, among the tribes south of Bujia, between the Rivers Wad Ajebbi and Summan. These mountaineers were free from taxes, and lent their aid to the Bey, exclusively against the Christians. The Mezzaia, near Bujia, were noted for their violent fanaticism. They often attacked the city with the greatest determination, though the cannon and howitzers of the French made terrible havoc amongst them. The fortified block-houses, Salem and Kliffa, near Bujia, were once attacked at night by twelve thousand Kabyles, and nearly overpowered, since the garrison of the city were too weak to support them by a sally. Yet the Kabyles were repulsed, and retreated with no small loss. When the mountaineers saw that their attacks remained without result, they planned an act of treachery against the French commander, Salomon-de-Musis. Sheikh Amisian, the chief of the Ulad-abd-el-Jebar, sent envoys to that officer, apparently in order to negotiate about the submission of his tribe. The Commander eagerly seized this opportunity to enter at last on peaceable intercourse with the wild inhabitants of the Atlas, and spurned the warnings of the few of his friends who were aware of Kabyle treachery. On the 4th of August, Amisian, accompanied by some twenty horsemen, came from the mountains to the interview, for which he had appointed a place on the sea-shore, about two hundred yards beyond the most advanced trenches. The French dragoman, Taboni,

approached the chief, whilst Captain Blangini, with the *Compagnie Franche*, remained on guard a few yards behind them. Amisian greeted Salomon-de-Musis with polite words and friendly hand-shaking; but suddenly the Kabyle horsemen surrounded the French commander, and shot him and the dragoman dead: the *Compagnie Franche* hastened forward, but could neither prevent nor revenge the murder of the unhappy officer; the murderers had galloped off out of musket reach, laughing and insulting the French. Amisian, the treacherous Sheikh, remained ever afterwards highly respected by the Kabyles; the French could not chastise him.

After a long stay at Paris, Marshal Clauzel returned to Algiers towards the end of August. He had laid a complete plan of conquest before his Government, according to which all the cities and all strategical points of the interior were to be occupied by French troops, whilst flying columns were to maintain the communications between them. Such a system would have prevented the Emir of Mascara and the Bey of Constantine from building magazines and powder-mills, and both chieftains would have lost the possibility of concentrating large masses of troops, as for that purpose they always had needed some populous centre. It was much the same plan as had formerly been advised by Cavaignac and Pellissier, and which afterwards was carried out by Bugeaud. But for such a system of conquest, an army of from eighty to one hundred thousand men was necessary, implying a budget of sixty million francs, and neither the Cabinet nor the Chambers were disposed to such a sacrifice. Marshal Clauzel, however, was imprudent enough to try this system, though the means for carrying it were not granted to him, and therefore a complete failure could not but be foreseen. The new military operations were begun in the eastern province, which until now had been neglected, though its conquest was easier, and promised to be more advantageous than that of the western country.

On the 7th of November, the army left Bona, with the view of capturing Constantine. Marshal Clauzel took the command in

person. Captain Yussuf, who was appointed Bey of Constantine in the place of Ahmet, led the Spahis and Arab auxiliaries; but instead of the thousands of horsemen promised by Farhad, only a few hundred Saharians appeared. The rashness of Yussuf had alienated the tribes in the vicinity of Bona: they went over to Ahmet. General Rigny commanded the vanguard, and took, on the 10th, possession of the ruins of Calama (Ghelma), whilst the main army slowly followed. The Duc de Nemours accompanied the Marshal as volunteer, and participated in all the trials and dangers of the army, which was only seven thousand strong.

On their progress to Constantine, they did not meet any other obstacles than those of the weather and soil. The rain poured down in torrents, and none of the roads had a firm bottom; the few camp-fires, in a country destitute of timber, were extinguished by the wet; the waggons which carried the provisions stuck in the mud, and had to be abandoned.

The army arrived before Constantine in a most pitiful condition. Frequent suicides gave evidence of the sufferings of the soldiers. Some of them, exhausted by the march, lay down, refusing to follow the column, and chose apathetically to await death from the yatagan of Bedouin marauders rather than proceed onwards. Yet the opinion prevailed that Constantine would not offer any more resistance than Mascara or Tlemsan. When at last the city was in sight from the plateau of El-Mansurah, every one of the weary soldiers selected with his eyes the house which he was to occupy, and was glad to have the prospect of a dry bed after eight wet and severely cold nights in the mountains. But suddenly the red flag was reared on the "gate of the bridge," and the batteries of the citadel opened their fire against the plateau. The Marshal tried now to capture the city by a sudden storm. The first attack took place under the eyes of the commander on the Roman bridge, whilst two brigades crossed the river Rummel and attacked Constantine from the east, where the city is connected with the mountain Kudiat-Ali by a natural dyke, its most vulnerable point. But both attacks failed in spite of the heroic exer-

tions of the French, because they were without heavy artillery. They had brought with them nothing but six-pounders, which did not avail against massive walls and iron gates. The Marshal was soon satisfied that success was impossible, and resolved to retreat; and though eagerly pursued and pressed by the enemy, he did it in a masterly way, and with far less loss than could have been expected. Yet the retreating army offered the most doleful sight. The soldiers, exhausted by fights, marches, and the unceasing rain, lived for several days on unground corn boiled in water; and those were deemed happy who succeeded in carrying off the food of jackals and carrion-birds, the carcasses of dead horses. In this pitiful condition, the small army reached Ghelma again, where the invalids were left under the protection of a few companies and the command of Colonel Duvivier. The main army continued the march to Bona; half of the soldiers had to enter the hospitals, and fevers and dysentery made more serious ravages amongst them than the bullets of the Bedouins. Marshal Clauzel was soon after summoned to Paris to defend his conduct in the Chambers. On the 12th of February 1837, the *Moniteur* announced his dismissal. In Algiers, nobody bewailed his departure except a few of his personal friends. Of all his splendid promises which he had trumpeted in high-flown proclamations, not one was fulfilled. "In three months," he had often said, "the Hajutes shall have ceased to exist;" but at his departure this tribe was more powerful than ever, reinforced, as it was, by bands of robbers infesting the immediate neighbourhood of Algiers. Abd-el-Kader, whom the Marshal had several times officially declared to have fled to the Desert to hide his shame, was now blockading the French garrisons in Tlemsan and in the camp on the Tafna, and his horsemen scoured the country up to the gates of Oran. Colonization had made no progress under Clauzel. Always occupied by warlike schemes, he had neither time nor will to do more for agriculture than to prophesy a most happy future for it. He had acquired extensive landed property around Algiers, but he had not cultivated it himself, as the French

expected him to do: he let it to farmers in the English way, which is unpopular among the French. The Algiers people charged him with rapacity and avarice, and tales were current about extortions and general corruption. Many of these charges may probably be exaggerated, or even altogether fictitious; yet it is certain that the population fully credited them. Not one voice was raised from Algiers for the defence of the Marshal; and never had the position of the colony been more desperate than after his ill-fated expedition against Constantine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF GENERAL DAMRÉMONT, AND THE EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINE.

THE successor of Marshal Clauzel was Lieutenant-General Count Denys de Damrémont, already honourably known in Algiers. He had in 1830 commanded a brigade under Bourmont, and taken active part in all the fights against Turks and Arabs up to the surrender of Algiers. The command of the first expedition against Bona was confided to him; he had occupied the city without any loss, and had gained the love and attachment of the inhabitants during his short stay, by the mildness of his temper, his justice, and the severe discipline he maintained in his army. When, a few days after the occupation, the city was attacked by the Arabs, Damrémont made a gallant resistance, and inflicted no small loss on the enemy. On receipt of the tidings of the July Revolution, Bourmont recalled the brigade of Damrémont from Bona. The General was sent to France, and from that time had no command in Africa.

Damrémont arrived at Algiers on the 3d of April 1837, and one of his first measures was the re-establishment of the *Bureau Arabe*, with more extensive power than before. It had to carry

on direct correspondence with all the Arab chieftains who wished to come into communication with the French. The chairman of this Board was Captain Pellissier—an officer of distinction, and of the highest character, though little popular with the European colonists for his obstinate advocacy of native rights, and a predilection for the Arabs which really amounted to weakness. His hobby was the amalgamation of the French and Arabs; he imagined that the difficulties might be overcome which stand in the way of such an amalgamation, because he viewed only the bright features of the Arab character; and when a long intercourse with this people might have given him a different view, his obstinacy forbade him avow the delusion under which he had been labouring. But to the new Governor-General Captain Pellissier was principally recommended by a series of attacks, published by him against the administration of Marshal Clauzel in the "*National*" of Paris. General Damrémont wished to amend the blunders of his predecessor, and was pleased with the views of the captain.

A few weeks after the arrival of the Governor-General, Abd-el-Kader made an expedition from Mascara, in order to visit the tribes not yet subjected to him. He approached the city of Shershel, and the Kabyle tribe of the Beni-Menasser, claiming a tribute as recognition of his sovereignty. The population of Shershel submitted; but the Beni-Menasser refused tribute and submission, though they pledged their friendship and aid against the French to the Emir. As that tribe inhabits a mountainous country, and is very warlike, Abd-el-Kader remained satisfied with their declaration, proceeded farther into the province of Titteri, and entered Medeah triumphantly on the 22d of April. His emissaries came down from the Atlas, preached war against the Christians, and incited the tribes of the Metija to revolt against the French. Even the city of Belida—though only at three hours' distance from the French outposts, and the Beni-Khalil, whose encampments were placed under the cannon of the camp of Buffarik—secretly sent envoys to the Emir, and paid the tribute

claimed. Such was the influence of Abd-el-Kader, even over the tribes allied with France.

In consequence of such proceedings, General Damrémont concentrated six thousand men at Buffarik in order to occupy Belida, and to frighten the tribes of the Metija into complete submission. On the 28th of April, he made a reconnoitre in the mountains, and tried to pacify the Hajutes and Beni-Salah by negotiations; but he found them ready for resistance. The Governor had sent Captain Pellissier with a dragoman to them. But the French envoys were received with bullets and narrowly escaped with life. Next day Damrémont marched against Belida; and two brigades having surrounded the city, defence became impossible: he entered it with his staff, but the inhabitants had fled. On the mountains, the Beni-Salah made some resistance: they were, however, hunted from peak to peak by the Zuaves, and their encampments were burned down. The plan of occupying Belida permanently was given up by Damrémont, on the report of the engineers' corps that it would be impossible to fortify the place without destroying the beautiful orange-groves around the city.

A few weeks later, another Kabyle tribe made an incursion into the east of the Metija. The Amrauahs attacked Reghaia, the pretty farm of M. Mercier, the most important European plantation in the vicinity of Algiers. The cattle of the colonist was driven off: some of his servants were slain. The Governor immediately despatched Colonel Schauenburg with the mounted rifles and Spahis, and some infantry, against the Beni-Isser, though they had not themselves taken part in the attack, but had permitted the horsemen of the Amrauahs to pass through their territory. The guilty tribe was too far off to be chastised; revenge was therefore to be taken on the more proximate people of the Isser for conniving with the trespassers. Whilst Colonel Schauenburg advanced eastwards, and chased before him the frightened Arabs in the direction of the river Isser, General Perregeaux was ordered to land on the mouth of the river with two battalions to cut off the retreat of the flying tribe. But a sudden storm pre-

vented the landing, and Colonel Schauenburg's column remained alone in the struggle. He had advanced too far. Ben-Zamun and the Kabyles of the Jurjura mountain had come to the aid of the Beni-Isser, and the Amrauah horsemen had likewise arrived. They defeated the Aribes, the auxiliaries of the French; and the colonel had to retreat, after a brilliant fight, in which many of the Arabs were killed. It became now necessary to enforce respect on the mountaineers; trenches were therefore raised on the left bank of the river Buduau, and a garrison left in the camp. The Kabyles, thus exposed to a sudden French irruption, were determined to expel their enemy from that aggressive position. On the 25th of May, five thousand mountaineers made an attack on the French camp, which was defended only by one thousand men and two field-pieces. The fight was obstinate and murderous; the Arab village of Buduau was first taken by the Kabyles, and stormed again by the French. The enemy left the scene of battle, only in the dusk carrying away their dead; but above one hundred corpses remained on the field, as the Kabyles were unable to carry them all off. The French took now to the offensive: they marched into the territory of the Isser: the tribe made its submission, and promised to make good the loss of M. Mercier. But the colonist never saw this indemnification: he got some lean bulls in place of his hundreds of fattened cows and sheep, and it was reported that even those were not furnished by the Isser, but had been bought by the secret service-money. General Damrémont lacked the energy of remaining consistent in the course he had taken.

General Bugeaud had, in the meantime, taken the command of nine thousand men in the province of Oran, in order to fight Abd-el-Kader, and to induce him to pacification by the display of an imposing army. The principal aim of the French was to avenge the failure at Constantine; it became, therefore, important to get rid of the Emir as soon as possible, in order to have all the forces at their disposal against Ahmet-Bey. On the 15th of May, the army, carrying provisions for forty days, marched to

Tlemsan, left the necessary powder to the blockaded garrison, and proceeded towards the Tafna. The hostile army was not visible; a few horsemen exchanged shots with the Arab auxiliaries of the French,—the Duairs and Zmelas, who were commanded by the venerable Mustapha-ben-Ismael, that bitter enemy of Abd-el-Kader. He had no more ardent desire than to engage the Emir, who remained with his troops at a certain distance, in order not to prevent negotiations by premature hostilities. Diplomatic transactions had been initiated already by Marshal Clauzel, but had not led to any result, the pretensions being, on both sides, overstrained. Bugeaud resumed negotiations once more, and made use of the services of the Jew Ben-Durand, the confidential man of the Emir, who knew how to ingratiate himself with the French generals. But as all the messages to and fro did not advance the agreement, Bugeaud, suspicious of the greedy Jew, selected another negotiator in the person of the Moor, Sidi-Hamadi-ben-Seal. The difficulties were,—first, the supremacy over the province of Titteri, claimed by Abd-el-Kader, whilst the French Government had designated the Shelif as his boundary on the east. General Bugeaud, accustomed to act independently, conceded this first pretension to the Emir. The instructions of the minister-at-war to Bugeaud insisted principally upon Abd-el-Kader's paying a yearly tribute to the French; but the Emir resisted this demand, and Bugeaud took again on himself to yield to Abd-el-Kader, and to depart from his instructions. The French General was forced to settle the affairs in the most speedy way, as the opportunity for military operations had passed during the negotiations: his provisions sufficed only for a few days. The badly made saddles wounded the backs of the mules which carried the baggage, and which consequently became useless, and the army was in a critical state before it had begun to act.

At last, on the 30th of May, a treaty was signed by the belligerent parties, and a final interview arranged for the next day between the General and the Emir. The principal parts of the treaty were the following: The Emir Abd-el-Kader acknowledges

the sovereignty of France in Africa. France retains the possession of Oran, Arzew, Masagran, Mostagenem, and Algiers; of the Sahel, and the plain of Metija from the right bank of the Chiffa to the Wad-el-Kadderah, and the territory beyond that river; moreover, the cities of Belida and Colcah. The Emir has the administration of the provinces of Oran and Titteri, and of the parts of Algeria not included in the above-mentioned boundaries; but he is not allowed to enter any other portion of the Regency. The Emir furnishes to the French army thirty thousand bags of wheat, as many bags of barley, and one thousand bulls; but the city and citadel of Tlemsan, together with its cannon, will be delivered to him; and he is allowed to buy arms, powder, and brimstone, in France. A secret article stipulated thirty thousand boojoos to General Bugeaud. This treaty, so favourable to the Emir, was sent to France for ratification, of course without the secret article; and, to the astonishment of everybody, it was ratified, whilst General Damrémont was not even asked about his views. Public opinion has long ago branded this treaty, and General Bugeaud has avowed his regret for having concluded it.

On the 1st of June, the interview took place between Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kader. It was one of the most interesting episodes of the African war, as it was here that the veteran of the wars of the empire, the courtier of Louis Philippe, the statesman trained in the debates of the Chamber, was overreached in diplomacy by the young Arab prince whom the General had defeated on the Sikak. Captain Amedée Muralt, of Bern, who had accompanied Bugeaud, and was present at that famous interview, gave me the following narrative of the event:—

"General Bugeaud started at six o'clock in the morning with his staff from the camp on the Tafna, and proceeded to the place where the interview was to take place. He was accompanied by six battalions of infantry, his cavalry, and artillery. He wished to receive the Emir with all military honours, to have the music sounded, and the salute fired from all the guns. Therefore, as

soon as they arrived at the place of meeting—a wild spot, with scanty Mastich-bushes and dwarf-palms—he placed the troops in a most imposing array. It was evidently his intention to impress the imagination of the Arab prince and his followers with the powerful forces of the French, by the greatest amount of military display. Several hours passed in impatient expectation, but no trace of the Emir was to be seen. At last an Arab chieftain appeared, the minister of Abd-el-Kader, as it was said, bringing a letter of his 'Sultan' to General Bugeaud. The General opened it: we crowded with curiosity around him. As soon as Bugeaud was apprized of the contents by his dragoman, the Syrian Ramsha, his features darkened, and turning to the interpreter, he said, 'Tell the minister that I am tired of his subterfuges: I have only half of my army with me, yet I invite his master to come, and to fight us in battle.' Ramsha and the chieftain galloped speedily away to carry the defying answer to the Emir. Abd-el-Kader had, in his letter, inquired about the prices of the arms and ammunition promised to him. He and the chieftain openly laid the greatest stress on that clause of the treaty. This circumstance alone should have opened the eyes of the French General about the plans and intentions of the Emir. An enemy who claims arms and powder in a treaty of peace, shows surely that he is not in earnest in his protestations of good will, and that he is preparing already for a breach of the treaty. Bugeaud was too intelligent not to surmise the consequences of the agreement, but he knew he had engaged himself too deeply; the advantageous season for military operations had passed, and his provisions were scanty. He feared to compromise himself, and dreaded the just attacks of a hostile press in case he should return to Oran without having either fought or made peace, or attained any result by an expedition so pompously announced. To spare himself a personal vexation he sacrificed all higher considerations.

"Time passed, the sun began to set, and yet no vestige of Abd-el-Kader! Our dragoman likewise failed to return. Bugeaud

could not conceal his mortification; the officers grumbled, and I heard one say: 'Abd-el-Kader will not appear at all, and our General receives a good slap.' Biting remarks were made, and the General, in order not to hear them, and not to see the discontent expressed in all faces, lay down on the grass and tried to sleep. Arab messengers came now with laconic words. One said the 'Sultan' had been unwell, and had started late from his camp; the other assured us that he was coming; the third, that he was near, but had been detained. Bugeaud received them rudely, had the fronts of his battalions and his cannon shown to them, and sent them back.

"Amongst those present, the most distinguished, not by rank, but both by talent and character, was Colonel Combes, a man of the highest principles, enthusiastic for the glory of his country, but mild, simple, yet imposing in his demeanour. The Colonel was republican, and therefore in political opposition to the General; but Bugeaud had great confidence in him: they had been personal friends, though they seldom agreed in their views. I saw both in eager conversation: Combes called upon Bugeaud not to waste precious time in futile negotiations; should the provisions not suffice for the campaign of forty days which had been planned, still an expedition of eight days might not be too much, and would keep the enemy in check. The Colonel spoke with warmth, and deplored the millions wasted here by France: every sensible man could not but approve his views. Bugeaud gave vent to his anger and mortification by violent exclamations: 'What is to become of us! In a few days we have been reduced to an inability of making war! My orders have not been executed. I would be the first to fight; I am as brave as you; but we cannot do it! If the Emir retires and does not come at all, what shall we do then? Oh, this warfare is difficult!' These were the words of Bugeaud: his vacillation was evident. Had Combes been the commander, the events would have taken a different turn.

"At last our dragoman arrived at full speed. Abd-el-Kader

started with his army just when he left him; he was to appear in a few minutes. Bugeaud was now again in high spirits. Ramsha, tired to death, sat down on a stone and wrote a few lines, an additional article to the treaty, dictated to him by the General.* But time passed on again, and the Emir was not yet to be seen. In the distance, we saw Arab cavalry occupying the heights. It was five in the evening. The General, who wished to lead his troops back to the camp before night, determined at last himself to seek the Emir. Accompanied by some officers, five mounted rifles, and a few Spahis, he rode off at a gallop. I followed them with my friend Captain Stürler: we were altogether about twenty. The reason of Abd-el-Kader's tarrying was, of course, not distrust, but calculations of pride. Before the front of the hostile army he could not maintain his dignity of Sultan, and had to stand on terms of equality with the French General. But he knew the character of the French, and reckoned upon the impatience of his adversary to give him a triumph over the General, and heighten the respect of the Arabs for their 'Sultan.'†

"After a ride of nearly an hour on a rough path, we thought we saw Abd-el-Kader and his horsemen on the slope of a hill. It was a delusion: a few Arabs were there waving their white handkerchiefs. At last Buhamedi appeared, the chief of the Kabyles on the Tafna, and assured the General that the Emir was approaching. Some Arab horsemen wheeled their horses on our flanks and in our rear; the retinue began to feel uneasy, and voices were heard—'General, we expose ourselves too much: let us halt.' Bugeaud immediately answered,—'Gentlemen, it is too late.' He was right; prudence would have been too late: we were already surrounded by several groups of horsemen, but their demonstrations had nothing hostile. Buhamedi had re-

* Probably that of the 30,000 boojoos (about £2400). When the secret article became known, Bugeaud made a present of the sum to his electoral district in France for making vicinal roads.

† "Abd-el-Kader said to the chiefs around him: 'I wait for the homage of the Sultan of France.'"

marked the uneasiness of some officers, and said, 'Be tranquil, do not fear.' 'I do not know fear,' retorted the General, 'I am accustomed to fight; but I find it very rude of thy chief to let me wait, and not to hasten to meet me.' 'There he is," said the Kabyle; 'you shall see him immediately.' The way bent here round a hill, and we saw the Emir suddenly before us. Abd-el-Kader was seated on a black steed; at his side, his Negro brass band; around him, the principal chiefs in rich costume on the noblest horses; and behind him, his army, horsemen and infantry, encamped on the slopes of the mountain in a most picturesque way.

"When Bugeaud perceived the Emir, he took a few paces in advance to meet him, and invited him, with courteous gesture, to do the same. Abd-el-Kader did not pay any attention to him, but gave the spurs to his steed and displayed his horsemanship. The fiery horse made leaps four and five feet high, and again pranced for several minutes, leaning back on its hind-quarters, while its long mane touched the soil, and its snorting was audible. The hundred and fifty or two hundred chieftains behind him, all of them of imposing features, some with jet-black, others with silver-gray beards, began likewise to move, and made their horses prance. Seeing that the Emir did not approach at all, the General galloped towards him, and, cavalier-like, offered him his hand. The Arab prince received him proudly, in an almost offensive way; we looked at one another, and became rather uneasy, suspecting treachery. Bugeaud vaulted from his horse, Abd-el-Kader followed him, and stretched himself immediately on the grass without inviting the General to do the same. As to the rétinue, the Emir did not vouchsafe us a glance; he seemed to despise us altogether like dogs. Bugeaud now seated himself unceremoniously at the side of the Emir; close to him Ramsha, the dragoman. Near Abd-el-Kader sat Milud-ben-Arash, his Agha and confidant; the chieftains, Marabuts, and Sheikhs, remained on their horses, and formed a large crescent behind the group; two of them rode close before us and took position between us and their master, evidently with the intention of pro-

tecting their Sultan in case any of us might risk his life in order to murder the dangerous enemy.

"Abd-el-Kader is of small and delicate frame. His forehead is well developed, his mouth rather large, his eye soft. The expression of his features shows devotion and piety, but not without affectation. That day he was clad in the most common garb, a brown burnus, woven of camel's hair. We did not know whom most to admire in this interesting group, the Emir or his chieftains, with their majestic deportment and rich flowing attire, the interest being yet heightened by the Arab army of eight thousand horsemen; indeed as many infantry covered all the hills around. Deep silence prevailed, and the conversation began. Ramsha read the treaty.

"The first article of the treaty was the recognition of the sovereignty of the King of the French in Africa. 'How so?' exclaimed the Emir; 'shall all the Princes of Africa, Morocco, and Tunis, likewise acknowledge him?' 'What does this concern you?' answered Bugeaud. Abd-el-Kader remained silent, and the reading of the articles was continued. Bugeaud claimed hostages as a guarantee of the treaty. 'In that case,' said the Emir, 'I have likewise to claim hostages. The faith and the customs of the Arab should suffice you. Every treaty is sacred to me; I never forfeited my pledge; the French Generals cannot boast of the same good faith.' He repeated this once more with emphasis. 'I trust your word,' replied the General, 'and pledge myself for your faith to the King of the French: I offer you my friendship.'

"'I accept your friendship; but let the French beware not to lend their ear to intriguers,' was the answer of the Emir.

"'The French are not accustomed to be led by any one. Isolated outrages will not be regarded as a breach of the treaty; but such will be the case if the conditions of the treaty are not strictly held, or if hostilities of importance should be committed. As to isolated crimes, we shall denounce them to one another, and mutually punish the guilty.'

"'Well,' said the Emir, 'the guilty shall not escape punishment.'

"'I recommend to you the Kuruglis of Tlemsan for good treatment.'

"'Be satisfied; I will treat them like all the Hadars,' (townsfolk.)

"Abd-el-Kader inquired now about the prices of arms and ammunition. General Bugeaud grew impatient, and said, turning to the interpreter,—'*Mais que diable!* Tell him we are not children: he shall have them at army-prices.' Abd-el-Kader seemed to be satisfied.

"After a short pause, Bugeaud asked, 'Have you ordered the commercial intercourse with our cities to be restored?'

"'No; this will only happen when thou shalt deliver up Tlemsan.'

"'You are aware that I cannot deliver up Tlemsan before my king has ratified the treaty.'

"'Then you have no power to treat?'

"'I am authorized to do it, but the treaty must be ratified. It is required for your own sake, since, if signed only by me, my successor might discard it; but, when ratified by my king, my successor is likewise bound to keep it.'

"'If Tlemsan is not delivered to me, I have no inducement for any agreement. It will not be peace; only a truce.'

"'No doubt it may be only a truce, but always only for your advantage. Do you not dread my artillery? What if I destroy and burn down your crops now before harvest?'

"'My artillery,' answered the Emir, 'is the sun, which will destroy your army. Burn down our crops if you please: we shall find wheat elsewhere. Our country is great, and your columns cannot follow us: the heat and diseases will overpower you. Wherever you appear, we retreat, and you will soon be short of provisions. We rovers find food anywhere: we shall not fall into your hands.'

"'I do not think all the Arabs think as you do,' said the

General. 'They long for peace, and many have thanked me for having spared their fields.'

"Abd-el-Kader laughed contemptuously, and asked what time it required till the ratification might arrive.

"'Three weeks,' said the General.

"'It is a long time.'

"'You do not lose by it; it is the time of harvest,' replied the General.

"Ben-Arash approached, and said to Bugeaud, 'Three weeks is too long: we can only wait for ten days or a fortnight.'

"'Can you command the sea?' exclaimed the General.

"'Well, we shall not renew the commercial intercourse until the ratification of thy king has arrived,' was the answer.

"Ramsha told me likewise that Bugeaud said to the Emir, 'Should you take me prisoner, or kill me, it would be of no avail; there are, besides me, thousands of generals in France.'

"After the conversation had lasted three quarters of an hour, Bugeaud rose, whilst the Emir, without heeding him, remained stretched on the grass. The General was startled, and gazed at him, crossing his arms; then he caught his hand, and raised him with a sudden jerk. The Emir smiled graciously, as if thanking him for a civility. The French public, reading the account of those proceedings, believed the General had done a bold deed. But the Arabs looked at it from the contrary point of view. They saw only a humiliation of the French General, the act of a servant, like that when Emperor Barbarossa held the stirrups of the Pope. It was half-past six when the conversation came to a close: the sun was hidden behind clouds. Abd-el-Kader, without looking back, vaulted on his horse, and galloped at full speed up the hill; his hundred and fifty chieftains followed him. The army, which until now had remained motionless, uttered a long protracted yell, which began at the foot of the mountains, and rolled upwards like the surge of the tide. A sudden clap of thunder, re-echoed by the mountains, heightened the sublimity of the effect.

"Bugeaud approached us with the words, 'What a haughty

man! yet I have forced him to rise.' He might have felt that the Arabs did not deem his behaviour very heroic.

"We were seriously affected by all we had seen, and almost thought we had been dreaming. General Bugeaud remained likewise silent and thoughtful. Arrived at the camp, the officers, anxious to know what had been going on, crowded round us, envying our good luck to have been present at the interview. But the old Mustapha-Ben-Ismael sat with darkened glance on the ground: his venerable head sank to his chest: he looked like a dying patriarch. Hearing that all had been settled, and that no fighting was to go on against Abd-el-Kader, he said with bitterness, 'Now I have nothing more to do than to go to Mecca and do penance in the Kaaba for having trusted the French.'"

General Damrémont was apprized of the treaty at the Tafna, just when he had proceeded with a column against the Hajutes. He immediately retreated, and all hostilities were suspended. The French could now turn their forces against the Bey of Constantine. Colonel Duvivier had formed a strong place of arms out of the ruins of Ghelma (Calama), since he had been left there by Marshal Clauzel with one battalion, after the failure of the first expedition. He likewise succeeded in gaining the affection of the surrounding tribes for the French. He had employed his soldiers in building a road towards Constantine, and prepared everything for the new expedition. In August, General Damrémont went himself to Ghelma, and from thence with five thousand men to Méjez-Ammar, where a new camp was formed. Here the governor waited for the result of the negotiations, which were begun by the Jew Busnac, and afterwards continued by the Moor Ben-Kherim. But these remained without result, and the French army had once more to march against the old capital of Numidia.

On the 26th of September 1837, I arrived with Captain Muralt, and the members of the Scientific Commission, at Mejez-Ammar. This new camp was at a distance of twenty-seven leagues from Bona, and had got its name from the Arab denomination of the

luxuriant forest-valley, bisected by the river Seybuss. The mountain scenery is here somewhat monotonous; but handsome groups of tamarisks, corkoaks, cypresses, mastich-trees, and dwarf-palms, adorn the slopes and the banks of the lonely waters. The vegetation has strange and odd forms, consisting mostly of evergreens, which do not move in the wind, and give the country a peculiarly melancholy aspect. The valley forms a gigantic cauldron, and is surrounded by the chain of the Atlas, rising to a considerable height, especially in the west and south-west, where the Ras-el-Akbah presents its conical bald front of rocks. The valley is about two hours' travel in circumference, and nearly half of its extent was occupied by the French camp.

Whoever had known the country of Mejez-Ammar would not have recognised it after the French army had stayed there for six weeks. The bush-wilderness was partially cleared, and its centre occupied by wooden barracks, white tents, and green buildings made of the branches of trees. They looked uncommonly elegant. The roofs, the walls, and columns, were all put together of pistachio-wood, not stripped of the foliage, which, though long cut down, had remained fresh and green. Several of these light houses were united with others by a series of green bowers, used as the mess-rooms of the officers. I had here the opportunity of admiring the skill and industry of the French soldiers. To adorn these buildings, they had no other time to devote but their hours of leisure, of which they had but few, since it was their task to make the high-road to the Ras-el-Akbah, to dig trenches round the camp, to raise fortifications on the mountains, and all this under the rays of an African sun in September, whilst continually worried by a lurking enemy. Yet the wilderness of Mejez-Ammar looked like a French park, studded with garden-houses, alleys, and bowers.

The Duke of Nemours arrived a few hours after us, and reviewed the army; nine thousand men defiled before him, troops of every denomination. The regiments lately arrived were in marked contrast with those acclimated; they looked fresh and

youthful, whilst the soldiers of the 47th and 63d regiments of the line, and of the 17th and 2d light infantry, who had already tried the harassing service of Africa, were all thin and sunburnt, nearly resembling Kabyles. But the main strength of the army consisted in those acclimated regiments: it required an iron constitution to endure for five or six years the heat, the fevers, and the vermin-torture of Africa.

When the French infantry had passed with trumpet-sound before the Prince and his retinue, the African corps followed, which are not relieved like the regiments of the line. First came the Zuaves, one of the most gallant corps, invaluable in mountain warfare. They are foot-soldiers, wearing uniforms of the old Turkish cut, broad red trousers descending to the knee, leather gaiters, waist-coats and jackets of dark blue cloth, adorned with red lace, and no collar. They shave their head and cover it with a turban. Two thirds of the Zuaves are French volunteers, one third natives, Kabyles, Arabs, Turks, Moors, and Negroes. The natives form companies of their own; they wear a green turban, whilst that of the French is red. As skirmishers they are unsurpassed. Of late years they had taken part in all the important expeditions; they always made the best booty where there was room for plunder, but they likewise received everywhere the first bullets.

The so-called "Bataillons d'Afrique," are formed of those soldiers who have been sentenced in France to imprisonment. The French military prisons are disgorged to Africa, and the French regiments purified in this way from bad characters. The service of these soldiers was nearly as valuable as that of the Zuaves. They are dissolute fellows in garrison, but full of daring courage and contempt of death. The Generals Clauzel and Duvivier, who knew how to carry on war in Africa, employed the "African battalions" in preference to others whenever a bold stroke was to be made.

The "Tirailleurs d'Afrique" were a new corps, which was now for the first time in the field. The "Foreign Legion" was like-

wise reorganized, mostly out of the remains of the former legion, which had gone to Spain, and had been disbanded after the war. But many were deserters and adventurers of the worst character. Some of them went to the hospitals feigning ill health, only to escape the perils of the campaign. The mounted African Rifles, in their Polish costume, with the short, wide, light-blue cloak, and broad red trousers, are very fine troops. They carry rifles and sabres, and ride on Arab horses. The review closed with the mounted Spahis and Arab auxiliaries, in the common attire of the country, with a red flag and the crescent: their officers, nearly all Frenchmen, wear the old Turkish costume.

The Commander-in-Chief, Count Denys de Damrémont, was a robust man above fifty. His features were somewhat vulgar, without any marked expression; his deportment heavy, his demeanour calm and cold. But his conversation was agreeable, courteous, and never passionate. People thought highly of his private character, of his military experience, cool courage, and sound views, but not so highly of his military talents.

The Duke of Nemours was, until the starting of the army, treated as Prince, and all honours due to his rank were paid to him. But on the 1st of October, he entered on service as General of Brigade, and had only three aides-de-camp in his retinue. He is a handsome man, slender and delicate, with fair hair, blue eyes, and an aquiline nose. His features are noble, his deportment princely. I saw him always calm, thoughtful, and reserved.

General Perrégaux, the chief of the staff, and intimate friend of Damrémont, was between forty and fifty. Then, with a bushy moustache and goat-beard, fiery black eyes, he had a merry, expressive, noble countenance. He was the leading spirit of the army: the plan of operations was nearly exclusively his work; and, besides, he was burdened with the military administration: he had to watch and to care, and was responsible for everything. Whilst in the camp of Mejez-Ammar, he had no rest for a single

night: his aide-de-camp assured me that in one week he had grown gray.

The corps destined for the expedition against Constantine formed an army of 16,000 men, but 4000 of them lay sick in the hospitals. The cholera had broken out in one of the regiments newly arrived from Marseilles; it had to be put under quarantine, and could not take part in the campaign. The occupying of the principal camps intermediate to Bona and Mejez-Ammar absorbed again a considerable number of troops, so as to leave for the expedition little more than 8000 men. Though the 12th regiment had been removed, yet there were always cases of cholera in the other corps, and two months later it broke out with dreadful vehemence. The diseases of the army were, at the beginning of the campaign, fever and diarrhœa. The wooden barracks of the camp of Mejez-Ammar, Ghelma, Hammam-Berda, and Drean, were scarcely spacious enough to accommodate the patients. The provision-waggons had to take them daily as back-freight to Bona, and even here the hospitals were soon over-crowded; the poor men had to be conveyed by steamers to Algiers and to France. I found some of the officers of my acquaintance, who had left Bona full of health, broken by sufferings in the camp. Pale and languid, they heard from the hospital the war-like noise summoning us to start. When the drums were beaten and the cannon roared, their dim eyes glistened with powerless enthusiasm. For a year they had longed for that campaign: they had willingly endured the tediousness and toil of camp life, and hoped for a remuneration in the excitement at the breach of Constantine. Now they were laid upon a sick-bed with broken strength, and gazed with despair on our departure. I felt peculiar commiseration for Lieutenant Damas, a young engineer officer. He was a noble heroic youth, amiable, as the French generally are, and fond of his service even more than is usual with the French. On the day of the departure of the army, he left his sick-bed, dressed himself in full regimentals, girded on his sabre, and came out of his tent, gazing on the defiling regi-

ments, who marched onward with French light-heartedness, without any gloomy thought, to a bloody expedition. When he saw his own corps passing along, he grew yet paler than before, looked with melancholy sympathy on his soldiers, and silently shook hands with the officers. "Adieu, Damas, we shall meet again at Constantine," said they to comfort him; and Damas nodded sadly. But they, as well as he, were mistaken. The company to which Damas belonged formed the forlorn-hope of the storm, and nearly all the officers were killed by the explosion of a mine, whilst poor Damas died broken-hearted when he saw his flag disappear on the height of the Ras-el-Akbah.

The camp-scenes of Mejez-Ammar had considerable interest for me, though I had been an eye-witness of African camp-life for nearly a twelvemonth. But here the army was more numerous than in the camps round Algiers; a caravan of publicans and pedlars followed the troops, and they had built a little village of coffee-houses, gin-shops, and stalls, at Mejez-Ammar, which were always filled with drinking, gambling, and idling officers and soldiers. I never saw one of them resting long in the same place: there is a peculiar restlessness in the French soldier: it would be a torture for him to sit for one hour over a bottle of wine, at the same table, and in the same company. In the coffee-houses there is a continual in-and-out flowing of guests; in the open air the fires are kindled and the pans are bubbling. Some of the soldiers look for craw-fish in the brooks, or seek for tortoises in the meadows; others shoot partridges or boars; others, again, look out for cactus-figs, or dig for the roots of the dwarf-palm, whilst their comrades prepare the dainties for supper, always chatting and singing and moving about.

Ahmed Bey had been encamped with his army on the heights of the Ras-el-Akbah up to the 28th September. Three days before our arrival, he had made a desperate attack on the outposts of the camp. It was principally the Kabyles who had resolutely undertaken the storm. The reason of this attack was the scantiness of provisions in the camp of the Bey. His prin-

cipal force was Kabyles, chiefly the fanatical tribes south of Bujia. They had arrived in the beginning of August, since Ahmet had then expected the French army, whose delays were to him inexplicable, as the rainy season approached, which makes the transport of heavy artillery almost impossible on the road to Constantine. The Kabyles, much as they longed for a fight with the infidels, were not less anxious to get back to their homes. Like all mountaineers, they are uncommonly fond of their birthplace, of their wives and children, of their huts and fields; even their gloomy fanaticism is not sufficient to reconcile them to a long separation. When, therefore, nearly two months had passed, and the French still remained immoveable in their camp, the home-sick Kabyles urged the Bey to lead them against the infidels; they wished to give an evidence of their zeal for their faith before they departed. Accordingly, on the 2d, the French outposts were surprised at daybreak by some three or four thousand barbarians, yelling furiously. The attack was so sudden and so resolute, that had the Kabyles not betrayed themselves by their yells, many soldiers, who were occupied in the vicinity of the camp in felling trees, or catching tortoises, would have been in the greatest danger. The signals on the mountains spread the alarm through the camp just in time, and the fast approaching enemy was received by a rolling musket-fire. Upon our arrival afterwards, my friends painted this spectacle to us in such glowing colours, that we were very sorry not to have witnessed this interesting episode. On the western mountains especially, the combat looked most picturesque: a small fortified post had served here as a look-out, and the Kabyles believed they could easily carry them. The trench was closely surrounded by the enemy, first attacking boldly, but soon seeking a shelter in the thicket against the bullets which poured on them, both from the camp underneath and from the trenches above. But they returned the fire, which flashed up from every bush, even where the Kabyles could not be seen. After a hard struggle of three hours, the mountaineers saw how useless their attack was, and withdrew, carrying

off the corpses of their fallen comrades on their shoulders. Yet a few days later, when we accompanied the Prince of Nemours to an excursion to Hammam-Meskhutin, we saw several corpses still lying amongst the precipices. The French army made no sally, because General Damrémont knew that from three to four thousand of Ahmet's regulars were supporting the Kabyles, and he wished to avoid any serious engagement before the beginning of the operations. He had well judged the character of the Kabyles; the majority of them grew tired, and returned to their mountain homes. The Bey himself gave up his position on the Ras-el-Akbah on the 28th of September, and returned to Constantine.

On the 29th, I dined with Colonel Lamoricière, the celebrated commander of the Zuaves. The tent of this officer stood on the right bank of the river Seybuss, at the most advanced out-posts. No trenches defended it, and as a surprise by the enemy would have been easy from that side, a third of the Zuave regiment lay always here in ambuscade. The Arabs knew it, and did not appear. Colonel Lamoricière relied on his soldiers, and slept quietly in his open tent. This officer has such a winning appearance, that even a short conversation leaves a lasting impression. He is a native of La Vendée, the son of a country gentleman in the vicinity of Nantes. His early inclination for military service made him one of the most distinguished students of the Polytechnic School, when he was sent as Lieutenant of the Engineers to the African army. His talents, his energetic character, and his remarkable eloquence, made him so conspicuous, that he was soon transferred from his learned special service—where the opportunity for distinction is rare, and the advancement slow—to the infantry. Here he rapidly rose from rank to rank. He studied African warfare with great success, and was just as clever in devising a plan of operations as in carrying it out on the battle-field. Lamoricière, being one of the few French officers who had soon learned the Arabic, was appointed Chief of the *Bureau Arabe* established by General Avizard. He filled this post much to the satisfaction of his superiors, but his restless genius was little

satisfied with the regular, irksome, and minute labour in the Bureaus: he longed for feats of arms, and for the bustle of the battle. As soon as he was called to the command of the light infantry corps of the Zuaves, he felt that this was the post fit for him. He always stood on the extreme out-post, and usually commanded the vanguard in smaller expeditions. Whenever there were operations to be carried on requiring boldness and presence of mind, no better officer could be found than Colonel Lamoricière. He spent all his time in the training of his corps, and made his Zuaves the best regiment of the French African army. He had the Napoleonic tact of dealing with French soldiers, which cannot be acquired, and which is possessed by very few men. Sometimes he seemed to be their confidential fellow-soldier, then again their commanding chief; his friendliness never lowered his dignity, nor did his commanding demeanour hurt anybody. Moreover, he was always just, and ready to attend to the complaints of those who thought themselves injured. His soldiers loved him enthusiastically, and there was not one amongst them who, in distress, would not have readily shared his last piece of bread with the commander, or would not have been willing to spill his own blood for him. His noble qualities, a chivalric turn of mind and gallantry, enthusiastic love of his country and its glory, frankness and amiability, earned for him so many friends, that even his rapid preferment over officers of longer service did not rouse jealousy.

Lamoricière was then twenty-eight years old. He is short and muscular, with an uncommonly winning countenance. His free and bold forehead is shaded by long, jet-black hair; the expression of his large, dark-piercing eye is bold and good-natured; the nobly formed nose, the black moustaches and imperial, and the handsome cut of his countenance, are those of a hero; his deportment, especially on horseback, is imposing, and inspires the belief that he must be a favourite with fortune.

We had an agreeable dinner, discussing war and Bedouins. With the prospect of the bivouacs, and marches through mud,

these last hours of social conversation under the comfortable tent, and the well-dressed table, with a good flask of claret, were doubly precious to us. We remained together till midnight. Lamoricière was uncommonly talkative, and he speaks so well! His brilliant fancies and witty retorts, his pleasant voice and lively conversation, are really irresistible. He evinced a superiority over all his guests, even over my friend Berbrugger, whose volubility is usually unequalled. We spoke much about the impending expedition. "Should it rain," said one of the officers, "we shall be unable to transport our battery-train." "It will not rain," replied Lamoricière, with decision. "But," remarked I, "even if we carry our twenty-four pounders to the spot, the result is yet not so certain, according to all I have heard about the strong position of Constantine. Should Ahmet surround the weak point of the city on Kudiat-Ati with trenches and ditches, then we shall require more than a week to destroy the works; and both powder and ammunition may fail before the breach is practicable. It remains questionable, therefore, whether the first storm will succeed. You are aware how obstinately the Turks defend themselves behind walls and ditches. Remember St. Jean d'Acre, which is not so strong as Constantine. Do not forget what resistance the Russian armies met with before Ibrail, Varna, and Silistria, where the first attack always failed, and the besiegers had to lie before the walls for long months." "I know the Russo-Turkish war," replied Lamoricière; "I have studied it with minuteness, and I know likewise the advantages of our army over the Russian troops. Be assured Constantine will fall before the eighth day. There is only one possibility of failure. I will tell you what Ahmet has to do in order to save Constantine. I'll tell it," said he, smiling; "since, after all, you will not communicate it to him. Should he attack our vanguard on the flank, he will be beaten; but if he throws himself on our rear, and attacks our baggage-train on the first day only with two hundred, on the second with two thousand horsemen, and on the third with all his army, then he might throw us into such confusion, that we should arrive

before Constantine without any reasonable hope of success." I made some more objections, when Lamoricière offered a wager of twenty bottles of Champagne against two, that Constantine would fall in a few days. I accepted, and was mightily glad when in Constantine to have lost.

Amongst the guests was likewise Captain Levaillant, son of the celebrated African traveller, and himself a remarkable man. He had the reputation of being the boldest and bravest shot in the whole army. With his double-barrelled rifle, he ranged through the forests round Algiers, and shot there the first lion which fell by a French bullet. He ventured even among the Hajutes, relying on his acquaintance with the language of the natives, his good rifle, and his unusual bodily strength. Scarcely arrived at Mejez-Ammar, he visited the "accursed springs," quite by himself, while Ahmet's army was encamped in their vicinity. He met some Arabs, but none of them dared to attack him. When the Duke of Nemours visited the same spot, it was thought right to send three regiments to escort him.

On the next day, a deserter arrived in the French camp. He was clad in the coarse regimentals of Ahmet's regular infantry. According to him, discontentment prevailed amongst the troops of the Bey: they had scanty provisions, and were tired of war: many of the Kabyles had returned to their mountains. This deserter was a Spanish renegade: he had lived for a long time in Morocco, had learned the Arabic, which he spoke like a native, and, after having led a roving life amongst the Bedouin tribes, he had come to Constantine, and enlisted in the army of Ahmet. The French took him for a spy, and watched him closely: he took service amongst the Zuaves, and became one of the foremost amongst those who entered the breach of Constantine.

The most distinguished of the superior officers whom I met in Mejez-Ammar was Colonel Combes. He was far from being so dazzling as Lamoricière, but his mildness and serenity were yet more winning. Ever since 1830, he had remained colonel: he had not been promoted, for he was a republican; yet this did not em-

bitter his feelings; he served monarchical France with equal zeal; he did not seek the patronage of his chiefs; and when a manœuvre or operation succeeded which he had planned or carried, he left the merit and advantages of it, without jealousy, to his superiors. Combes, like many of the French, was an admirer of the deeds and of the organising power of ancient Rome; he had studied all the old works on Numidia, and united the simplicity and heroism of the classic conquerors of the world with all the riches of modern civilization. He loved his soldiers like a father, and was always an equitable judge. I never witnessed a more unanimous and deeper mourning than that of the 47th regiment, when they accompanied to its last resting-place the corpse of their commander, who fell in the moment of the capture of Constantine.

General Trezel was likewise a remarkable man among the superior officers. I had made his personal acquaintance while yet at Bona, and was happy to meet him here once more amidst the noise of the camp-life. Long before I came to Bona, I had heard so much of the General, of his gallantry at Bujia, of his energy against Abd-el-Kader, that I imagined him to be a weather-beaten soldier, of martial deportment, and rather rough manners. I found a person of uncommonly small size, of delicate body, elegant form, with an almost female voice, and almost benevolent expression of countenance. But in sight of the enemy, Trezel was an iron warrior, and on the battle-day his dwarfish figure and mild voice appeared altogether changed. All who had seen him on the Makta spoke with admiration of his wonderful energy, and his uncommon personal bravery on that ill-fated day. Trezel is covered with scars. At Waterloo, he lost one eye; at Bujia, he was shot through the thigh; in the first expedition to Constantine, he received a bullet in his neck. According to the opinion of the most competent men of the army, General Trezel was unfit for chief command, but excellent when acting under superior orders.

Not the twentieth part of the natives had arrived who had promised to come for the announced expedition. The twenty or

thirty Sheikhs, who had pledged themselves to Colonel Duvivier at Ghelma to share in the campaign, had all failed to come. The few whom we saw at Mejez-Ammar were deposed chiefs, who hoped to be reinstalled in their former power, or adventurers who had nothing to lose, and calculated on booty or other advantages. Only the Beni-Urshin and the Kharesas had sent auxiliaries. I met here Ben-Zecri, the late Kaid of the Aribes, who seemed, at meeting me again, immediately to remember with pleasure the excellent dinner we had together enjoyed with M. Suchet at Rassota. Another refugee was Haji-Soliman of Constantine, the brother-in-law of Ahmet-Bey, and formerly his vicegerent. Though short in stature, he had the most distinguished and most handsome Turkish countenance I ever saw. All the Europeans noticed that he decidedly resembled a lion, and his magnificent gray beard looked really like a mane. Haji-Soliman had formerly such influence in the province that the jealousy of his brother-in-law was roused. Soliman, warned of the dark designs of Ahmet, fled to Tunis, whence he came to Bona, before the first expedition against Constantine. He offered his services, and got the pay of a captain. It was generally believed, Damrémont had the intention of appointing him Bey of the province after the downfal of Ahmet, and had the General lived, this might certainly have been the case. The natives already paid him the honours of their future chief.

The bustle daily grew greater in the camp. Enormous transports of provisions and munitions of war arrived from Bona; the coffee-houses were crowded; Marabuts and Sheikhs flocked in, probably to spy our movements. Of foreigners there were present Colonel Sir Grenville Temple, two Danes, an Austrian, a Saxon, and a Bavarian officer, besides my friend and tent-companion, Captain Muralt, a Switzer. Many speculators and traders had likewise arrived, who sold spirits and tobacco to the army, and calculated on buying the plunder of Constantine from the soldiers. Many Maltese had come from Bona, some as muleteers, others seeking service as footmen. They were the laziest and most thievish

set of fellows I ever saw. From Bona till our departure from the camp, I had four times to turn my servant away, and the new one was always worse than the former.

On the 29th of September, the last detachments of cavalry and the last transport of provisions arrived from Bona. The morrow was a day of rest, and the last preparations were made for starting.

On the 1st of October, long before sunrise, the roll of the drums and the flourish of the trumpets were heard merry and shrill. Clouds covered the sky when our vanguard began to move; the bulk of the army followed rather heavily, as the poor soldiers had, besides their heavy knapsacks, to carry a supply of wood for several days on their backs. We marched with great noise through the wild bushy valley up the Ras-el-Akbah, whose rocky summit was veiled by vapoury mist which soon dissolved into rain. The army consisted of eight thousand soldiers and was divided into four brigades. The first was placed under the orders of the Duke of Nemours; under him served the distinguished Colonel Lamoricière, with his Zuaves: General Trezel commanded the second. Both brigades were under the direct orders of General Damrémont. They were followed by an immense baggage-train, which greatly encumbered the army, and required a whole brigade under General Rulhières for escort. Colonel Combes commanded the fourth brigade, which formed the rear.

On the height of the mountain-road the two first brigades halted, and bivouacked on the very spot where, only a few days ago, Ahmet-Bey had encamped with his cavalry. Straw was found in abundance. The soldiers took the wood from their knapsacks, and the heights were soon covered with fires; the frying-pans whizzed, and French cookery prepared, considering the circumstances, most savoury meals here, where some days ago the kuskusu of the Arabs of Ahmet had smoked. About ten minutes east of our bivouac, on the declivity of the mountain, rose the beautiful ruins well-known in this country under the name of "Anunah:"

they appeared quite spectral when the mist began to disperse. There, in the amphitheatre of the ancient Roman city, crowded two thousand years ago by a merry throng of people, all looked dismal now, whilst the desolate path of the Ras-el-Akbah had assumed a sprightly aspect by our presence. French soldiers, Turkish and Arab Spahis, Berber Zuaves, Negroes, and Maltese, busily moved about, stirring the fires, cooking, eating, talking; some led their horses and asses to the water, others pitched tents. Captain Muralt and I possessed a small tent of coloured twill, hardly large enough for us to indulge in a comfortable stretch, and yet this scanty shelter excited the envy of many thousands, as not forty persons in the whole army were fortunate enough to sleep under cover. Whilst my companion and I were enjoying our glass, French officers, physicians, and painters came up, conversed, and then again went on, to look for some other friends. Several officers, among them Captains Levaillant and Magagnos, Dr. Trubelle, &c., were zealous entomologists. As often as they caught an unknown insect, they brought it to me; and even before Constantine, during a most violent cannonade, the aide-de-camp of General Perregaux hastily came to me with two butterflies spitted to his cap: he had caught hold of this prey in the very moment when he was delivering an order of importance to Trezel's brigade.

After our meal, we likewise wandered through the camp in search of some acquaintances. We found two members of the Scientific Commission occupied in measuring the elevations: curious bystanders were watching these operations. Some bold ramblers had ventured on an excursion to the ruins of "Anunah." Captain Muralt and I ascended the top of the Ras-el-Akbah, and when we passed the out-posts, one of the sentries said to me, "I advise you, sir, not to venture near me at night: you look too much like a Bedouin." Mindful of this remark, I took care not to leave our tent in the dark, as in truth the Arab burnus which I used to wear had already grown shabby enough to look precisely like the common cloak of the Bedouin; and my face was so sunburnt,

that I might easily have been mistaken for an Arab. From the top of the Ras-el-Akbah, a wide view spread before us. In the south-west, our eyes swept over all the mountain-ranges down to Constantine. But the prospect had nothing attractive—nothing but a barren mountain-wilderness, without oases, nowhere a living soul. We gladly turned to the opposite direction, to the ever-changing and moving scenes of the camp. Even these, however, could not banish dreary images from our imagination. The lively groups were bounded on one side by the dark unnamed ruins, and on the other side we could distinctly see the clouds of smoke whirling up from the "accursed springs."

The woods of jujubes, tamarisks, wild olives, and the thick pistachio-shrubs, which cover the declivities and ravines all round Mejez-Ammar, lovely by their varied shades, disappear on the Ras-el-Akbah, which offers but a desolate landscape: the whole way down to Constantine is unadorned by trees or by shrubs.

On the 2d of October we encamped at the Marabut Sidi-Tamtam, amidst Arab tombs. The third and fourth brigade always remained half a day's march behind us, to protect the long baggage-train, which covered about two French miles. I involuntarily remembered the remark of Lamoricière, that the success of the expedition would be most doubtful, if Ahmet-Bey attacked the rear of our army. In fact, the number of troops would not have proved sufficient for the protection of the baggage: the feeblest attack of the Arabs might have occasioned the most frightful confusion amongst it. But fortunately Ahmet had abandoned all thought of a battle: he concentrated his whole resistance in the capital. We often saw single horsemen on the barren heights, but they always disappeared as soon as our vanguard approached. On the 3d of October, our army bivouacked by the brook Meres, which, higher north, is called Bu-Mesrag. Its delicious waters refreshed the soldiers. On the whole, we seldom had scarcity of water, for, though this country is deficient in navigable streams, there are smaller rivulets and springs in abundance. We met with them almost every hour, and their course has frequently a north-

eastern direction. It is only in the hot season, from July till September, that many of these little brooks dry up. The monotony of the scenery around us was truly oppressive, most especially to several artists who accompanied the army. Their disappointment was visible in their countenances, until at last, after six days' march, they were comforted by the wildly grand site of Constantine. But with several thousand laughing and talking Frenchmen even the wilderness cannot prove wearisome; whilst, to the isolated traveller, these deserts of the Atlas must be desolate in the extreme. The animal kingdom was yet more poorly represented here than the vegetation. No insect buzzed round the scanty flowers. The white-headed vulture (*Vultur leucocephalus*) was our lasting companion. Thousands of these winged giants constantly flew above us. It is impossible to watch without feelings of dismay these carrion birds; they follow the march of the army as the sharks follow the vessel. During the silence of night, we heard the roaring of the lions at a considerable distance. Probably the camp-fires alone protected our horses and mules against the approach of this terrible enemy. The bald table-lands of the province of Constantine are the favourite haunts of the king of beasts; here he divides his sway with no one but the Bedouin. Here the lion is the absolute master during night, and then he regularly appears before the Arab encampments, claiming as his tribute some members of the herd. As no antelopes live in these barren parts, the flocks of the Arabs offer the only prey to the rapacious beast.

Our march to Constantine lasted almost six days. This city is about twenty-three French miles from Mejez-Ammar. We had always encamped close to a brook or a spring, and the bivouac was then baptized by the name of the water, or of the tribe, or by the name of some Marabut tomb, to be met with everywhere in this country. The arrival of the army at night-quarters always presents most interesting scenes. As soon as the square is closed, one cannot but admire the sprightly activity of the French soldiers. Some run to get water, or to collect stalks of thistles,

where, as here, there is no wood; others light the fires and prepare the kitchen. In a few minutes, hundreds and hundreds of camp-fires flicker on the spot, which, but a short time ago, was so solitary. Here people sing, there they chatter and laugh. The orators of the bivouac—commonly Paris volunteers, or sons of Gascony—collect their audiences, to whom they give the benefit of their political views, and of their opinions on approaching events; whilst the honest, but somewhat clumsy recruits of Brittany, listen with open mouths to the news-tellers, whom they deem oracles. The French army has soldiers as different in their appearance and ways, as the different provinces of their birth. When the French soldier has done with his rice soup and his hard biscuit, he immediately proceeds to seek a resting-place, as comfortable as circumstances will permit. Once I even saw an individual of the Bataillon d' Afrique open an Arab tomb, throw out the skeleton, and quarter himself in its stead for the night. Others again I noticed, long after midnight, sitting round the fire, boiling their coffee, and talking over their adventures and their beloved ones at home.

With the Arabs, the habits of encamping are quite different. Whenever the Spahis, who always form the van, have reached the resting-place, they put their horses in two rows, and attach their feet to wooden poles. The Arab steeds are most docile animals; they bear alike the spur and the galling fetters on their feet with the meekest patience; but they sorrowfully bend their delicately shaped heads, their rich manes almost touching the soil, and seem to gaze reproachfully at their hard masters. They suffer in silence, and I never saw an Arab horse pulling itself off violently. When these noble animals have been provided with their portion of barley and fresh water, since they ever form the first care of their masters, then only the Arabs all unite in prayer. With faces turned eastward, they throw themselves with their heads to the earth, rise and bend down again like men seized by epileptic convulsions, whilst one of them mumbles the customary prayer. When the last ray of the departing sun falls on these bearded,

pilgrim-like figures, they assume an almost sainted aspect. After the Arab has fulfilled his pious duty, he gets merry and even boisterous. The kuskusu is warmed, the pipe is smoked, the younger of the Spahis begin their games; the old ones look at them, sitting, with crossed legs, in a semi-circle, whilst the horses form the back-ground. Whole dramas are performed; scenes of love, of sport, of strife, such as the Bedouins are wont to see in the wilderness, are represented by speeches and in pantomime. In such moments, the Arabs, usually so calm and dignified, become like children; they laugh, they frolic, and are so noisy, that they often disturb the sleep of their French comrades. When at last tired of amusement, they all draw together in a close circle, in the centre of which they put a paper lantern, and then one of them begins his guttural song, accompanied by a rough guitar; the others listen breathlessly. Thus they remain assembled for several hours, often long after most of the fires of the French have disappeared.

Towards four o'clock in the morning, the *reveillé* was beaten, and the regimental music began to play most pleasing melodies. Yet the existence of the poor soldiers ever remains only a glittering misery; the alluring sounds were to compensate him for the dreariness of the mist and the frosty morning-dew which benumbed every one of his limbs. As soon as it grew sufficiently light to distinguish the path, the vanguard began to march. All the corps followed in given order. The Polish coats of the Chasseurs, the Turkish costume of the Zuaves, the flowing red-and-white burnuses of the Spahis, and the heavy gray capotes of the regiments of the line, moved beside and behind one another. The big cannon and the long baggage-train followed heavily in the rear; and behind, last of all, came the third and fourth brigades, which joined the army only on the 5th of October. I often used to ride on sunny mornings to some neighbouring height to glance at the picturesque effect of the marching army.

On the 5th of October, from the top of a hill crowned by the ruins of a beautiful Roman monument, we at last perceived Con-

stantine, the city which owes its present fame mainly to the repulse of a French Marshal. "Constantine!" exclaimed the soldiers joyfully, clattering with their arms. After five days of march through a desolate wilderness, where no living soul was to be met, the view of such a considerable town proved most cheering. The site of the ancient residence of Jugurtha and Massinissa, in the back-ground of a valley, built on a gigantic rock, was uncommonly striking, though from our point of view we could only see a small part of the city. The Marabut Sidi-Mubarek, on the mountain El-Mansurah, and the single buildings on Kudiat-Ati, were distinctly visible. The Roman monument on the height, where the two first brigades halted for several hours until the rear advanced, is called Rommah by the natives; it is about thirty feet high, and bears some resemblance to the monument in the Place des Innocens at Paris. The great quantity of magnificent square stones, scattered below the monument, and which no doubt once formed a part of it, show that it must have been of considerable size.

On the evening of the 5th of October, hostilities began. Until now we had not beheld any Arab, except some distant videttes. The straw-huts of the Arab and Kabyle villages from Ras-el-Akbah down to Constantine were all in flames before we arrived, and the Chasseurs found the greatest difficulty in saving some forage. This fact did not precisely evince a peaceful disposition, and was so much the more striking as, during the expedition of Marshal Clauzel, the inhabitants of these very same villages had remained quietly in their huts, allowing their herds to graze under the very eye of the army. When the brigades slowly descended down to the valley of the Rummel towards Constantine, some hundred Arab horsemen began to attack the left flank. But they fired only from a very great distance, not disturbing even for a moment the dull progress of the luggage and convoy. At about one hour from Constantine, the camp was formed. Dusk had already set in when we arrived at the bivouac. The number of the enemy increased incessantly. We then all

thought that the Bey would attempt a desperate attack during night; but single shots alone were heard at the outposts, though now, of course, more frequently than hitherto, so that we were sometimes inclined to believe that a struggle was taking place. Yet it was only the watchfulness of our soldiers on duty which induced them to fire at the slightest noise. On the 6th of October, we at last encamped close before Constantine. The vanguard slowly approached the plateau of El-Mansurah. The Duke of Nemours rode at the head with his three aides-de-camp, among them Ney, Prince of the Moskwa. The Governor was accompanied by a much more numerous suite, and during the march he avoided all communication with the Duke, except on business. The young Prince looked at that time in feeble health; his handsome face was strikingly pale; but before the walls of Constantine he recovered his strength. The baggage, the field-hospital, and the rear of the army, encamped on a small plain at the foot of the mountain of Mansurah, whilst the suite of General Damrémont took its quarters in a little tottering house of the Marabut Sidi-Mubarek. The tent of the Duke of Nemours was set up in a meadow enclosed by a wall, into which likewise the old Soliman Ben-Zecri, and the other fugitives from Constantine, were admitted, who now began to play a more important part. The weather continued favourable until the evening of this day, and the army was in high spirits. In this country, the most harassing enemy is the rain, which usually falls in prodigious quantities, and always lasts for several days. From the Ras-el-Akbah to Constantine, we had uninterruptedly enjoyed the clearest sky. By day the sun was oppressively hot, the evenings and the nights were fresh, but the mornings used to be so bitingly cold that the breath became visible, and even our tent could not protect us from the frost. The poor soldiers, who had nothing whatever to protect them against the climate, were sometimes obliged to lie close together, and so communicate their natural warmth to one another. My northern complexion was less able to bear the African climate than those of the French soldiers; my face skinned, and my lips swelled

considerably. On the second day of our march, I had an attack of fever, but M. Guyon, the kind head-physician of the army, immediately attended me, prescribed quinine, and I recovered. Whilst the vanguard took its position on the plateau of El-Mansurah, the left flank of the baggage-train was again troubled by the Arabs. Several thousand white figures on swift horses bustled to and fro along the banks of the river Rummel: they dashed forward, fired off their long muskets, and galloped back again at the quickest pace. But not one of their bullets reached the ranks of the convoy; they either fell short of them, or whizzed far off. Even the long line of French tirailleurs, which was opposed to them, did not lose a single man, as far as I could ascertain. There was little serious purpose in this noisy attack of the Arabs: they fired from too great a distance, and squandered away thousands of their bullets. Several grenades thrown against them burst in their midst; and it was remarkable to witness how these threatening horsemen dispersed in all directions. I chanced to be then riding with the baggage-train, and I had a perfect view of the sham-fight. The train of the army which proceeded close to me, partly on foot, partly on horses, mules, and asses, did not show the slightest fear of the bullets that whizzed over our heads. Even the vivandières (Amazons, with sun-burnt countenances, several of them very elegantly dressed) broke forth in loud cheers as often as a well-directed bomb-shell drove the enemy asunder. Good humour prevailed throughout the whole rear, and French *bon-mots* hit their point much more accurately than any Arab bullet hit its aim. The French rifles, according to their wont, used more powder than necessary, and their bullets had at this great distance likewise no effect. The fight therefore remained an empty demonstration, but the wild noise of the spectre-like riders offered an uncommonly entertaining scene.

Meanwhile General Damrémont, the Duke of Nemours, and most of the other Generals, had assembled on the furthest end of the plateau of El-Mansurah, there to reconnoitre the city, from which they were now separated only by a deep precipice. As

the El-Mansurah descends steeply from south-west to north-east, the city cannot be perceived before one arrives at the border of the plateau which perpendicularly looks down upon a deep abyss, beyond which rises the rocky mountain of Constantine. A small natural intrenchment, hardly eight feet high, served the spectators as a rampart against the bullets shot across from the city. I saw the General's staff quartered there, protected by a company of the 17th light infantry. The intrenchment prevented me from getting a view of the city; I alighted from my horse, and asked Mr. Berbrugger, whom I just then met, where a sight could be obtained of Constantine. "There," replied he, "where Captain Muralt stands." Muralt stood at only twelve paces from me, with half his body bent over the intrenchment. I joined him, and at once beheld the remarkable city below, of whose wild and peculiar position hardly any correct notion can be formed. Our point of view was especially favourable; we overlooked Constantine, so as even to distinguish the separate streets. The gray masses of the houses of Constantine, situated on the plateau of a perpendicular rock, rise amphitheatrically from north to south. The site of this city is higher, but far from being so steep as that of Algiers. Both cities are of about equal size, but in their aspect they are strikingly different. Though the buildings of Constantine are likewise in the Moorish style, with courts and galleries within, yet they lack the fine terraces of Algiers. In their stead we here see roofs covered with bricks, which, in these southern regions, hurt the eye. All the houses are of a dull grayish colour, like the rock on which they stand. The towers of the mosques alone are white, and rise, ghost-like, from among the dark walls, like haunting-spirits in their shrouds. The cypress, an immoveable, silent guardian of the tomb, whose dark-green pyramidal outline is visible among the houses, well suits this picture of death. At the south-western end of the town, the most elevated point of the rock is crowned by the Kasbah, an intricate building of ancient aspect, bearing traces of Roman origin. Our arrival on the El-Mansurah was no sooner noticed, than furious battle-cries

resounded from all the bastions, and announced the presence of an exasperated enemy. The women had climbed upon the roofs, and raised that melancholy, piercing, thrilling cry, in which they are wont to express every passionate emotion of joy or grief, equally heard at the wedding-feast and at the funeral. This time it expressed their hatred of us, and was meant to arouse the enthusiasm of their champions. Illumed by the reflection of the evening sky, these females, veiled in their white garments, looked quite ghastly. Above the gates Bab-el-Wad and Bab-el-Djeddid fluttered defyingly two red flags of immense size. The same hostile banners had been raised on the very same spots one year before, at the time of Clauzel's expedition. The officers who had been present at that first campaign found on the whole that the aspect of the city was not altered; even the Roman bridge, which was said to have been destroyed by Ahmet-Bey, lay unimpaired beneath us, and the eye-witnesses of the attack which Clauzel here attempted, vividly remembered the scenes of the combat. All the Arab villages far around were in flames, lighted by the Arab inhabitants themselves, whilst, at the same time, the distinctly audible voice of the praying priest in Constantine wafted the name of Mohammed from the spire of the mosques to the clouds reddened by the flames. The sky had already, on the evening of the 6th of October, become overcast, presaging the coming days of rain. Whoever has lived in Mohammedan cities knows the strange emotion caused by the monotonous, hollow, but far-sounding accents of the Muezzin, calling to prayer from the minaret aloft, in the evening twilight. When in Algiers, from the terrace of my house, I watched the parting sun, and was called from my reverie by the earnest call of the Muezzin, I often fancied I heard the dirge of the sinking orb. But here, this call seemed rather like the voice of a conjurer, summoning the dark powers to assistance and vengeance. The groups of generals, and of the officers of their suite, stood assembled in deep silence at the brink of the abyss. All eyes were turned, as by magic, upon the ghastly city. "This is the residence of the d——l!" sud-

denly exclaimed the Prince of the Moskwa, interrupting the general silence. An involuntary shudder thrilled through everybody, and, with more than one of the persons then present, it proved the presentiment of death. I think, all who shared that first sight of the old Numidian city of the rock will never forget the awfully solemn impression. We were roused from our meditations by the hissing of shot. All the batteries of the city, on the Kasbah and at the gates Bab-el-Djeddid and Bab-el-Kantara, opened a violent fire against the plateau. One of the cannon-balls flew between General Damrémont and the Duke of Nemours, just through the narrow space which intervened between them. A few minutes afterwards, a bomb-shell struck the earth at hardly thirty paces behind them, and burst with great noise, but without injuring any one. The old General Valée, commander of the artillery, gazed at the city with a doubtful glance, and I heard him say: "I am astonished at the courage of Marshal Clauzel, who dared to attack such a city with six-pounders: indeed we have need here of all our means to win our way." For the spectators who were not bound by military duty to remain on the spot, it was most uncomfortable to tarry here, where, besides the heavy cannon-balls, the bullets of numberless rampart-rifles whizzed around. I looked about for General Damrémont. He did not, as the rest, stand behind the intrenchment, where we were covered at least up to the breast; but he exposed himself on the elevation, where his whole bulky figure offered a mark to the hostile artillery. A telescope in his hand, he long gazed with great composure, thoughtfully bending down towards the city. He here lost precious time: the weather was yet favourable, and the soil dry. With more energetic measures, several batteries might yet on this very day have been set up on El-Mansurah, and the remainder of the heavy artillery might have been carried up the mountain Kudiat-Ati. The enemy now attempted a feeble sally. Several hundred men approached from the direction of the Roman bridge, but they were easily repelled by some platoons of the second light infantry regiment, and of the Zuaves. During the

evening, the third and fourth brigade passed the Rummel and took possession of the elevation Kudiat-Ati, at the moment when a heavy rain began to fall, which lasted for five whole days, almost without intermission. The passage was very difficult: the bed of the Rummel was filled with large stones, and the mountain was steep and slippery. Two of the enemy's batteries commanded the river and killed several of our men, among them one of the aide-de-camps of Lieutenant-General Fleury, who was torn in two by a cannon-ball. The Generals Rulhières and Fleury, to encourage their soldiers, rode to the head of the very difficult path, whilst the wind blinded them with rain. Two battalions posted themselves between the tombs which cover Kudiat-Ati.

On the 7th of October, the garrison made a bolder sally. In the direction of El-Mansurah, they soon retreated, but on the Kudiat-Ati, from seven to eight hundred men, amongst whose leaders we distinguished Turks and Kuruglis, in magnificent garments, exchanged a long and obstinate fire with the Foreign Legion and the third African battalion. It was only when the French attacked the enemy with the bayonet, that they fled. Their retreat was covered by the musket-fire from the city. At the same time, about three thousand horsemen descended from the mountains east and north of the Kudiat-Ati, where the Arabs encamped, to attack the two brigades in the rear and in the flank. I perfectly distinguished these grand scenes of war from the mountain El-Mansurah, where I had tarried with the staff of the Governor. These barbaric cavaliers galloped with terrifying noise against the French lines. All the declivities and valleys behind Kudiat-Ati were covered with crowds of white, long-bearded figures, on gray horses. Troops less experienced than the African corps would have felt disheartened by the masses and the noise of the enemy. But the soldiers, accustomed to Arab warfare, well knew how unsubstantial these demonstrations are. The Chasseurs d'Afrique allowed the boldest of these horsemen to approach them within half gun-shot; then two squadrons made a furious charge on the Arabs, who did not wait for the shock, and took to hasty flight.

Some were overtaken and killed in the fray; on the other side, some of the boldest pursuers paid for their bravery with their lives, since flight is a manœuvre of Arab warfare, and does not demoralize. The flying warrior is always ready immediately to turn round upon his enemy, so soon as he can attack with advantage. Amongst the killed was a young non-commissioned officer of good family, whom his comrades greatly bewailed. The Kudiat-Ati, however, had been cleared of the enemy by our charge of cavalry. These howling Arabs had again retired to the higher mountains, behind the colossal aqueduct, one of the monuments of ancient Cirta.

Constantine was defended by from six to seven thousand armed men, among whom were about three thousand Kabyles, savage people, ragged and fanatical, who, roused by the speeches of their Marabuts,—several of whom were in the pay of the Bey,—had come down from their mountains to take part against the infidels. They had brought their long muskets and yatagans of various forms, and were employed as sharp-shooters on the ramparts and on the foremost houses, where they proved useful, as they have a practised eye and a steady hand. But for service in the batteries they were unfit. The gunners were for the most part Turks or Kuruglis, who had been expelled or had withdrawn from Algiers, and a few French deserters and prisoners, several of the Foreign Legion. A German, Wendelin Schlosser, from Erfurt, was artillery-officer of the Bey; another renegade, Send, from Dresden, rendered no small service as gun-smith. The number of the armed Kuruglis and Turks may have amounted to two thousand: they were the best and bravest troops of the enemy, fighting in good order and with dexterity, and always at the head of the sallies. The Moorish inhabitants, in truth, had only been driven by despair to take up arms: they could not be depended on in the struggle. The chief commander of the town was Ben-Aissa, descended from the Kabyles, but in character and habits he had turned Turk, for he had lived in Constantine many years. His name was the terror of the land. Unheard-of cruelties were per-

petrated by his Razzias. The Arabs dreaded him; but he had considerable influence with the Kabyles, whom he treated with regard, and whom he often managed to employ against rebellious Arab tribes. Yet Ben-Aissa had not the credit of personal courage. Under him served the Kaid-el-Dar (the Kaid of the palace), a Kabyle of signal bravery, restlessly appealing to the enthusiasm of the garrison, and who (it was said) in fact directed the defence. In spite of the boastful proclamations which Ahmet-Bey had issued to all the tribes during the last year, he was coward enough not to remain within the walls of the city, since he by no means was so strongly convinced of its impregnability as he made believe by his letters. He had about three thousand Arab horsemen, and from twelve to fifteen hundred infantry, who encamped east of the city, close to a large country-seat, on which his pennon was raised. Several thousand horsemen were stationed on the heights round the Kudiat-Ati. Another Arab camp was in the neighbourhood of El-Mansurah. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of the enemy round the city: I think, if I estimate the whole force at eight thousand men, it is rather too much than too little. The majority of the horsemen were Bedouins of the Sahara, led by Bu-Asis-ben-Ganah, Ahmet's uncle by his mother. The infantry were almost all Kabyles.

On the 8th of October, streams of rain poured down incessantly, accompanied by tempest and thunder. The artillery and the engineer corps, however, worked actively at the batteries on El-Mansurah, but they could not finish them; and the bombardment announced for this day could not take place. The night from the 8th to the 9th was a painful one. The army slept in icy wet and mud up to the knees; no fire would burn, and no covering give shelter against the pouring streams of rain. And these sufferings were enhanced by the terrors of war: the batteries of the city continued their fire, and single bold enemies ventured even into the midst of our lines. The morning had scarcely dawned when the tirailleurs of Constantine were seen on all sides. Our muskets, drenched by the rain of the last twenty-four hours,

hung fire, and the poor soldiers had always long to scrub and to cleanse before a shot went off. But the courage of the French proved unbroken: wading in the mud, they so boldly attacked the enemy with the bayonet, that they forced him to retreat again to the city. On the 9th of October, in the morning at seven o'clock, the French batteries at last opened their fire from the plateau of El-Mansurah. Their aim was to silence the enemy's batteries, to dismount his cannon, and to terrify the beleaguered city. General Damrémont thought that the inhabitants would capitulate on the very same day; he certainly did not contemplate making a serious attack from El-Mansurah, as the first expedition had already given proof that from this side the storming could not possibly succeed. About eleven o'clock the artillery of the Kasbah and of the gate El-Kantara had ceased to play. Most of the cannon there were already disabled, and only from Bab-el-Djeddid did a few pieces continue, until the evening, to answer us. Our mortars seemed to have caused considerable damage even in the quarter where alone the enemy's cannon still stood firm. The palace of the Bey and the abode of Ben-Aissa were likewise aimed at by our guns. Towards evening, the French tried experiments with congreve rockets. In oblique lines, bursting and hissing, and throwing a flaming light around, those projectiles flew into the very midst of the city; but they remained wholly ineffectual. It is almost impossible to set a stone-built city like Constantine on fire, as the rockets meet here with so little inflammable matter.

General Damrémont had miscalculated the courage of the inhabitants of Constantine: no messenger of truce appeared. Though fanaticism does not impart the energy of action to the nations of this country, it gives them the power of endurance. Half the city might have been destroyed; the inhabitants would have borne their disasters with fatalistic indifference, without even entertaining a thought of capitulation. But if the bombardment from El-Mansurah did not accelerate the surrender of Constantine, it at least aroused the moral energy of our troops, especially of

the wounded and sick, whose situation on the swampy ground was almost intolerable. The moving fever-hospital offered a terrible sight. Here lay several hundred patients, partly crammed on waggons, partly stretched on the soil, on which counterpanes were spread. But the unceasing rain had laid the country under water, the flannel covers were thoroughly drenched, and frost stiffened the limbs of the sick. The surgeons, immersed in mud up to the knee, in vain bestowed their care on the sufferers: they were sufficiently provided with medicines, but not with coverings. In the delirium of the fever, or in the agony of death, the thoughts of all the soldiers wandered back to France: they pronounced the name of the village, or the town of their birth, or some Christian names, probably belonging to their relatives or beloved ones; and they continued to cry and to sigh until morning, when they often were drawn from the mud, lifeless corpses. Every day the physicians saw men dying who could have been saved, had it but been possible to afford them the shelter of a roof. Under such circumstances, the most dreadful necessity demanded the immediate erection of the battering-train. Disease increased, provisions were becoming scanty, and the forage was already exhausted on the 10th.

On the 9th of October, at seven o'clock P.M., one portion of the artillery, destined for the battery-train, was conveyed from the plateau El-Mansurah to the Kudiat-Ati. No one unacquainted with that ground can form a notion of the difficulties it presents. The twenty-four pounders had to be carried down a steep declivity of five hundred feet, thence to be conveyed through a torrent encumbered by huge stones, and then to be dragged up a steep mountain; and all this had to be accomplished during night, exposed to unrelenting rain, which had rendered all the paths so slippery that even practised climbers could not get along without stumbling. The Saxon artillery officer, Bernhard, who accompanied the army as amateur, after having examined the ground, pronounced it an impossibility to convey the heavy artillery up the Kudiat-Ati: yet the work was accomplished. Sometimes

thirty to forty of the strongest horses had to be put to one cannon, and a whole company of soldiers helped, dragging and pushing every single piece. The passage across the Rummel was most trying; here the soldiers worked for several hours after midnight, standing deep in the water, to get off the heaviest stones from the bed of the river. This difficult task was to be done during night, to avoid the fire of the garrison. When the morning approached, two ammunition-waggons were yet standing in the water. The cannonade and fire of small arms began again from the city, but it did not prevent the French soldiers from getting even these last stores up the Kudiat-Ati. When all the heavy artillery had been carried up the mountain, every one felt astonished that this labour could have been achieved: even those who had carried it out, wondered at their own success; and many could not but remember the expedition of the army of Buonaparte across the Alps. When we saw the hardy soldiers of the 47th regiment, to whom the successful result of the bold enterprise was mainly due, drenched by water, covered with mud, having scarcely tasted food for the last twenty-four hours, calmly encountering the tirailleurs of the enemy, every one of us, and especially the foreign officers, felt the highest admiration.

On the 11th, the batteries began to play against the walls between the gates Bab-el-Uad and Bab-el-Djeddid. Here is the single narrow point where it is possible to batter a breach, as here ends the deep ravine which encircles Constantine in every other direction. Here the rock, no longer forming a perpendicular wall, but an elevated neck of land, offers a natural connexion with the mountain Kudiat-Ati. Without this single vulnerable point, Constantine would be a second Gibraltar—a city which might possibly be destroyed by bomb-shells, but which never could be carried by storm.

The Governor, the Prince, and General Perrégaux, the chief of the staff, whose active zeal had encouraged the soldiers during their work, daily rode from El-Mansurah to Kudiat-Ati to examine the progress of the batteries. The communication between these

two positions was never interrupted, but the passage across the Rummel always involved some danger, as on one side the fire of the garrison commanded the river, and on the hills at the other side numerous Arabs lurked, ever ready, like the carrion-bird, to pounce on their prey whenever a single adventurer attempted to cross the river within their range. A soldier who, to get some wood, had advanced a few paces beyond the outposts, was attacked by some of these horsemen, and before a musket could be fired at them, they had galloped off with the head of the Frenchman. The Arab cavalry and the Kabyle infantry, assembled round the country-seat of Ahmet-Bey, remained almost passive spectators of the struggle. The Kabyles several times approached the French tirailleurs at half-shot distance, but the attack was not energetically supported. These hordes are too deficient in discipline to stand against regular troops. When they noticed that their fire had but little effect, they left it off, and during the last days they did nothing but watch our movements. In the camp of Ahmet there was likewise a great number of Kabyle women. Like the ancient Cimbrian and Teuton females, they tried to rouse the courage of the warriors by their noisy exhortations, applauding the brave and chiding the cowards.

The garrison of Constantine made a determined sally on the 10th of October. Turks and Kabyles stealthily approached by a hollow way, and along the deep furrows of the ground, till they neared the batteries. General Damrémont, who was on the spot, ordered the Foreign Legion and the "battalion d'Afrique" to attack with fixed bayonets, and threw himself into the struggle. Many a bullet was aimed at his person; he was noticeable from the feather in his hat, but none touched him; and the enemy was driven back into the city with considerable loss.

On the morning of the 12th of October, the breach was already so wide that ten men could storm abreast. The Governor and his suite were early on the Kudiat-Ati to watch the progress of the breach. About eight o'clock, he ordered the fire to be discontinued, as a messenger was expected back from the city, who

had been sent thither with the summons to capitulate. The humane General Damrémont had made this last attempt to spare blood. The messenger was a young Arab belonging to the battalion of the Zuaves, who had offered himself for this mission, which to many appeared dangerous. When he approached the walls of the city, waving the white flag, the sign of truce, the garrison of Constantine ceased firing, and let down a rope, by which they drew him up. They detained him until they had again filled the breach with woolsacks, and then he was despatched with the following answer:—"There is in Constantine plenty of ammunition and provisions: if the French need provisions, we can furnish them. We do not know what capitulation means. We shall defend our city and our houses to the last; they shall not become your prey as long as a single defender lives." When this answer was delivered to the General, he said: "They are brave men! Well, the struggle will be the more glorious for us."

Towards ten o'clock, the roar of cannon was again heard. The twenty-four pounders and the mortars fired in quick succession, and soon cleared the piles of woolsacks out of the breach. The echo, rolling from mountain to mountain, carried the sound afar to the Desert. General Damrémont, after having examined the last battery, advanced imprudently near the slope of the Kudiat-Ati, in the direction of the city, in order to view with the telescope the effect produced by the fire. The bombs and the musket-balls whizzing and bursting all around him, did not keep him back from his daring promenade. General Rulhières called his attention to the danger. "*C'est egal*" (it matters not), answered Damrémont calmly. But he had to pay for this constant defiance of death: a twenty-four pounder ball struck him lifeless to the ground; he had hardly time to commend his fearless warrior-soul to his Lord with the exclamation, "*Mon Dieu!*" The brave General Perrégaux bent with deep grief over the body of his commander and friend, and in the very same moment his own forehead was hit by a musket-bullet, inflicting a deadly wound. General Rulhières was wounded slightly in the left cheek, and

his coat was pierced. The Duke of Nemours stood on the same dangerous spot, where the bullets incessantly whizzed. His aides-de-camp vehemently urged him to retire, but he steadily refused, and remained with the others until the corpse of Damrémont had been removed. The young Prince manifested uncommon courage during the whole expedition, on every opportunity. I have seen him in the midst of the fiercest fire, on points where the bombs struck the soil twice every minute. We others did not deem it cowardly to throw ourselves flat on the ground, that the bursting pieces might not touch us; but the Duke despised our precaution, and walked amidst the shower of bullets with a coolness which no one could witness without admiration. After the death of the General-in-Chief, a council of war was assembled, and the command of the army was entrusted to Valée, Lieutenant-General of the Artillery, a veteran of the times of the Empire, the eldest of all the generals present. The sad event of Damrémont's death was hardly talked of for an hour among the soldiers, and was soon quite forgotten. The General and the African troops had known one another too little, so that the loss of the man, who, for the first time in his life, commanded a military operation of importance, could not leave a profound impression; moreover, suffering had blunted the feelings of the army. Among the officers were many partisans of Marshal Clauzel, who did not like his successor; and though they could not suppress a passing emotion on Damrémont's heroic death, they soon again talked of him slightingly, and with cold indifference. His death certainly had little influence. The storm of Constantine would not have been attempted sooner if he had lived, and it doubtless would have had the same result. A new battery had been raised on the 12th, which stood nearer to the city than any other, and therefore could aim with greater precision. The fire was opened most effectually, and the roar of the whole artillery blended into such an incessant thunder that even the invalids felt cheered. The army was aware that on the morrow the storm was to be attempted, and these tidings greatly enhanced the enthusiasm of

the troops. And they certainly required such comfort, as they had been sorely tried in their muddy camps during five nights of pouring rain. Their poor horses and mules had got no fodder since the 10th; their rapacious hunger often led them to devour each others' tails and manes. Hundreds of them fell every day, and hosts of vultures preyed upon the carcasses. Wood was likewise scarce; the soldiers could hardly find some dry thistles to prepare their scanty fare. The camp offered most distressful scenes, especially during the long cheerless nights. No fire burned: the monotony of the howling wind, and the incessant splashing of the rain, were only interrupted by the neighing of the hungry horses, and the sighs of the invalids. Most fortunately the sky began to brighten on the 12th of October, and with it the courage of the army. In such a predicament alone it is possible fully to appreciate the great influence of the weather on our temper. The night of the 13th was brightened by the moon, and the twenty-four pounders continued to play. On the following morning, the sun rose on a fully clear horizon, and the corps appointed to the storm gladly greeted the moment of action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamoricière commanded the first storming-party, consisting of three hundred Zuaves, two choice companies of the second light infantry regiment, and forty sappers. The second party, headed by the brave Colonel Combes, was composed of detachments of sappers of the 47th regiment of the line, of the Foreign Legion, and of the 2d and 3d African battalions. The third column had been formed of detachments designated by the lot, in equal numbers, from all the four brigades: it was placed under the command of Colonel Corbin. The Zuaves had approached the breach within about a hundred and fifty paces in a kind of trench, where they lurked a whole day and a whole night waiting for the signal of the storm. The Duke of Nemours had been appointed commander of the siege: he was at the side of Lamoricière. At seven o'clock in the morning, the Prince at last whispered to the Colonel, "Whenever you choose, Colonel." Lamoricière wielded his sword, and exclaiming with loud voice, "Up

Zuaves!—follow me!" he ran up the breach: the signal for the storm had just been given by the simultaneous discharge of eight cannon. The balls raised a thick cloud of dust all round the breach, which was to prevent the garrison from aiming at the first men who stormed. At this signal of the guns, the music of the Foreign Legion sounded the storming-march, and all the other regimental bands and drummers joined in the chorus. In the midst of this noise of cannon, drums, and trumpets, the Zuaves, and the other corps of the first storming-party, speedily followed their Colonel. At that moment, too, the Arabs and Kabyles, who were encamped on all the mountains around, raised a fearful cry,—so piercing, that they deafened even the drums and the trumpets. This single, protracted, heart-rending yell of five thousand manly voices, had in the beginning a wild, warlike effect; but it died away in exhaustion, with a melancholy vibration like the breaking chords of a gigantic harp. It was the death-cry of the "city of the devil." An hour later, the silence of the tomb reigned again, and the French were masters of Constantine.

Arrived on the breach, the storming-party were surprised not to find any entrance into the city. A labyrinth of ruins—half-crushed houses and streets—prevented them from distinguishing whether they were really in the city, and no one knew which direction was to be taken; whilst the bullets whizzed from all sides, proclaiming the presence of the enemy amidst the ruins. The invisible marksmen aimed especially at the officers, as always is the case here in Africa; in consequence, one fourth of the killed were officers. At last the Zuaves discovered the entrance to one of the strongly fortified batteries. Without a single shot, they rushed with the bayonet on the gunners, who calmly stood by their guns, meeting their assailants without any attempt at flight, but bravely defending themselves to the very last man. They fell after desperate resistance. From thence the Zuaves forced their way into a large store-house, and reached the second battery: here the gunners did not offer the same resistance; but

after having discharged their muskets, most of them fled by secret passages. To get over the ruins into the streets, ladders had to be used; but the first troops who penetrated into the town proper were received by a volley, and compelled to open a path with the bayonet, and to march over corpses. The enemy retreated from door to door, disputing every inch of ground. A dwelling which had been severely injured by our fire suddenly gave way, and buried several privates and officers; among them Commander Serigny, of the second light regiment. The unfortunate man lay up to his breast under the ruins which had crushed the lower part of his body: he called and cried for help; no one could afford it: he moaned, until entirely crushed by the weight which had oppressed him. A few moments later, a still more terrific scene took place. The storming troops found themselves suddenly amidst flames and smoke; their breath failed, their senses vanished, their clothes and hair caught fire, darkness covered their sight. It was the explosion of a large quantity of powder, probably kindled by a musket-shot, or some other chance. The French engineers, to meet any emergency, had carried powder-sacks along with them; these, too, caught fire, and heightened the general confusion. Above forty soldiers and officers were crushed and burnt. They suffered a fearful death: most of them met it silently: the heat and smoke stifled even their last moan. Others lived a few moments after the explosion, but their agony was terrible; they had lost their sight, and groped about as if in search of the limbs and clothes of which the fire had bereft them; wailing in sounds unlike any human utterance. Others, again, escaped with wounds more or less severe; the skin of many had been torn off; some had been deprived of the use of their eyes. The ground had given way in several spots; ruins of walls had tumbled down: the explosion of that crater was followed by an awful pause. The inhabitants of Constantine availed themselves of this moment of uncertainty and confusion. Ragged Kabyles, likewise blackened by powder, yatagan in hand, might be seen scrambling across the glowing and smoking ruins, to massacre

all those who still breathed and suffered amidst the scene of destruction and deadly struggle. Several of the crushed Frenchmen roused themselves from under the ruins to sell dearly the feeble remainder of their life. Some of the savages, shunning the combat with the half dead, preferred to vent their rage on the corpses. They plunged the yatagan in the brave hearts beating no longer; they tore the limbs off the corpses, and spearing them on their yatagans, they triumphantly paraded them through the streets, to incite the half-discouraged defenders of the city to new resistance by the sight of the horrible trophies.

In this critical moment, the second storming-party, led by Colonel Combes, arrived at the scene of action. The soldiers of the 47th regiment and the Foreign Legion supported the Zuaves, who had suffered severely, and Colonel Combes took charge of the command, as Lamoricière had been wounded by the explosion, and had lost his sight for a time. The enemy had retired behind a kind of barricade, which had formed itself of ruins and corpses. From thence they launched a murderous musket-fire against the French troops. Combes ordered a company of his regiment to take this barrier by storm, awarding the decoration of the "Legion d'Honneur" to the first who would overstep it. The company advanced in rapid march, the lieutenant leaped over the barricade, but fell in the same moment during a general volley. Yet this officer had not been hit, but had only fallen over the ruins. Those who stood behind him, however, were wounded, and several killed; among them the captain of the company. Colonel Combes, too, was mortally wounded by two bullets. He calmly and slowly left the battle-field, without support, and returned to the battery, reporting the action to General Valée and the Duke of Nemours. Neither his demeanour and expression, nor his composed accents, betrayed that he was a dying man. He retired to his tent, where he expired a few days later, with the same calm serenity of mind. This man possessed the noble grandeur which we admire in the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome. After Combes and Lamoricière had been dis-

abled for command, the soldiers began the strife in the streets on their own account, fighting their way from house to house. The Zuaves at last reached the abode of Ben-Aissa, where the resistance was concentrated. The struggle continued in the galleries and in the yard of the house; most of the defenders of the place fled by secret passages unknown to the assailants; but several Kabyles died, arms in hand. A Negro woman likewise lay among the corpses: she had been killed by a musket-ball, and held a yatagan and a pistol yet in her hand. Ben-Aissa himself had escaped to the citadel, but the steward of the palace fell in the streets, bravely fighting. In Ben-Aissa's abode, the soldiers captured a considerable store of gold and treasures. To rouse the courage of the inhabitants, Ben-Aissa had distributed money amongst them during the latter days of the siege.

By the capture of the centre of defence, the resistance in Constantine was broken. General Rulhières took the command of the troops. He was leading them against the citadel situated at the outskirt of the city, when a Moor came to meet him with a paper in his hand. It was a petition of the inhabitants of Constantine, who entreated him to spare the city, and who tried to exculpate themselves by imputing to the Kabyles the stubborn resistance. General Valée, to whom the petition was communicated, acceded to the request. Resistance ceased; some Kabyles only, before flying down over the rocks, fired their muskets at the soldiers, who were forcing their way into the Kasbah. In the morning, at nine o'clock, the tricoloured flag replaced the red one on all the main points of Constantine.

From Kudiat-Ati we had seen the storming columns climb up the breach. They disappeared in the city, and we remained in painful expectation for one whole hour, which was to decide the success of the expedition, and the safety of us all. When, at nine o'clock, we saw the tricolor reared on the Kasbah, we shouted with exultation, and embraced one another; for the first time in my life I felt the power of the consciousness of victory. The Arabs

and Kabyles, who, from the mountain-tops, had gazed down on the storming of Constantine, retired in silence when they saw that the red flag was struck. All the curious idlers, who had remained in camp, rushed now to see the interior of that city which, in the short space of a year, had been the scene of two catastrophes, and the gaining of which had cost so many lives.

At the foot of the breach I met Captain Levaillant. He had been one of the foremost of the storming-party, but had remained unhurt; he had cut down several Kabyles; his countenance was blackened by smoke, his regimentals pierced, and covered with dust. We shook hands heartily. "Is Colonel Lamoricière alive?" was my first question. "He lives," answered Levaillant; "but he fares as if devils had taken a walk with him through hell. He is half scorched, and has lost his sight. Go and visit him: he has already inquired for you and your champagne." "And your Zuaves?" "Half of them dead or wounded: those who escaped are plundering." "And the inhabitants of Constantine—how did they fight?" "Like incarnate fiends; but I have no time for talking, I must go to my tent to cleanse me from blood and mud." He hastened away: I came to the wall.

The breach was about thirty feet broad. In order to arrive there, one had first to climb an elevation of earth and sand. Many wool-sacks and stones lay strewed about the broken wall; behind the breach we saw ruins of houses destroyed by the explosion. The scorched and mutilated corpses of African and French soldiers lay here so close together, that it was impossible to enter the city without stepping on dead bodies. I never beheld a more frightful sight than this breach: most of the corpses were torn in pieces, some without heads; with others, the features were completely blackened by powder, so that it was impossible to distinguish the white European from the brown Kabyle, and even from the Negro. In the streets, the corpses were less disfigured. Some of the groups of dead were very striking. The struggle had been fought here man to man, and the fallen French soldier rested sometimes on the body of his Kabyle enemy. I can never forget

the countenance of an old Kurugli, with a long white beard, whom I saw leaning on the corner of a house in a sitting posture, with eyes and mouth wide open, his left fist raised to the skies, whilst his right hand tightly clasped a pistol. I thought the old man was alive, and was calling for help; but when I approached, I saw that he was a cold grim corpse. The fury of fanaticism, and sometimes the triumph of glutted revenge, that so many enemies had fallen around them, remained impressed on the features of the fallen Mussulmans.

Arriving in the town, over this smoking heap of ruins and corpses, I met a band of plunderers, laden with manifold booty, carpets, burnuses, arms, victuals, and even Arab manuscripts; seeking people to buy them. In the entrance to the first street, a coffee-house was open, where pots of coffee stood yet on the hearth. The Moorish customers had fled, and the French grenadiers emptied now the whole supply, jesting and happy. A long row of Moorish and Jewish shops was already entirely plundered; the soldiers of the Foreign Legion busied themselves here much more than they had done at the storm; but the inhabitants were not injured personally, from the very moment that the struggle had ceased. They stood trembling, without complaint or protestation, gazing at the plunderers of their property. The Jews humbly kissed the hands of the soldiers, who seemed to be greatly amused by such submission. On the whole, the officers did not interfere with the plundering, though they did not positively allow it; yet it would have been difficult, even with the best disciplined troops, to hinder such scenes in a city taken by storm, after so many privations. I saw, however, at least one officer who exerted himself to the utmost in protecting the property of the ill-fated population of Constantine from the rapacity of the soldiers. It was Lieutenant Chardon of the Engineers, a brave young officer, of the noblest character. At one of the street-corners, two blind Moors were sitting, who, not aware of what had happened, or at least feigning not to know it, stretched out their hands and begged for bread. "Is it not too bad," exclaimed a soldier, laughingly;

"those rogues beg bread from us!" "Poor fellows," said Chardon, "they have no one now to give them bread besides us;" and he went seeking among his soldiers, till he found some victuals for the beggars.

Having satisfied my first curiosity, I rode back to our camp on El-Mansurah, where Muralt arrived immediately after me, and we were soon busy in breaking up our tent and packing it on the back of our asses. Muralt was excited; he had entered the city during the struggle, and had been so fortunate as to capture one of the red flags which had floated on the wall. On his subsequent visit to France, he presented it to the Queen of the French as a remembrance of that memorable day.

We proceeded with our horses and asses to the Kudiat-Ati, but were unable then to enter the city, as the gates were opened only late in the evening, and nearer access was cut off by the long file of troops and their baggage. We slept once more in the open air close to the gates; the night was dark and wet, and the poor wounded and invalids on the waggons, which could not enter, moaned all the night. Overwhelmed by weariness, I fell asleep, and awoke only when a horse had broken loose, and caused indescribable confusion among the troops which were bivouacking around us. The swearing and cursing of the soldiers, the yells of the female sutlers, who thought that their cheese and wine were in danger, the moaning of the wounded, and the painful brawl of the hungry mules and asses, formed a most dreadful concert. My friend Muralt remained awake all the night, in order to help and comfort the sick. He complained much of the want of feeling in the French soldiers, who did not care for their wounded companions, and thought only of booty.

At dawn we entered the city, and without further ceremony occupied a house, whose inhabitants, with the exception of an old woman, had all fled. Though it had been plundered, the house yet contained victuals in abundance. We brought our horses and asses into the well-filled barley-store, where the emaciated beasts enjoyed themselves so much, that we had to remove the fodder for fear

they should feed themselves to death. Several rooms were filled with bags of flour, kegs of butter, salt meat, honey, and fruit, especially pomegranates, larger in size and sweeter than I ever had tasted before. After having lived on short allowance for a fortnight, we found all this supply very acceptable. Our old Moorish landlady seemed in the beginning very much alarmed about her boarders; we tried to comfort her, and treated her with the products of our cooking, especially the coffee, which was our own property, and of which she seemed very fond. As often as we brought it to her, she always blessed us, and lauded the humanity of the Christians to her old kinsman, who often paid her visits. He seemed to be a hardened fanatic; but the intercourse with the Christians had gradually such an influence on his temper, that once he brought us Moorish cakes as tokens of his affection.

We left the ground-floor to our landlady, and took up our quarters in the first storey, where we found excellent carpets and mattresses. We soon got a new inmate in the house, namely, Captain Russel, an Irishman, in the Austrian service; and, as our house was so richly stored, it attracted some more visitors. The Saxon, Lieutenant Bernhard, became our daily guest at dinner, and the Moorish rooms were often filled with gay foreign company. But we were several times disturbed by plunderers, who broke into the house, and could scarcely be restrained by the sight of the regimentals of my friends from carrying away whatever they found. Once I had really to threaten two soldiers of the African battalion with the pistol, when they were about to rob me of my own horse-gear.

The day after our entry, we visited the citadel. I saw the remaining inhabitants sitting before the doors of their houses, and conversing quietly as if nothing had happened. The plundering was yet going on; it lasted for three days; but the soldiers became by and by less rapacious, sparing the inhabited houses, and rifling only the empty ones. The Jews, always oppressed by the men of Constantine, aided them in this business; and as they knew the localities, and were acquainted with the places

where booty could be found, they stole the most valuable things in advance of the soldiers, and in this way took revenge on their former tyrants.

The Kasbah, or citadel, is of Roman origin. As the strongest batteries of Ahmet-Bey had been posted here, it was the peculiar aim of the French shells for several days. The missiles had made a dreadful havoc, yet the Roman walls stood out; though pierced by the balls, they did not tumble down. The citadel is built on the extreme edge of a precipice. The rocks beneath are nearly vertical, and only one path is practicable for men skilled in climbing. Yet many of the ill-fated inhabitants tried to escape this way: some succeeded in descending on ropes; but others were hurled down by the crowd pressing behind on that dangerous spot, and were crushed or maimed by the fall. Whoever had taken that direction could no longer return, as the enemy was raging in the rear, and the stream of the fugitives rolled on. The confusion was yet heightened by the musket-fire of the 17th infantry regiment, which stood on the opposite rock, and shot down the flying multitude. Above five hundred men lost their lives. But in spite of the relentless fire of the French, the people of Constantine carried away their dead; only on some inaccessible projections of the rock there remained a few corpses. On one of these projections, nearly in mid-air, we saw a female lying, who had broken her leg; and a babe, which had remained unhurt. My friend Muralt summoned the French soldiers to make an effort to save the unfortunate woman, and promised a reward to those who should reach her. A Zuave, who spoke Arabic, succeeded after several attempts; but the Mooress refused any help from Christians, and declared she wished to die on that spot with her infant. She only requested a jug of water, which was handed down to her by a rope. She first gave her child to drink, drank herself, and then threw the jug into the abyss. I do not know what became of her. Next day she had disappeared, together with her child. The same spot where so many inhabitants of Constantine perished, served, under the Beys,

as a place of punishment for faithless females, who were hurled down the cliffs, according to an old custom which we can trace even to the times of the Vandals.*

One of our first visits was to the palace of Ahmet-Bey. The Duke of Nemours and General Valeé had taken possession of it: the French head-quarters were established there. The garden contained a lion-yard, where twelve of these majestic animals were in chains; their keeper was Wendelin Schlosser, a German renegade, from Erfurt. An adjoining wing of the palace contained the harem of the Bey, occupied by about eighty females; but amongst them there was only one really beautiful person, Aïsha. According to her recollection, she was of Christian extraction, and had been brought by the Corsairs, in her early youth, to Tunis. But the cut of her face was Oriental: black hair, a rosy complexion, a Greek nose, and such a majestic deportment, that even without the superior richness of her attire, she was distinguished from among the other females at the first glance. This queen of the harem was soon reconciled to her altered condition, and received the new inhabitants of the palace as noble guests. She gave a ball in their honour, in which all the harem took part. In the large marble hall, the females performed their dances beneath the light of lamps, and in the presence of the French officers of the staff. These females were, of course, treated with great respect, and nobody was allowed to intrude on their abode. Once only an indiscreet officer entered their rooms; but the females rushed with dishevelled hair to the Prince, complaining of the outrage, and the Prince immediately gave orders to turn out the intruder.

The dwelling of Ben-Aissa, the Vicegerent, was not to be compared with the palace of the Bey. It was much smaller, and devoid of architectural ornaments; but much cash and many jewels had been found here. A Zuave had the good luck to make a booty of 10,000 boojoos (£800): thus he at once became a wealthy

* Victoris Viterbensis Historia de Persecutione Vandalorum, Lib. iv.

man, and did not fancy the drill and service any longer. He was a native, and got his dismissal, married afterwards in Constantine, and yet lives there. I found my colleagues of the Scientific Commission quartered in the house of Ben-Aissa; but they were far from being as well satisfied as we were in our well-stored little house. Dr. Laporte was in bad temper: he had accompanied the expedition, in order to analyze chemically the water of the hot springs of Hammam-Meskhutin; but he could not get an escort to that place, and the mule which had carried his bottles stumbled on the rocky path, and broke them. My friend Berbrugger was busy buying Arabic manuscripts from the plundering soldiers, for the library of Algiers, of which he was the keeper. Some of them were valuable, especially the collection of the laws of the Kadis, and the "History of the City of Constantine." But many of the manuscripts were lost on the return. The soldiers of the train did not care for scientific treasures, and threw some of the heavy book-chests from the waggon, where they stuck in the mud. I hope they were found by the Arabs, and think that they were more in place in the hermitages of the Marabuts, than in the hall of the Algiers Library. There are but very few books in the Regency of Algiers, and therefore they are real treasures. It is rare that a Moorish family has more than one book, and it is the common property of all the family. With the four or five hundred manuscripts carried to Algiers in order to fill the dusty shelves of the library, at least as many Moorish families were deprived of their instruction and comfort.

It was reported that Ben-Aissa had buried much money in his house. Of course each of us wished to find the treasure. But where could it be found? The building was large, and we had no clue to any spot where to search. But suddenly we found a person who could give us some hint. Among the drinking soldiers of the Foreign Legion, Muralt remarked one, a pale man with fair beard, in Moorish attire, who spoke German. Had his language not betrayed his extraction, his drinking would have

done so; since he swallowed such quantities of brandy as only a Northern man or an Anglo-Saxon can afford to take. Muralt heard that he was a renegade, who had lived for a considerable time in Constantine, and immediately invited him to our house, where he gave us a rather confused account of his adventures, for the brandy had disturbed his logic.

His name was Send; he was a native of Dresden, had served in the Foreign Legion, and had been captured by the Bedouins, carried to a Marabut on the Jurjura, and converted by him to Islam. He lived there for a time, was well treated, and enjoyed a good deal of liberty. But when Ahmet-Bey had heard about him, and learned that he was a gunsmith by trade, he requested the Marabut to let him have the renegade. The old Marabut, who had grown fond of him, dismissed him with tears, but assured him that he would meet with a much brighter life at Constantine than he could offer him. In fact, Ahmet treated him kindly; he gave him a house, a wife, and the means of establishing a work-shop. But he soon made too high exactions of Send, and forced him to work until exhausted; and when the guns were not ready in time, he had him bastinadoed. In the defence of Constantine, Send had a principal part, being one of the commanders of the batteries. When the French opened their fire against the walls from Kudiat-Ati, Send declared that the city was lost. The fanatical inhabitants became so furious at this opinion, that they put him in chains, and dragged him to the place of execution; but the Mayor of the town, a secret friend to the French, saved his life. Send's house was plundered by the French soldiers, like the other houses; and the poor man, together with his wife and child, had nothing to eat. But it was characteristic, that this German, who had lost nearly all his property, spent immediately the few piasters he had in his pocket in order to get drunk, after he had been obliged for many years to forego his beloved brandy.

This renegade had been often employed by Ben-Aissa, and had at one time the direction of the mint. We asked him, therefore, whether he would not give us some information about the hidden

treasures. He led us to a small room on the ground-floor, and said that Ben-Aissa had here secretly employed two Negroes in digging, whom he had afterwards beheaded, to keep the secret safe. We immediately fetched spades and hoes, and dug until we got tired; but the treasure did not appear. The servants stealthily continued the digging for another day, and found a number of silver coin. Though they concealed their good luck, yet it got abroad, and the military authorities occupied the house. Soon after our departure, the diggings were continued, and the house destroyed. It is said that above one hundred thousand Spanish dollars were found here, though no official report was ever made about it.

I got tidings about Colonel Lamoricière from my friend Berbrugger. All the army manifested the greatest sympathy for that gallant officer, when it was feared he would not recover his sight. He bore his pains without complaint, was in high spirits, and remembered our wager immediately after his mishap. He never had been nearer death. Scorched and blinded by the explosion, he fell into a hole, and was nearly killed by the bursting walls; some of his soldiers, however, arrived in time to extricate him from among the ruins. The excellent Colonel Combes died on the 15th. He retained his consciousness up to the last moment, and said to the Duke of Nemours,—"I do not commend my wife to you: she has enough to live upon; but I commend to you my children, the soldiers of my regiment." To his companions, who stood mourning at his death-bed, he said,—"Those who survive may be happy of such success: I likewise am happy to have been able to do at least something for France." The Colonel was buried on the Kudiat-Ati; his heart was embalmed and carried to France: it has since been deposited under the monument erected to him in his native town. The army lost in him one of its best leaders, and France one of her noblest citizens. I do not remember any case in which the sympathies of so many have been more heartily united, than at the death of the high-minded Combes.

Once only I saw Colonel Duvivier after the storm; he seemed depressed, as though his feelings had been intentionally hurt. He had the reputation of being the most talented officer of the army; but during this expedition, he had not got any command of importance. He was employed at the rear-guard; the reason was that Duvivier was a partisan of Clauzel, and Damrémont had therefore a personal dislike to him. In the first expedition, he had had the command of the attack on the gate Bab-el-Djeddid, and was now grieved that he had not got such a dangerous post, where he could have reaped either honour or death.

The hospital was established in one of the most extensive Moorish houses. The poor wounded lay there on the marble floor of the halls and galleries. It was an awful sight those numbers of deadly pale and scorched features, those mangled bodies, those amputations and dressings of the wounds, those piercing shrieks of the patients, the moaning and the dying. I never could stand it for any length of time, but I often returned to visit our poor wounded friends. Captain Richepanse excited peculiar sympathy; he had accompanied the expedition as volunteer, to revenge the death of his brother, who had fallen in the first expedition. Richepanse was in the forlorn hope, and was yet more severely scorched than Lamoricière; but he likewise got restored to health.

On the 17th, the reserve, under Colonel Bernelle, arrived from Mejez-Ammar, and with it Prince Joinville. The meeting of the two princely brothers was warm and touching. Joinville is more muscular and taller than his brother; he looks like an honest tar; but his features are noble, like those of all the princes of the younger French house. He took up his quarters in the palace of the Bey, with three Prussian officers, who, though they arrived only after the storm, yet were all decorated with the cross of the Legion d'Honneur by French courtesy.

Next day the army was assembled at the breach, outside the city, in honour of their fallen General. Damrémont's corpse had been embalmed, and was to be carried to France. The obsequies

were very simple; but the recollections of the place—between the gory breach, surmounted by the triumphant tricolor, and the spot where the General had met his heroic death; and the presence of the most gallant soldiers, and the brave officers, who had endured such trials, and displayed such courage at the siege—made the scene most impressive. The ceremony consisted in the defiling of the army before the *catafalco*, and a general discharge over the tomb. Both princes, General Valée, and the numerous staff, were present; and groups of natives gathered around them, and gazed with amazement on the spectacle. I cannot say that the soldiers displayed much sorrow. After so much endurance and so many scenes of blood, they appeared indifferent. There was no other funeral ceremony; no speech was made; only the muskets thundered their last farewell. But the sky had suddenly cleared up: it seemed as if the sun, which had seen the death of the General, wished once more to greet his corpse with its rays, illuming the bald tops of the Atlas, where here and there scattered bands of Kabyles were yet encamped, gazing with curiosity on the obsequies of the conqueror of Constantine.

The first column returned on the 20th to Bona: Muralt and I accompanied it. We had nothing more to see in Constantine, especially as the cholera began to rage in the army: a few days after our departure, General Caraman fell a victim to that disease. We made short stages on our journey, in which we were followed by a band of dogs. It was curious that these animals left their former dwellings, and followed the foreigners without any ostensible reason, as the French soldiers were not just in a temper to share their scanty provisions with such rapacious guests. The dogs often turned round, and barked and whined most pitifully, as if prophesying some further misfortune to the ill-fated city.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF MARSHAL VALÉE.

The conquest of Constantine had been achieved without any important aid from the natives. Farhad-ben-Said, the late Sheikh-el-Arab of the tribes of the Desert, who had been deposed by Ahmet, had formerly urged the Duke of Rovigo and Marshal Clauzel to undertake an expedition against Constantine. In fact, he promised thousands of Arab horsemen as auxiliaries, yet did not appear at the trysting-place, Mejez-Ammar. But scarcely had the city been taken, when he arrived at the head of some four hundred ragged Bedouins, and claimed his share of the spoils. General Valée asked him why he had not taken part in the struggle? and Farhad replied cunningly, "Had I arrived before Constantine was taken, people would have said that you were victorious only because Arabs had fought Arabs; your victory would not have had any moral result. It was my friendship for you which induced me not to claim the post of honour and peril: I waited until you had entered the city." General Valée appointed him Agha of the province, but Farhad was of no use to the French; his Bedouins were rude and rapacious, and committed such outrages and murders, that the vicinity of Constantine became insecure, and no Arabs visited the market. He was therefore ordered to quit the country, and he unwillingly took the way to the south—in pursuit of Ahmet, as he said, whose head he promised to the French. But when the tribes saw that he was not supported by the French, they rose against him: he was defeated by the Aractas, and returned to the Desert.

General Valée was soon rewarded by the French Government for his gallantry before Constantine. He received the rank of Marshal, and the appointment of Governor-General; and it seemed that now, at last, colonization, and not war, was to be the principal care of the French. The dearly-bought peace at

the Tafna secured, for a while, the French dominion in the west against the incursions of Abd-el-Kader: the province of Constantine was quiet; the tribes did not dare to attack the French, who had so easily taken a city reputed impregnable. But Abd-el-Kader knew that his own supremacy could not last in time of peace, and he sought to innovate upon the treaty of the Tafna. According to his interpretation, the French had made a cession to him of the country through which the way from Algiers leads to Constantine; and besides, he claimed the sovereignty over all the tribes of the Desert, from Tunis to Morocco. Well aware of the French character, he sent his confidential friend and Khalifa, Milud-Ben-Arash, to Paris, with presents to the King, and entrusted him with the mission of negotiating an explanatory treaty, confirming his new pretensions. But, contrary to their usual custom, the ministers refused to treat with the envoy in Paris on questions of which they did not know the bearing; and gave him the advice to negotiate in Algiers with the Governor-General. Milud had to return, and, on the 4th of July 1838, he signed an additional convention with Marshal Valée, by which the French interpretation of the treaty was acknowledged; but Abd-el-Kader's obligation to furnish thirty thousand bags of wheat, and as many bags of barley, with which he had not complied, was commuted into an annual tribute of two thousand bags of wheat, and the same quantity of barley, for ten successive years. But Abd-el-Kader had in the meantime gone to the south, and the additional convention was not ratified.

Up to the treaty of the Tafna, the Emir was nothing more than the military chief of the tribes, carrying on the holy war against the infidels. His sovereignty was not regularly acknowledged either by the Arabs or by the Kabyles. But after General Bugeaud and the French Government had granted him the important provinces of Oran and Titteri as his territory, his authority was soon recognised in the interior: it was the French who set him up as Sultan. No tribe dared to refuse tribute to the chief, with whom the Sultan of France had made a treaty on

terms of equality. Abd-el-Kader's legitimacy was now established. His next step was to organize his territory and his forces. The Emir had seen that the French had successively entered all the principal cities of the Regency; and though they had evacuated them, still it was dangerous to concentrate the resources of the new Arab empire so near to the French camps as Tlemsan or Mascara. The capture of Constantine was a clear evidence that no fortification was too strong for the enemy; but Abd-el-Kader was aware of the difficulties of a long march through the country of the Arabs for any French army. He therefore founded new cities to the south of the old ones, as places of refuge, to contain his warlike stores, powder-mills, and gun-factories; they were to become the real centres of his power. Boghar rose to the south-east of Medeah; Thaza south of Miliana; Saida was to become the new Mascara; and Tafraua the new Tlemsan. His residence was to be Tekedemt, in the midst of an uncultivated plain between Mascara and Thaza, where some Roman ruins show that, from times of old, importance has been attributed to the place. He began to erect here forts and trenches, barracks, a mint, a powder-mill and store-houses for his army, and a palace for himself. To fill the city with inhabitants, he transplanted, in the old Oriental way, the Moors of Mazagran and Mostagenem, the Turks and Kuruglis from Miliana and Medeah, and gunsmiths and mechanics from all the country, into the new settlement. Milud-Ben-Arash had bought for him in France the necessary utensils and engines for his manufacture of arms.

In organizing his nearly established power, Abd-el-Kader had principally two objects in view: to maintain the religious fanaticism of the tribes in spite of the peace with France, and to strengthen his military resources, so as not to be entirely dependent on the contingents of the tribes. He wished to become independent of the fickle affection of the Arabs, and to be able of overruling them effectually, both by religious enthusiasm, and by fear of his military force. He concentrated all the power in the hands of Marabuts. None of his vicegerents belonged to the

military nobility, whom he distrusted, as being too much influenced by the momentary interest of their separate tribes, without caring for the Arab empire of the Emir; whilst the Marabuts had a higher and more enduring impulse than regard for their tribes, namely, hatred of the Christians, with some sentiment of nationality beyond the primitive relations of the tribes. But Abd-el-Kader was well aware that, to establish an empire it is essentially necessary to have "pretorians,"—a standing army, which has no national interests, and is only attached to the person of the chief. He therefore sent emissaries to all the tribes, and summoned the young and adventurous men to become "sons of the Sultan," his body-guard, receiving a regular pay, to be always around him, and to bear the brunt of the battles. The flower of the tribes enlisted in this way, and became his regular cavalry. For his infantry, he got young Kabyles, who liked better to serve the Emir for pay than to earn a few boojoos from the French, as labourers for daily wages in the cities: his artillery was served by French deserters, Turks, and Kuruglis.

When the Emir had, towards the end of May 1838, in this way assembled four thousand four hundred infantry, nine hundred horsemen, one hundred and forty gunners, twelve field-pieces, twenty-nine heavy cannon, and nine thousand muskets, he undertook an expedition against the oasis-state, Ain-Maadi, in the Sahara, whose chief, the Marabut Tijini, had refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the new Arab Sultan. The city Ain-Maadi is distant nine days' march from Tekedemt: it is fortified by a strong wall and strong towers: its population is not large, scarcely above four thousand inhabitants; and the tribes depending on Tijini were likewise neither numerous nor influential. It is therefore difficult to understand why the Emir undertook this distant expedition, which could neither strengthen his prestige, nor add to his resources. Perhaps he thought that the city would fall without great resistance, and he might try his new army in a campaign against an enemy less formidable than the French. He did not surmise that his attack was to be repelled, and that,

in order to maintain his honour, and not return without a victory, he would need to make a long siege, which would detain him till the end of the year; and that even the final conquest would not be a fair equivalent for the forces wasted and the resources spent. In fact, his long protracted absence injured him considerably with the tribes in the west.

The expedition, being carried on with his regular troops, absorbed his finances; he had to make exactions in order to fill his treasury, and the hearts of the tribes began to be alienated from him. The Arabs of the west, and especially the Hashems, who could not forget that Abd-el-Kader had risen only by their support, were disaffected at seeing the Emir extend his power farther south, and transfer the centre of his government from Mascara to Tekedemt. Ain-Maadi surrendered at last, late in autumn, and paid a heavy fine. Tijini fled to the Desert, and Abd-el-Kader returned again to those tribes which, after all, were his real strength.

Marshal Valée had taken advantage of the cessation of hostilities. In spring, 1838, he occupied finally the cities of Coleah and Belida; he fortified their neighbourhood, and connected them by a military road with Algiers. He organized the province of Constantine, reduced the heavy taxes which had been imposed by Ahmet-Bey, conciliated the affections of the natives by respecting their religious and local traditions; and in autumn he occupied the site of the old Roman city Russicada, and laid here the foundations for a new city, Philippeville. Milah, in the province of Constantine, was likewise occupied, and the Arab tribes of that province acknowledged as faithfully the sovereignty of their new masters as they had formerly acknowledged that of the Janissaries; and any outrage committed on isolated Frenchmen was immediately punished by the chiefs of the tribes without the interference of the French. In the province of Algiers, the tribes of the Kashnas, Beni-Mussa, and Beni-Khalil, who were the allies of France, and therefore often attacked by the Hajutes, had nerve enough to combine against those partisans of Abd-el-Kader, and

to chastise them severely. But the Kabyles remained as hostile as ever. In the beginning of December, a combined attempt was made to clear the way from Algiers to Constantine by the "Biban," or defile called the Iron Gates. The column, starting from Constantine under General Galbois, advanced without molestation to Setif, the ancient Sitifis. But as the Algiers column failed to arrive, because it was detained by the incessant rain, the French had to retreat, and were immediately attacked and harassed by the Kabyles, and forced to abandon the position of Jimilah, which had been garrisoned by order of General Galbois.

The greatest part of the following year (1839) passed without serious hostilities. A French brig, the "Independent," had been wrecked in February on the shores of Jijeli; the Kabyles had carried the crew into the mountains, and refused to give them up without ransom. Humanity commanded compliance with the proposal of the wild tribe; but it was immediately determined to occupy Jijeli, the ancient Jelgilis, which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a flourishing commercial city, but in 1830 only a miserable village. In May, the Foreign Legion was employed on that expedition. The place was taken by surprise, and before the Kabyles had time to concentrate their forces for an attack, fortifications were raised sufficient to protect the new military settlement. Other troops destined to reach the same place by land, chastised, in the meantime, some tribes near Constantine, which, excited by the emissaries of Abd-el-Kader, had threatened the subjected Arabs of the lowlands between the Atlas and the coast.

The Emir, seeing the dominion of the French daily extending, and taking stronger root in Africa, had carefully evaded the ratification of Milud-Ben-Arash's new convention, and began now more openly to incite the Arabs and Kabyles against the French, though apparently still adhering to the treaty of the Tafna. He made in person a secret visit to the Kabyles, south of Bujia, in June; but he found them little inclined either to acknowledge his sovereignty, or to begin an isolated war against the French.

He resorted, therefore, to a system of annoyance and cunning, which was adapted to stir up the French, and make them break the treaty. In the province of Algiers, he kept up a continuous agitation; in Oran he induced the natives not to visit the French markets, and levied duties on the products sent to the French garrisons. He received ostentatiously the allegiance of Ferhad-Ben-Said, who had now deserted the French; and he did not deliver the quantities of wheat and barley stipulated by the treaty of the Tafna. Sickness prevailing in the French army hindered serious steps against the Emir, but Marshal Valée decided that something must be done to raise the prestige of the French name without making war. The passage of a French corps through the Gates of Iron (the Biban), on the way from Constantine to Algiers, seemed to be most suitable for the purpose. According to the interpretation of the treaty by the Emir, they belonged to his territory, and the natural difficulties of the country had attached to that defile a superstitious awe: it was said that not even Roman armies had ever crossed them; and the Arabs thought them impregnable, a few men being able here to stop an army. In fact, those gates are what the Americans in the Rocky Mountains call a cannon; that is to say, a long and narrow defile, bordered on both sides by perpendicular calcareous cliffs, eight to nine hundred feet in height. The passage, where it is widest, is only three hundred feet broad; but on four points, emphatically called the "Gates," the cliffs nearly join, and do not leave more space for the traveller than a gap eight feet wide.

The expedition was hazardous, but the secret of it was so well preserved, that nothing had transpired of its aim even amongst the soldiers, when they left Constantine, on the 25th of October, under the command of the Duke of Orleans and of Lieutenant-General Galbois. The natives, surprised by the sudden arrival of the French, made no resistance, but went to meet them with presents and victuals. The Sheikhs of the Beni-Abbes, called the Guardians of the Gates of Iron, brought grain, grapes, and straw, and offered to guide the army through the pass. The Prince-Royal invested

them with burnuses of honour, and they promised to serve faithfully the Sultan of France. The army, on the 28th, passed the dangerous defiles with precaution, but without meeting the slightest resistance; but on the next day a runner of Abd-el-Kader was captured, with letters summoning the Arabs to the holy war. A sudden march of the French prevented the Arabs from taking possession of the fortified position of Hamza, the Suza of the Romans, which commands a great plain in the centre of three valleys, leading to Algiers, to Bujia, and to the Iron Gates. A few shots only were exchanged with the horsemen of Abd-el-Kader, who had always indeed claimed that territory as lying within the boundaries set up in his treaty with the French, but was not yet prepared for overt rupture. On the 1st of November, the column arrived in the camp of Algiers, and was received with joyful acclamations by the colonists. Such a long and dangerous expedition, undertaken in the teeth of Abd-el-Kader, without meeting any serious resistance, was looked upon as a great fact—as an evidence that the power of France in Africa was firmly seated. The French did not surmise that this apparent triumph was the forerunner of the greatest disaster.

Abd-el-Kader was now ready for action. Already, in September, he had returned from Thaza, in the Belad-el-Jerîd, to Mascara; and, against his custom, he stained his hands with blood. Some of the chiefs of the Mejeher had not displayed sufficient zeal for his cause; they had furnished houses to the French, and seemed inclined to a lasting peace with the Rummis. Abd-el-Kader had the chiefs beheaded, and the tribe disbanded and dispersed amongst those tribes upon which he could depend. Such harshness foreboded war, but the passage of the Gates of Iron forced him to immediate action. His authority would have been slighted by Arabs and Kabyles, had he not taken immediate reprisals for the expedition of General Galbois through a territory which the Emir had always contested. He wrote, therefore, to Marshal Valée the following letter:—

Nov. 20, 1839.—"I have stated already that all the Arabs

are unanimous, and that they think there has been enough of words, and that the time for the holy war is come. I have endeavoured to change their resolution, but nobody wishes for peace any longer; they are unanimous to begin the holy war, and I cannot do otherwise than listen to them, in order to be faithful to our law which rules over us. Therefore I do not betray you; I give you notice of what is going on. Send back my envoy from Oran, that he may go to his family; and be ye ready, for all Mussulmans will unite in the holy war."

Scarcely had the letter arrived, when hostile Arabs appeared in the Metija, destroying the crops, carrying away the cattle, and slaughtering the colonists who had not immediately fled. All the province of Algiers was involved in a general blaze.

As soon as these tidings reached France, reinforcements were sent to Africa; still the French garrisons remained on the defensive. They were everywhere blockaded; the line of occupation was too extended, and easily broken through, though the troops resisted gallantly the furious attacks of the Arabs. The defence of Mazagran was one of the most heroic episodes of this bloody war. Mazagran is a small fort in the vicinity of Mostagenem. It was garrisoned in the beginning of 1840 by the 16th company of the "Battalion d'Afrique," only one hundred and twenty-three men, under the command of Captain Lelièvre. On the 2d of February, Mustapha-Ben-Thamy, the Emir's vicegerent at Mascara, invested them suddenly with a motley crowd of twelve thousand Arabs, one battalion of regulars, and two cannon. The struggle lasted for four days and four nights uninterruptedly. An Arab describing it, said: "Those days were black; for the smoke of the powder eclipsed the sun, and the nights were lighted by the camp-fires and the flashes of musketry and cannon." Half of the ammunition of the small garrison was spent already on the first day; on the second, the commander gave the order to spare the powder, and to repulse the storming Arabs only with the bayonet; on the fourth, he assembled his troops, and said:

"We have but ten thousand cartridges, and one barrel of powder; when we have spent the cartridges, we shall enter the powder-magazine, and put the match to it, happy to die for our country. Hurrah for France! hurrah for the King!" The company repeated the exclamation enthusiastically: on the next morning, the plain was free from the enemy. The Arabs had disencamped, seeing that they could not succeed in capturing even the smallest fortified post. Three times the flag-staff on the gate was broken by the bullets of the Arabs; yet it was always reared again, proclaiming the victorious resistance of the French.

Some twenty successful actions were fought in the course of the year; but in spite of French gallantry, they did not lead to any result. Though the Arabs were unable to storm French fortifications, yet the French could not keep the open field. According to the old system, large columns moved in spring and in autumn to the blockaded places, supplying the garrisons with provisions, and were harassed on their march onward and backward by Abd-el-Kader's horsemen, who avoided any general engagement. The country remained unsubdued: it was clear that after ten years the French had made no real progress in the interior: they were looked upon as hostile intruders, whose sway did not extend beyond the places where they were encamped.

But whilst the war was raging in the provinces of Algiers and of Oran, Constantine remained quiet. The last conquest was the most secure; no outbreaks here disturbed the peace; the chiefs were devoted to the French; the Beni-Salah punished every outrage committed on Frenchmen; the Sheikhs of the Haractas brought the letters of Abd-el-Kader, summoning them to the holy war, unopened to the French commanders; and the Nemenshah repulsed Ahmet-Bey, who made an attempt to rouse his former subjects. On the whole, those eastern tribes seemed to be more accessible to European civilization. There was abundant evidence to prove it: seeing potatoes in the gardens of the French, the Arabs requested their masters to furnish them

with the seed of that plant, and four hundred natives had come to Constantine to have their children vaccinated.

The campaign had lasted already for one year; the Generals Duvivier, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and Cavaignac, had displayed a military capacity of the highest order. Still all the efforts and sacrifices of the army led to no result; it could not be doubted any longer that Marshal Valée did not possess the genius of grappling with such difficulties. The old European system of war was of no avail against the harassing nomade warfare of Abd-el-Kader; a new system had to be invented, and the Marshal was too old for it. He was always too late, in attack and in defence; the indefatigable energy of the Emir anticipated all his movements; the Governor felt that he was unequal to his task; he insisted on being recalled, and his request was granted in December 1840, General Bugeaud being appointed his successor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF GENERAL BUGEAUD.

The policy of France in Algeria underwent a complete change with the appointment of General Bugeaud to the governorship of the French possessions in Africa. Up to his time, there was a continual change of commanders-in-chief and of governors; they remained, on an average, only for eighteen months at their post. Eight times, in the short space of ten years, the administration was changed; and besides, the generals second in command—as, for instance, Desmichels and Bugeaud—did not care much for their superiors. No system had until now had a fair trial. It seemed as if the Government of Louis Philippe looked upon Algeria only as the means of giving occupation to the army, in a foreign country, not in contact with France, where the soldiers were necessarily to become denationalized and brutalized, like the Austrians and Russians. Besides, Abd-el-Kader had been raised

to his important position solely by the blunders of Clauzel, and the treaties of Desmichels and Bugeaud. It seemed, therefore, as if France had been more anxious to have a continuous war in Algeria, that would keep up the military spirit of the French nation, than to colonise the country.

It was plain that there were only two ways for subduing Algeria: one slow and steady—we might call it the American system of expansion, by which only so much of the country was to be guarded by the army as was actually occupied by agricultural colonists, pushing the natives onward by the plough, and expelling forcibly, or exterminating only those, who remain on their pasture-grounds, unwilling to exchange their roving habits for agriculture. The other system—the English system in India, which does not expel the natives, after they have been taught, by severe defeat, to see that resistance is impossible,—required a large army for a short period, and a great aggressive war, crushing every independent chief, preventing the union of the tribes, and putting down any feeling of a nationality common to them all. The first system, to which Voirol and Valée were inclined, was rejected by the vanity of the French nation, which would not acknowledge that a handful of Turkish janissaries, under the command of a barbarous Dey, was more successful than the disciplined troops of the great French generals. The second system was hampered by the opposition of the middle classes in the Chambers, which were always indisposed to increase the budget. But Abd-el-Kader had now really become a formidable power by the blunders of the French, who might have destroyed him easily, either by strengthening his rival native chiefs, such as Mustapha-Bey, or by occupying Mascara, which for a long time remained the only centre of power to the Emir. A war on a grand scale had become unavoidable, and the Chambers could not refuse the necessary expenditure, unless they were prepared to give up the African possessions altogether, or to keep only the forts of the coast in the same way as the Spaniards keep Ceuta and Melilla, in a state of continual blockade, without any advantage to the mother country.

The governors of the first ten years were nearly, without exception, men of the Napoleonic wars, reputations to be used up, in order to show that the Napoleonic way of ruling did not suit the exigencies of the present; they were of no political value for the Orleans interest. But as soon as a great war was resolved upon, General Bugeaud was intrusted with the command, though the treaty of the Tafna, and the secret article of the thirty thousand boojoos (sixty thousand francs), did not recommend him either for diplomatic ability, or for integrity. He was an unpopular man, having in 1834 brutally massacred the insurgents, and, with them, many peaceable citizens, in the streets of Paris. But he was entirely bound to the Orleans family, retrograde in his political principles, unscrupulous in his diplomacy, energetic in the field. Such a man at the head of an army, to which he had become endeared by victories, and which had forgotten its national feelings in a long and savage war with a relentless and cruel enemy, was just what might be required in the future; either at home as a scourge of the Republicans, whom Louis Philippe always dreaded, though he feigned to despise them;* or the scourge of Europe, if events should, sooner or later, bring France into collision with Europe. Besides, it was just the time when the Oriental complication between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan had been settled by the four great powers of Europe, with the exclusion of France: Louis Philippe had therefore some need of displaying energy, and of showing that the power of France could not be trifled with. The African army was accordingly increased to 100,000 men, and Abd-el-Kader, who formerly had been treated as a rival power to France, was henceforward styled a rebel. The warfare of the Arabs was adopted by the French; the aim of the expeditions was no longer victory, a great blow against the enemy; but the destruction of his crops, the capture of his cattle, and the ruin of his villages and encampments. The army was to become as easily

* In 1848, Bugeaud offered to crush the insurrection of February by a vigorous attack; but Louis Philippe refused to give orders for a general slaughter of the Parisians.

moveable as the Arab tribes. Surprises and sudden irruptions into the country of the enemy were the means for carrying on that system of warfare. It did not recognise neutral tribes. Whichever of them did not immediately submit to France, and give practical proofs of its submission, was treated as hostile. When Bugeaud saw that it was impossible to turn the Arabs and Kabyles into Frenchmen, he turned the French army into Arabs and Kabyles; and the savage, harassing warfare of the razzias, as those plundering expeditions were called, soon became popular with the French generals and soldiers. In fact, it was a school for the *coup d'état* in France.

General Bugeaud was quite aware how important it is with Mohammedans to act upon their imagination, and to show them at once that all their means of defence could not be of any avail against the French. After having made a few scouring expeditions along the Shelif, and having sent provisions to the garrisons of Medeah and Milianah, the Governor-General himself headed a strong column, leading it in the beginning of May, 1841, straight to the heart of the enemy's country—to Tekedemt, the new capital and fortress of Abd-el-Kader, which the Emir had thought to be inaccessible to the French. The army left Mostagenem on the 18th, and arrived as early as on the 25th, before Tekedemt, since the harassing warfare of the Arabs and Kabyles proved unsuccessful against greater masses of disciplined European troops. The Emir rallied his forces before his capital, and fought a battle; but his horsemen could not stand the attack of the French Zuaves; they fled, and the Governor-General entered the city without resistance. It was empty; the inhabitants had all left, after having set fire to their houses. But all that Bugeaud wanted was to destroy the stronghold of the Emir; the walls were battered down, the fortifications levelled, and Abd-el-Kader, encamped on the hills in the vicinity, had to see his labour of three years destroyed in one day.

From the ruins of Tekedemt, Bugeaud directed his march across the country to Mascara; and the Emir, who retreated before

the French army everywhere, dared not to oppose them even here. Mascara was likewise deserted by its inhabitants, and partly destroyed; but the stone houses afforded to the French sufficient shelter. Bugeaud avoided now the blunder of Marshal Clauzel; he left a strong garrison in the city, and returned to Mostagenem. The Emir, seeing the French on their retreat, made a furious attack upon them; but he was repulsed with no small loss: seven of his principal chiefs fell in that desperate struggle, and the French troops did not get into disorder. On the 3d of June, Bugeaud was again at his head-quarters, after a short, nearly bloodless, but triumphant campaign. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who at the same time had left Belida with the second column, was not less favoured by the fortune of war. He reached and destroyed the new establishments of Boghar and Thaza, without meeting any serious resistance; whilst Lieutenant-General Negrier expelled from the province of Constantine a vicegerent of Abd-el-Kader, who had nearly succeeded in rousing the tribes of the Medjana. In the Desert, the influence of the Emir was likewise broken, since Bu-Asis-Ben-Ganah had declared himself for the French, and Farhad-Ben-Said, the old intriguer, and now the vicegerent of the Emir, was once more defeated. In August, General Lamoricière made an expedition from Mascara to the south; he destroyed the sepulchres of the ancestors of Abd-el-Kader; he levelled to the ground the Ghetna of Sidi-Mahiddin, and captured and ruined Saida, the last of the new forts of the Emir.

The campaign had scarcely begun, and Abd-el-Kader's power was already shaken. It seemed as if the French had allowed him for four years to gather strength, and to provide himself with French muskets and ammunition, only that it should become worth their while to destroy him. The results were soon visible in all the provinces. Many tribes sent envoys to the French, and submitted. But Abd-el-Kader had not yet lost the hope of opening negotiations, which might result in a new treaty; he therefore gave orders to spare in future the French prisoners. A few

hundred stragglers were soon in his power, and their liberation was of course anxiously wished by the French. But Bugeaud avoided any direct intercourse with the Emir, which might have been interpreted as an acknowledgment of an Arab sovereignty. The Bishop of Algiers, M. Dupuch, a generous and true-hearted Christian, took therefore the mission of humanity upon himself; he proceeded to the camp of the Emir on his own responsibility, and arranged an exchange of prisoners.

The disasters of the first campaign had not damped the energies of Abd-el-Kader. Seeing he could not resist the great French columns, he adopted the plan of chastising those tribes which had forsaken him. Besides, he was able to annoy the French, to blockade their advanced garrisons, to interrupt their communications, and to continue a savage, harassing warfare against them. Having lost Mascara, his capital, and all the strongholds which he had established on the boundaries of the Desert, he now organized his Zmelah; that is to say, a roving city of tents, harbouring his family and those of his lieutenants, and containing his stores of arms and ammunition. This, his nomade camp, was well provided with camels and beasts of burden, for the easy transport of the women, the children, the old and the infirm. It was guarded by his regulars, and, according to the fortune of war, either advanced to the plains, or retreated to the Desert and its northern oases. The personal activity of the Emir was unbounded in surprising small detachments of the French, in carrying away the cattle of the colonists, in destroying their crops, and in forcing the tribes inclined to peace to follow him into his territory between the Shelif and the Mina. He appeared now amongst the Arabs on the border of the Desert, and immediately after, eastwards amongst the Kabyles in the mountains, and even amongst the Hajutes in the neighbourhood of Algiers, preaching everywhere the holy war, and reviving the slackened fanaticism. But General Bugeaud and his lieutenants soon surpassed the Arabs in that kind of predatory warfare, by which the Emir had until now succeeded. General Lamoricière was left with a sufficient force in Mascara in

the autumn of 1841, and made from that place a series of razzias all over the country. The detachments carried portable mills in their train; the soldiers had learned to find out the places where the tribes had hidden their wheat in subterraneous holes (silos);* they ground their flour in their camps, and lived upon the cattle they carried away from the Arabs. Never embarrassed for want of provisions, they could undertake long scouring expeditions for chastising the tribes, and making it dangerous to remain attached to the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader. Changarnier, Bedeau, Cavaignac, St. Arnaud, and most of the superior officers, whose names have figured among the influential men of France since 1848, won here their fame in a war which accustomed them to look only to the ultimate result, irrespective of the means by which it was gained. The African campaign of 1841 and 1842 was not a modern war of disciplined armies, who, whilst fighting one another, spare the agricultural and industrial population, and all those who are incapable of carrying arms. It was a war in the old sense of the word—a war of destruction, not recognising any individual property to be spared; every Arab and every Kabyle was a belligerent; his cattle and his crops, his house and tent, his wife and child, fell under the cruel law of war. It is true that no other system of hostilities could have succeeded in Algeria; but surely it did not elevate the standard of morality, either with the French soldiers or with the officers. The predatory razzias against Abd-el-Kader roused that ferociousness in the French army which was displayed in June 1848 against the insurgents of Paris, and in December 1851 against peaceable citizens. A detailed account of all those destructive expeditions in 1842 is saddening and monotonous; without any general interest, except for French. The result was the submission of most of the tribes. The Arabs and Kabyles were obliged to furnish to the victors

* The Arab way of keeping wheat in conical, under-ground holes, is common likewise to the Sicilians and Hungarians in Europe, and to the Armenians and Kurds in Asia. Demosthenes mentions the corn-pits (σιροί) of the Thracians.

auxiliaries, who were, at the same time, to be hostages for the faithfulness of the tribes.

Driven to despair, Abd-el-Kader became cruel, contrary to his former habits. He had surprised several chiefs of such Arab tribes as had deserted his cause, when unable to resist the French. He had four of them decapitated, one was blinded, and a few mutilated. The Emir's only strength lay now in the Kabyles of the mountains, and it seems that in order to maintain his prestige amongst them, he had to become as cruel as they were themselves. He now inspired terror, and succeeded once more in rousing a few Arab, and many Kabyle tribes, in the east as well as in the west. General Bugeaud saw that the only way of obtaining at last the pacification of the province was an incessant war, not allowing any rest to the harassed tribes, until they themselves should expel the Emir as the cause of their misfortunes. Therefore, not even the severity of the winter interrupted the military expeditions; the razzias followed one another in the Kabyle mountains as well as in the Arab plains, until at last the Duke d'Aumale succeeded in surprising and capturing the Zmelah of Abd-el-Kader on the 16th of May. Three thousand six hundred prisoners, amongst whom were three hundred of the kin of the Emir and of his lieutenants, his treasure, his tents, and his correspondence, four standards, and a cannon, were the trophies of that day. General Lamoricière, on the 19th, completed the victory by capturing two thousand five hundred prisoners more, the horses, the cattle, and the baggage of the Zmelah.

Old Mustapha-ben-Ismael, once the superior, then the rival of Abd-el-Kader, whom he never called otherwise than "that son of Mahy-Eddin, who felt honoured when he ate with my servants," had taken an active part in all the engagements of the last years. He had been appointed French General, Commander of the Legion d'Honneur, and was happy to see his rival humiliated; but on his return from the capture of the rest of the Zmelah, he was waylaid by some Arabs, and shot in ambush. His followers fled panic-stricken, and the Arabs carried the head of the old man away,

presenting it to Abd-el-Kader. The Emir had it salted, and sent round from tribe to tribe as a sign of triumph, in order to counteract the depressing influence of the tidings of defeat. It was too late. In the Regency of Algiers there remained no hope more for the Emir; a few tribes only followed him and his fortunes. Defeated once more, in October 1842, at Uad-Mala, he fled with his followers from the territory of their fathers to Morocco, in the hope that perhaps the population or the Emperor might be induced to make a stand against the encroaching French.

In the third year of an incessant war, Bugeaud had completely succeeded in defeating every resistance to France. The tribes flocked to the French generals to declare their submission and to pay their tribute, and it seemed that the Regency was pacified. In order to extend the influence of France even over the tribes of the Belad-el-Jerîd, three expeditions were now undertaken to the south; the first, under the command of the Duke d'Aumale, was to proceed to Biscara, on the southern border of the province of Constantine; the second had to go into the central Belad-el-Jerîd, under General Marey, to subdue the independent tribe of the Oulid Nail; the third proceeded from Oran against the Angad, whilst the Governor-General, lately elevated to the rank of Marshal, was to chastise the Flissas and Amrauahs south of Bujia, who made incursions into the territory of the tribes allied to France, since the Kabyles were incited to do so by Ben-Salem, the vicegerent of Abd-el-Kader. All those expeditions were crowned with the most complete success. The march of the three first columns was a triumphant progress, the Sheikhs received them with acclamations and presents, Biscara opened its doors without resistance, and the power of France seemed as firmly established as that of the Deys had formerly been. The Marshal succeeded even in scouring the country of the Kabyles, and easily occupied the city of Dellys, on Cape Matifu, the Ruscurium of the Romans. Bugeaud, who had always styled himself the farmer's friend, and had taken considerable interest in the cattle-shows and agricultural dinners in France, now thought that the time of colonization

had at last arrived; the end of the year 1843 was employed in schemes for the extension of agriculture in the conquered country. But one difficulty had yet to be overcome. The Sultan of Morocco, the most important monarch of Africa, had not yet felt the power of France, and Abd-el-Kader had found a shelter in the empire of the west (El Gharb, the Arabic name of Morocco).

The Emperor, Muley Abd-er-Rahman, a cunning and avaricious man, was in a difficult position. Ever since 1830, it was the principal point of his policy not to embroil himself in difficulties with France: his aim was peace, though not at any price. Still a Mussulman prince is as much influenced in his policy by the prejudices of his people, and their sympathies or antipathies, as any constitutional sovereign of Europe. The Arab, as well as the Kabyle population of Morocco, felt a natural interest in the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader; and their fanaticism was roused by the victorious progress of the French, and by the reverses of that champion of the faith, the Emir, whom Muley Abd-er-Rahman had often secretly furnished with arms, of course at a high price. Surrounded by the threefold halo of the saint, the hero, and the martyr, Abd-el-Kader had at last, in 1842, been driven into Morocco, a homeless exile; and it was difficult for the Emperor to restrain the excited enthusiasm of the frontier tribes, who, though nominally under the sovereignty of Muley Abd-er-Rahman, and paying to him a tribute, were in fact nearly independent. A new incident led to more serious complications.

A Jew, of the name of Victor Darmon, consular agent of Spain and Sardinia, in Mazagan, a town on the Morocco coast, had killed a Moor in an affray. He was sentenced to death, and executed by the local authorities, after he had again killed one of his guards in an attempt to escape. The consuls of Spain and Sardinia, residing in Tangiers, made serious remonstrances against this violation of international right, as the case had not been communicated to them before execution; and the French consul backed those protests. The Sultan of Morocco gave an unsatisfactory answer, and Spain began to threaten the empire with

hostilities, unless full satisfaction were given. The minds of the Moroquins became excited, and Abd-el-Kader seized this opportunity of involving the Emperor in a war.

Muley Abd-er-Rahman could not resist the popular impulse, lest Abd-el-Kader, at the head of the war-party, should dethrone him. He therefore gave orders to assemble the troops and the contingents of the tribes, in the hope of remaining master of the movement. The Amazighs and Shillukhs came down from their mountains into the cities, where, according to their custom, they discharged their muskets, and wasted much gunpowder. The European merchants, and the French consuls in Tangiers and Mogador, immediately pretended to have been threatened and insulted. As the French had encamped close to the frontier of Morocco, on the banks of the Maluia, the Emperor had likewise a camp assembled on the other bank of the river. So close to one another, hostilities became inevitable. On the 30th of May 1844, some Arabs discharged their muskets on the French sentries; the shots were returned; a fight ensued; the irregular Arabs and Kabyles in the Moroquin army attacked the French, and were repulsed with loss. The Moroquin chiefs were much grieved at this untoward event, and sent the army back to some distance from the frontier to the town of Ushda; and El-Ghenavi, the Kaid of Ushda, repeatedly visited Marshal Bugeaud and General Bedeau, in order to explain to them the difficulty of his position, and declare his desire to maintain peace. But Abd-el-Kader again succeeded in inducing the contingents of the tribes to renew the attack, much to the satisfaction of the French. Marshal Bugeaud now crossed the frontier, defeated the assailants, and took possession of the city of Ushda. New complaints were immediately made; the French claimed from the Emperor that the Moroquin army on the frontier should be disbanded; that the Kaids and Sheikhs, who had headed the attack on the French, should be punished; and that Abd-el-Kader should be expelled from Morocco. Muley Abd-er-Rahman, on the other hand, excused the Kaids, on the plea that the boundary was con-

tested, and had been violated first by the French; and he at the same time accused the Marshal of having knowingly entered the empire, and taken possession of Ushda, which was certainly a much more flagrant violation of the territory than the first attack on the French made by undisciplined Arab horsemen. He therefore consented to punish the Kaids, on the condition that Marshal Bugeaud should be recalled by the king; as both parties, according to the Moroquins, were in fault, and both had to give complete satisfaction. The French felt themselves insulted by such a demand: the consul at Tangiers sent an ultimatum to the Emperor; and when, instead of an answer from him, only a conciliatory letter of the Pasha of Larash arrived on the day fixed for the expiration of the ultimatum, assuring him that a satisfactory answer of the Emperor was on the way, the French fleet, under Prince Joinville, on the 6th of August, bombarded the port of Tangiers (the Tingis of the Romans), and again, on the 15th, the city of Mogador, which was partially destroyed, and, after a desperate struggle, captured by the French. The Moroquins did not know that they were involved in war with France, but most gallantly, though unsuccessfully, defended themselves to the utmost against an attack which should be branded as piratical, though we have seen Napoleon I. attacking in the same way Malta and Egypt, England bombarding Copenhagen, and the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, destroying the Turkish fleet at Navarino in time of peace. Another case of the same kind happened again at Rangoon, which was likewise bombarded whilst the negotiations were going on. The recent occupation of the Danubian Principalities is only an imitation of those French and English precedents. But the outrage at Tangiers was so much the more unprovoked as the submission of the Sultan to the demands of France had been really signed on the 2d of August, and was only accidentally delayed on the way to Tangiers. But the French pursued a similar course likewise on the Algerine frontier. Abd-er-Rahman, in order to preserve peace, had the Kaid of Ushda deposed and

imprisoned; nevertheless Bugeaud again crossed the frontier, in order, as he said, to accelerate the conclusion of the negotiations. Of course such a violation of the territory could not be endured by Muley Abd-er-Rahmən: he again demanded the removal of Marshal Bugeaud, and the retreat of the French army to some distance from the frontier; whilst, at the same time, he reinforced his troops, and sent his son to command them. The army numbered already forty thousand men; and the fanaticism of the Mussulmans was raised to such a degree, that in their camp they spoke of marching to Tlemsan, to Oran, and even to Algiers, as soon as war should be declared. Bugeaud's position began to grow critical, since he had only thirteen thousand men under his command. He therefore thought he might succeed better by surprise, and took to the offensive, whilst unscrupulously dispensing with any declaration of war. The Moroquin troops knew that the negotiations were on the eve of being concluded, and did not suspect any attack, when, suddenly on the night of the 14th of May, they received the tidings that the French army was approaching. They had scarcely time to arm themselves before the French had crossed the river of Isly, and were attacking the camp of the Moroquins. The Mussulmans, thus surprised, made three attempts to rally and to crush the French by their superior numbers; but their efforts were vain—they fled in the greatest disorder. Their camp fell into the hands of the French; and the tent and umbrella of the son of the Emperor—from times of old the sign of imperial power in the East—were sent to Paris as trophies of French gallantry. Marshal Bugeaud was elevated to the rank of "Duke of Isly," and Generals Cavaignac, Bedeau, and Pellissier, got additional fame in France. But this was the whole result of the battle; for it was fought after the treaty of peace between France and Morocco had already been signed. It did not alter the conditions of the treaty,—not even the expulsion of Abd-el-Kader was insisted upon by France, since the Emperor had declared that he was bound by his religion not to refuse protection to those who are unfortunate, and claim it in the

name of God. But the pride of Morocco was humbled by the defeat; though the glory only, not the honour, of France was increased.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CATASTROPHE OF ABD-EL-KADER, AND OF HIS CONQUERORS.

The French were firmly persuaded that the battle of Isly had ended the war in Africa, since Abd-ol-Kader was removed by the Emperor of Morocco to the interior, and the Moroquins had not the intention of wiping off their defeat by an aggression. Bugeaud, therefore, full of schemes for colonization and protection of agriculture, departed for Paris in order to get authority to execute them. He did not yet sufficiently know the toughness and perseverance of Mussulmans. Scarcely had Abd-el-Kader vanished from the scene, than an unknown young man suddenly appeared among the Kabyles, Mohammed-Ben-Abd-Allah, with the surname of Bu-Maza (the father of the goat). Strange prophecies had preceded his appearance, and the young Kabyle assumed the character of the liberator, who was promised by pious Marabuts as often as the Mussulmans felt oppressed by the Christians. He was to be the man to found a new empire, and to drive the foreign conquerors into the sea. In the Kabyle country on the Shelif, he went from tribe to tribe; his eloquence excited the people, and Arabs and Kabyles spoke of the miracles he had performed wherever he was seen. The insurrection was kindled again, but without any apparent plan. Adventurers arose, on some twenty points, to lead the tribes against the French, and all of them assumed the name and surname of their model, Mohammed-Ben-Abd-Allah, the Bu-Maza. When Abd-el-Kader heard the battle-cry of the holy war raised again, he escaped from Morocco, and appeared once more in Algeria, to take advantage of events. He despised Bu-Maza, who, in his eyes, was but an adventurer;

the Emir, in turn, was hated by the young Kabyle, who would not work for the aggrandizement of a used-up chief. Still the force of events linked their interests together; the cunning Arab Emir and the adventurous Kabyle concerted their measures. The isolated movements were combined; and on the 25th of September 1845, a sudden outbreak took place all over the province of Oran. Some French detachments were surprised and cut to pieces, and the country was once more in a blaze. Bu-Maza and the Kabyles, flushed by their success, really believed in the expulsion of the French; but it soon became evident that Abd-el-Kader had different views: he pushed straight towards Mascara, and carried away the great tribe of the Beni-Ammer, and a portion of the Hashems, who had been always attached to his person. They suddenly left their territory, and driving before them all the tribes with whom they fell in, they carried a considerable population away to Morocco, to support there the plans and the influence of Abd-el-Kader. But the Emir could not leave the field without aiming a great blow at the "Rummis." Resolved to carry terror into the very heart of the French possessions, he hastened with incredible rapidity to the east of Algiers, towards the capital, accompanied by the most fanatical warriors of the tribes whom he met on this flying expedition, and pouncing upon those tribes which were known as faithful to the French. Marshal Bugeaud suddenly returned from France on the news of such disasters, ready to meet the Emir once more; but the Arab had already sustained a discomfiture from General Gentil, which had arrested his eccentric movement. His retreat towards the Desert was intercepted; he had to turn back the same way he had come, pursued by the enemy, and soon abandoned by his followers, whom he had gathered on his march onward. It was only the fleetness of his horse which saved him from being captured, and he arrived in Morocco, followed only by fourteen horsemen. The French now made regular war upon Bu-Maza, who had soon to surrender, and was carried to France, where he was held for some time in honourable confinement, then

brought to Paris, and there lionized, until the savage Kabyle became as tame and as civil as any Parisian dandy; whilst Abd-el-Kader had achieved his aim, and had once more become formidable, though not now to the French, but to the Emperor of Morocco. However, he had to abide his time for furthering his ambitious plans.

Algeria was once more pacified in summer 1846. The Arab tribes had all either submitted to the authority of the French, or had followed the Emir to Morocco; but the Kabyles remained in their savage independence, though without being as aggressive as before. Their sullen fanaticism continued to be dangerous; an expedition was, therefore, sent into their mountain-fastnesses in the vicinity of Bujia. Their resistance was feeble; three engagements sufficed to convince them that the time had arrived for acknowledging the sovereignty of the foreigner. On the 25th of May 1846, all the Kaids and Sheikhs came down from the Jurjura to the French camp, which was pitched at the foot of the Atlas, close to Bujia, to receive their investiture, and to declare their allegiance to France. After seventeen years of incessant war, the French had at last conquered all the country nearly as far as either the Romans or the Turks had extended their sway in the interior. But Marshal Bugeaud, Duke of Isly, did not reap the fruits of his toils: his mission in Algeria was completed; and, contrary to his wishes, he was recalled by Louis-Philippe.

The Duke of Isly had proved in Africa an energetic and successful general: though a pedantic disciplinarian, yet not devoid of organizing genius; an unscrupulous statesman, who did not care for the means by which he enforced his aims; he loved money and influence; he had a narrow mind, and great perseverance. But his zeal for the colony of Algiers was not feigned; he had had the welfare of the Regency really at heart. He was succeeded in the governorship of Algeria by the Duke d'Aumale. This appointment showed clearly that the province was looked upon as entirely secure, since, according to modern policy, it is not in time of danger that such a post is confided to a royal prince,

though it was known that General Lamoricière, the personal friend of the Prince, was, of course, to have a considerable influence in the administration.

Abd-el-Kader in the meantime pursued his ambitious schemes in Morocco. Sweeping over the province of Oran, he had carried away his favourite tribes, the Beni-Ammer and the Hashem. "The Beni-Ammer," he used to say, "are my cloak—the Hashem are my shirt." They had greatly suffered in the last years; their crops had been burnt and trampled down by French columns; their cattle carried away; the best of their braves slain. Formerly the most important of the tribes on the plain of Mascara (*Ma asker*, means in Arabic, the mother of the braves), they had been reduced to poverty. The Emir transplanted them to Morocco, where the sympathy of the people made good their losses, whilst they increased the influence of Abd-el-Kader. He was no longer the poor exile, living upon the charity of Muley Abd-er-Rahman: he had become once more a chief of several Arab tribes; and his immediate followers, that is to say, his regulars, gave him a power not to be despised. His renown, as being the great champion of the faith, and the enemy of the Rummis, made his camp soon the centre of all the Moroquin fanatics and enthusiasts, who could not bear the idea that their Emperor should remain at peace with those infidels who had taken possession of a Mussulman country, and had taxed the believers. The influence of the Emir increased daily in the years 1846 and 1847; and Muley Abd-er-Rahman, fond of peace, money, and commercial speculations, looked with suspicion on the movements of his guest. He did not wish to become involved in a second war with the French, whom he knew to be equally formidable by their valour and by their cunning, and he could not doubt that Abd-el-Kader was brewing some mischief—either a new inroad into Algeria, or a revolution in Morocco. The Emperor had therefore his own army assembled, and watched the movements of the Emir. In December 1847, Abd-el-Kader sent his vicegerent, Buhamedi, to Abd-er-Rahman, with proposals of an arrangement by which he

might be appointed vicegerent of the Emperor. It was now scarcely possible to avoid a collision, for the demand could not be granted without causing a war with France, nor refused without a civil commotion. Abd-el-Kader knew it, and in expectation of an unfavourable answer, he marched his assembled forces towards the frontiers of Algeria. General Lamoricière, informed of this movement, led a corps of observation likewise to the Maluia, in order to watch the development of events. On the 9th of December, the Emir received a letter from Abd-er-Rahman by the imperial runners, informing him that, as long as he remained hovering on the frontier, and maintaining an army of his own, no arrangement could be made; but if he consented to come to Fez, the Emperor would treat him as his guest; the regulars would be incorporated into the Moroquin army, and all his followers, the refugees and the tribes of Algeria, would receive a territory sufficient for their wants. In case, however, the Emir should not accept these proposals, the way to the Desert was open to him, and the Emperor's troops would not hinder his departure for the Sahara. Abd-el-Kader dismissed the runners without any answer, and assembled all his troops and all his followers around his person; he put, plainly and without palliation, the case before them, and informed them that he was resolved once more to try his fortune, and to attack the troops of the Emperor. If victorious, he was sure to become the vicegerent of Muley Abd-er-Rahman, and to wield all the power of Morocco; if defeated, his camp would probably be plundered, but the retreat to the Desert through the French territory might not be impossible, where they could find an asylum. His followers received the statement with enthusiasm.

With one thousand two hundred cavalry and a thousand infantry, he pounced now upon the Moroquins, and surprised them on the night of the 12th December. By driving four horses tarred, and carrying ignited combustibles on their backs, into the hostile camp, he succeeded in creating a panic. The Arab auxiliaries of the Emperor fled in confusion, but the regulars soon formed them-

selves in squares, and the impetuous charge of Abd-el-Kader broke down before the bayonets of the masses. He had to retire without victory; but the Moroquin troops now rapidly surrounded him, so as to cut him off from the Desert, pressing him towards the mouth of the Maluia, between the sea and the banks of the river. His career was drawing to a close. Well aware that it was nearly impossible to escape death or imprisonment, he cared first for those of his faithful followers who were helpless; he sent the females, the children, and the old men of his retinue, and all valuables, over the river, to seek an asylum with the French. The Moroquin Kabyles, seeing this move, by which their booty was to escape them, threw themselves furiously on the small army of the Emir; but his horsemen and regulars on foot heroically did their duty: half of them were slain on the spot whilst unflinchingly resisting the murderous attacks, until at sunset all the retinue had crossed the river, and was safe on the French territory. At night, Abd-el-Kader gathered the few remains of his army, and fled to the Beni-Snassen, a Moroquin tribe, which had been always attached to his cause. He had the hope of succeeding in reaching the Desert, but the Moroquins and the French army barred his way. His horsemen met with the Spahis of Lamoricière, and the Emir perceived that the disarming of his retinue had not diverted the attention of the French general from his person. Placed in a position similar to that in which the Emperor Napoleon found himself in 1815, when the allies had entered Paris, whilst English cruisers were watching the coast, the Emir took the same resolution as the Emperor. Perhaps he had heard Napoleon's story from some renegade, and was aware how the English were devoted to eternal hatred by the French for having treated the submitting enemy as a rebel, and not as a prisoner of war. He was sure that the French could not follow the example of the English government in the time of Lord Castlereagh. Unable to escape, he sent his submission to General Lamoricière, delivering himself up to the generosity of the French, under the condition that he should be

sent in a French vessel either to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre, that he might pass the rest of his life in prayers at the tomb of the Prophet. Lamoricière thought he did not overstep his powers in granting him the request; and on the 24th of December, the Emir was led by the General to the Governor-General, the Duke of Aumale, who had just arrived at Djemma Gazauat. Abd-el-Kader, as a sign of his submission, gave up his horse to the Prince, who forthwith ratified the pledge of General Lamoricière, in the firm hope that the government of the King would sanction it. But Monsieur Guizot and his colleagues did not sanction the double promise of the General and of the Governor-General: they out-Castlereaghed Lord Castlereagh, for no solemn pledge was given to the Emperor Napoleon before his submission; on the contrary, he was openly told that he could not surrender but at discretion. Chivalry and generosity seemed to have died out in France. Abd-el-Kader was sent to Amboise, and kept in honourable confinement, together with his family and followers.

The revolution soon avenged the wrongs of the Emir on King Louis Philippe, on the Duke of Aumale, and on Monsieur Guizot. But republican France was not more generous than royal France had been. Lamartine, who had a speech of sympathy for all the oppressed, had no memory for the promise given to the Emir; he did not think it advisable, after so many noble words, to do a faithful act. But the man of pompous speeches likewise vanished from the scene on which he had displayed such splendid tragic talents: the man of action—an African general, the celebrated Cavaignac — succeeded him in the Government of France. But the stern republican interested himself more for the restoration of papal despotism in republican Rome, than for redeeming the pledge of his brother-in-arms, the General Lamoricière, though it had been ratified in his own presence by the Duke of Aumale, Governor-General of Algeria. Abd-el-Kader remained prisoner at Amboise. However, the schemes for the restoration of the Pope did not save Cavaignac; the General was soon discarded by the people, and Louis Bonaparte was

elected President of the French Republic a few weeks before the anniversary of the submission of Abd-el-Kader. The Prince-President had himself been a prisoner: he had energetically denounced "the perfidy of England, and the shame of St. Helena."* When, therefore, he appointed Lamoricière his minister at St. Petersburg, everybody expected the release of the Emir. But Lamoricière and Louis Bonaparte seemed to have forgotten that the honour of France was not yet redeemed. An English peer now took up the case of poor Abd-el-Kader, and reminded the President that it might be judicious to seem generous by being just; and, by a strange coincidence, this peer was the brother of Lord Castlereagh—of the man who had sent the uncle of the President to St. Helena, to be watched there, just as the Emir was now watched at Amboise; Louis Bonaparte did not remind the British peer of the past, and delayed the release of the Arab chief. However, he redeemed the pledge of General Lamoricière, soon after having banished him, and set Abd-el-Kader free. The Emir was treated in Paris with kindness and respect, and was sent, at last, to Broussa, in Asia-Minor, where, amidst the tombs of the early sultans, he lives now on a French pension.

With the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, a complete change took place in Algeria. No serious revolt disturbed the country any more, and all the French generals of African celebrity, with the exception of Pellissier, left the scene of their victories. Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, Duvivier, Negrier, Charras, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Baraguay d'Hilliers, and many others of less note, were, in consequence of the revolution, called to France, whither they imported their African policy and experience. Bugeaud died soon after the overthrow of his master, but not before placing his sword at the command of the Republic. After the unexpected fall of Louis Philippe and his dynasty, the

* I am well aware that those views, which nearly every Frenchman holds, are scarcely understood, and always indignantly rejected by the English, who maintain that after Napoleon had broken the treaty of Fontainbleau by his return from Elba, and surrendered at discretion by coming on board the Bellerophon, he must either be shot or watched, as he could not be trusted any longer.

Government of France fell into the hands of Lamartine, a sentimental poet, on the eve of bankruptcy; of Ledru Rollin, a shrewd lawyer, equalling his poetical colleague both in eloquence and in want of statesmanship; and of Louis Blanc, an analytical, revolutionary genius, without any power of reconstruction, who, besides, had always lived secluded with his theories, and was untried in practical life. A few second-rate men, politicians and red-tapists, completed the Government. It was a sad spectacle. France has so utterly lost every tradition of self-government, that governed it must be from the centre, anyhow. And governed it was accordingly, not by energetic reforms and great administrative measures, but by great speeches and petty intrigues. The lower classes of the people felt that a revolution was something more than a change of name, and that the mere substitution of the word Republic for the word Monarchy would not do. The eloquence of Lamartine amused them greatly; the awkward conspiracies against foreign countries fostered by Caussidière and Sobrier, the lieutenants of Ledru Rollin, did not interest them; but they listened to the words of Louis Blanc, who promised better days and greater comforts than heretofore. The poet and the lawyer, being old politicians, combined first to displace the apostle of the organization of labour from his seat in the council of Government, and succeeded in sending him into the professor's chair in the Luxembourg. Then, in order to counteract the theories of Louis Blanc, and to show the absurdity of *any* endeavour for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, they established the *Ateliers Nationaux* against the will and advice of the prophet of the Luxembourg. But Lamartine intrigued likewise against Ledru, who delighted in mob-rule without being able to direct it. The sentimental poet, backed by the frightened monied classes, soon out-generalled the cunning lawyer, who had fallen into the greatest disrepute, not for his real shallowness and want of administrative talent, but for alleged peculations and reckless expenditure of public money, of which he was not guilty at all. Calumny against those who are in power, is always believed in

a democratic country. A financial crisis disturbed all the social relations; the monied classes were anti-republican and cowardly; the working classes turbulent and unruly. Such was the society of France when the African generals arrived one by one. How they must have despised that weak and blundering Government which spent its power in paltry intrigues, unable either to inspire confidence and courage in the plutocracy, or energy and self-reliance in the working classes—unable either to handle the iron rod of centralization, or to establish provincial and municipal self-government—unable either to compress the movement in France, or to give a vent to its energies by a campaign in aid of the struggling nations of Europe! But those African generals had no lever by which they could have moved the country; the Provisional Government had prudently sent the army away from Paris. The first among them who distinguished himself in France, was Changarnier. When, on the 15th of May, a procession of above a hundred thousand working men was paraded through the streets of Paris, and invaded first the National Assembly, and then pressed to the Hotel de Ville, the seat of the Government, and Lamartine despaired of being able to disband the mob by a speech, since his voice could not, of course, reach such a crowd,—Changarnier, impatient of the proceedings, had the drum beaten and the National Guard called out. The middle classes assembled, and saw at once, to their own astonishment, that they likewise were a power, and an armed and disciplined one: the African General had taught them self-consciousness, and mob-rule was henceforth impossible. But the middle classes were not satisfied with the first success: the working classes were to be subdued and crushed. The Assembly, therefore, decreed, without previous notice, the immediate dissolution of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, which had cost many millions without any return, and where the labourers and mechanics were kept in idleness, but, strange to say, organised in a military way; no provision was made, even for the first moments, in favour of the inmates of the *Ateliers*, by the dissolution of which nearly one hundred thousand

able-bodied paupers were suddenly thrown on the streets, in June 1848. Organized as they were, without resources, deprived of that protection by which a blundering Government had undermined their self-reliance, they tore up the pavement and made war. An energetic attack would have probably immediately subdued those deluded insurgents; but it is one of the rules of African policy to let the enemy grow strong, that it may be worth while to defeat him; and accordingly the insurrection was allowed to gain power on the first day, before General Cavaignac began his razzia in the streets of Paris. The Generals Duvivier and Negrier, who had escaped the bullets of the Arabs of the Desert, and of the Kabyles of the mountains, fell in that street-fight by which Cavaignac became the ruler of France. But if it is possible, in a centralised country, to get the empire in such a way, it is impossible thus to get the confidence of the people. Louis Bonaparte was, in December, elected President.

The new President, who never had held a higher military rank than that of a captain in the Swiss Militia, soon out-generalled the Africans. He made some of them his ministers, in order to discredit them; some others he attached to his person, whilst the most renowned formed an opposition against him. When the proper time had come, he ordered, in December 1851, a successful Arab razzia through the streets, after having entrapped the haughty plutocratic Changarnier, the stern republican Cavaignac, the amiable legitimist Bedeau, the brilliant Orleanist Lamoricière, and the energetic and devoted Charras: he banished them all from the country. African policy was now sufficiently acclimated in France: the country had no longer any need of African generals.

CHAPTER X.

RECAPITULATION.

The destiny of a country and the character of its inhabitants is nearly always prefigured in its geographical features. Wherever we see large lakes and navigable rivers, and a coast deeply indented by sea, affording access into the interior, or extensive connected plains, which offer easy means of communication; there we commonly find a focus of commerce, industry, and that civilization which arises from the frequent intercourse with foreigners. Nearly always it is a country of rapid changes in the manner of thinking, a country of progress and activity. But where the coast offers but few harbours for shipping—where no navigable rivers lead into the interior—where mountains of difficult access bar the communication between the plains,—there we find agricultural and cattle-raising nomade populations, secluded from the world, adhering to their old traditions, and shunning contact with foreigners. And if such a country is, besides, situated under a southern climate, where the first necessities of life are few, and nature yields them with full hands, without hard labour to a sober population, that population remains long in a primitive state; and that evolution of the spirit of man which we are used to call civilization, cannot easily be introduced among them. They have no wish for our progress, and even when they are brought into contact with a highly civilized nation, they spurn its luxuries, and think themselves happier in their patriarchal life, without the wants and without the feverish excitement of the more progressive races.

Algeria, from her geographical configuration, can never become a great commercial country: still she may be once more, as in times of old, the granary of Europe; she may even vie with the Southern States of the North-American Union in producing tobacco and cotton. But the difficulties which the French have

to overcome until they arrive at such a result, are innumerable, from the nature of the country, the manners and customs of the natives, and from the peculiarities of the French race, which has to colonize the fine country.

Geographically, the Regency of Algeria is divided into three unequal portions, entirely different from one another: the narrow sea-coast, the broad Atlas, and the southern slope of the mountain-plateau, designated promiscuously by the name of the Koblah (the south), the Belad-el-Jerîd (land of dates), and (improperly) the Sahara. The coast runs in a long south-easterly line from Cape Hone to Cape Tabarca: it is little broken by indentations of the sea, and affords but few harbours to commerce. On the whole, it contains many narrow valleys of the most fertile character, divided by hilly plateaus, and expanding near Oran, Algiers, and Bona, into extensive plains. Those valleys and plains are the most valuable portion of the Regency, being by sea connected with the adjacent countries. They are, besides, sufficiently provided with small rivers, such as may be easily available for irrigation, and are protected by the plateau of the Atlas from the hot and dry winds of the Desert, which are cooled by passing over snow-capped mountains. Oranges, pomegranates, grapes, olives, and mulberries, grow here in abundance; and the experiments with the sugar-cane, with cotton, tobacco, and cochineal, have sufficiently established the fact, that as regards soil and climate, the coast of Algeria could supply Europe with all the staple articles imported now from the Southern States of the North American Union, as soon as the resources of that colony were sufficiently developed by a denser European population. Till then, the large plains invite the capitalists to extensive grazing and wool-growing enterprises. The greatest drawbacks of that paradisial portion of the country are the swamps in its northern part, and the miasmas, which threaten the health of the colonists; but the French army has executed great works of drainage in the most recent years; many of the marshes, mentioned by Dr. Wagner, have been drained into the natural course

of the rivers, and have disappeared altogether. The coast of Algeria is now, on the whole, more healthy than the coast of Italy, to which it is likewise superior in fertility.

The Atlas is in Algeria not so much a mountain-range as a wide compact plateau, running parallel with the coast, occupying about three-fourths of the Regency, rising often into high peaks, especially near the coast; being intersected by a few large valleys at different levels, and cut through by some very narrow ravines, such as the Americans call "cannons," and the Turks and Arabs "iron gates." This plateau has a rapid descent towards the plains and valleys of the sea-coast, whilst it slopes more gently down towards the Desert. Nearly all the Atlas is suited for cultivation; forests crown its head; its valleys once provided imperial Rome with wheat, and offer the greatest advantages for cattle-breeding. Abundant iron, valuable lead and copper ores, large deposits of rock-salt, and beautiful marble and alabaster, are known to exist here, and though only scantily worked by the natives, who possess no capital whatever, they have always been found remunerative.

The steppes on the southern slope of the Atlas are arid and barren, being studded with date-palms only along the few rivers. They, however, contain pasture-grounds which remain green even in summer. The Belad-el-Jerîd, or Kobla, is altogether a transition to the great sand-desert of the Sahara, which, on its northern boundaries towards Algeria, is broken by a few oases, namely, Tuggurt, Wurgelah, Gherdaia, Ain-Maadi, and El-Aghuat. All this country is little fit for agriculture; its population, therefore — nomade in the Kobla, industrial and commercial in the oases—is altogether dependent on the *Tell*, that is to say, on the agricultural district, which comprises both the sea-coast and the Atlas. The southern tribes must resort from time to time to the northern markets for corn; they therefore are used to say, "The Tell is our mother: whoever may be her lord, he is our father."

According to this natural configuration of the country, which

has no navigable rivers—since the mountains, running in a parallel range to the coast, send their waters only from short distances to the sea—the principal cities of Algeria are situated on the sea-coast, which offers uninterrupted communication with all the world; namely, Arzew, Mostagenem, Tenez, Shershel, Algiers, Dellys, Bujia, Jijeli, Collo, Philippeville, Bona, and La Calle. A second series of cities, nearly parallel to the first, has been built in the centre of the plateau; namely, Tlemsan, Maseara, Miliana, Medeah, Orleansville, El-Arush, Ghelma, Selif, Aumale, Constantine, and Lambessa. They are important in a military point of view, as they command all the mountain and the southern steppes, which are dependent on those markets, and contain only a few insignificant cities, such as Saida, Sebdu, Batna, Boghar, Teniat-el-Haât, and Biscara.

The native inhabitants of this country are—in the plains, Arabs; in the mountains, Kabyles; in the cities, Moors. The Arabs of Algeria are in language, character, and habits, like the Bedouins of Mesopotamia. The Moors are in all these respects like the Arab-talking Mussulmans of the Syrian towns and neighbouring villages. Accordingly, the Moors are peaceable towns-people and agriculturists; the Arabs nomadic, pastoral, and making war on horseback. The Kabyles are to the Arabs what the Kurds of the Mesopotamian mountains are to the races of the plains, more ferocious and bloody, differing in language and origin, fairer in complexion and hair, living in huts, tilling the soil, and having little cavalry. The Kabyles, as well as the Arabs, live in tribes: the feeling of nationality has scarcely become known to them: they cling to their tribe and its territory more than to their country. The only tie which connects Moors, Arabs, and Kabyles, is the religion common to them all,—Islam; which, together with the climate, makes them sober in eating and drinking, and teaches them to despise the luxuries of the world, and to strive for the blessings of Paradise.

Such are the natural conditions of the people and the country which in 1830 were invaded and occupied by the French army

at the bidding of a king who did not care for colonization, but wished to give a different direction to the spirit of his inconsistent people, in order to hide his encroachments on civil liberty at home by the glory of foreign conquest. It was a flagrant violation of the law of nations. For, whatever may have been the conduct of the Dey towards the consul of France, the Turkish Sultan, as sovereign of the country, offered full reparation to the French, and sent, in November 1829, his plenipotentiary, Haji Khalil Effendi, and again in May 1830, Tahir Pasha, to Algiers, in order to arrange the difficulties peacefully. But the French government gave no answer to the communications of Khalil, and refused to admit Tahir. Besides, Charles X. had previously assured the English government that France had no intention of any territorial aggrandizement, and yet the occupation took place, and Louis Philippe kept the country.

The ruling power of Algeria was at that time a foreign militia; in fact, Turkish janissaries, recruiting their numbers in the principal cities of Turkey, and forming here in Barbary a kind of military republic among themselves, with an elective chief. According to the Mohammedan principles of administration, they allowed to the inhabitants full liberty of local self-government: they did not interfere in the affairs of the Arab and Kabyle tribes beyond the exaction of a moderate tribute, and the repression of outrages against the ruling power, or against other tribes. In such cases, they held the whole tribe responsible for every individual belonging to it, according to the primitive principle of the "frank pledge." In order to facilitate such an exercise of their supremacy, they had garrisoned the principal cities, in which they invariably built or occupied a citadel, called either Kasbah or Meshuar. Another means of power was their auxiliaries in the Arab tribes; in fact, young men inscribed on the rolls of the Turkish militia, and receiving regular pay as often as they were summoned to give assistance to the janissaries. This institution, called Makhsen, resembled in some respect the Landwehr of Prussia. The "*laissez faire*" principle was carried to the broadest

extent; for internal improvements, drainage, irrigation, or roads, nothing was done by the Government. But the tribes were contented with that rule which maintained peace, repressed shocking outrages, and did not interfere with the daily life of the natives. The towns-people were less happy. Industrial enterprise was fettered, since the Deys and Beys clung to the system of monopolies and of privileged corporations, which enrich but a few lucky speculators. Those monopolists became in their turn a mark to the hatred of the less fortunate citizens, and to the cupidity of the chief; and therefore, whenever the State was in financial embarrassments, the rich were imprisoned or killed, and had to disgorge their gains into the treasury of the Dey, or of the subordinate Beys, without exciting sympathy in the crowd. The rule of the janissaries, though stupid in details, was, on the whole, not unpopular with the natives. The French did not know that; and in the belief that the Turks were equally hated, as oppressors, by the Moorish and Jewish towns-people, the nomade Arabs, and agricultural Kabyles, felt greatly surprised when, after the downfall of the Dey, they were not hailed as liberators by the population of Algeria, and met, on the contrary, with fanatical resistance. Without being able to enforce their own rule—devoid of organizing genius, and detesting local self-government—the conquerors, by banishing the Turks, only removed the police of the country: they let loose all the passions of enmity between the tribes, and disorganized the Regency, which fell into a state of anarchy and civil war. Religion alone could stop the carnage; and a cunning and gallant young Arab chief, belonging to a family of saints, the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, made use of the religious feeling of the Kabyles and Bedouins to raise an Arab empire in the west. The short-sightedness and corruption of the French generals did not fail to afford him that moral assistance by which he soon overcame all opposition from the secular chiefs of his race.

The French, in truth, did not know what to do with their conquest. When Louis Philippe and the reign of the monied

classes had succeeded to Charles X., they had neither the moral courage to give up a territory which was got by a violation of right and of solemn pledges, and which daily required greater sacrifices; nor had they the energy to complete and so organize the conquest. Algiers was regarded as a place for drilling the army, for maintaining its prowess, and for punishing the republican battalions by sending them against the enemy. The government of Algeria served again for getting rid of the military chiefs who might have become obnoxious to France. Indeed, the system by which Louis Philippe expected to be able to found a lasting power was: to put off the more eminent men in authority, whilst crippling their resources, by coquetting with their opponents; and in this way, emasculating the Government and the opposition, to prevent the formation of great national parties, such as are based on principles, and fostering, at the same time, the selfishness and the pocket-interests of the people. In the first ten years of his reign, the citizen-king changed his ministers continually in France, and his commanders-in-chief and governors-general in Algeria. The Regency was, from 1830 to 1840, administered by eight different governors, Marshal Bourmont not included: none of them, therefore, had time to become thoroughly acquainted with his task, and perfect his system of administration. It was only in the last eight years of the king that he clung pertinaciously in France to Guizot, and in Algeria to Bugeaud,—one a philosophical courtier, the other a rough soldier; both cunning, energetic centralizers, affecting Roman virtue and incorruptibility; thinking themselves better and wiser than the rest of their countrymen, and therefore feeling the deepest contempt for public opinion; talking constitutionalism, whilst leaning towards despotism; haters of any form of local self-government. They were men after the heart of Louis Philippe. Of course the ephemeral empire of Abd-el-Kader was soon broken up by Bugeaud, who was constantly supplied with an army of 100,000 French soldiers; and the genius of the young Arab had to submit to the disciplined forces and the never-failing resources of France.

His able and successful resistance during the first period of the French dominion in Algeria, the righteousness of his cause, and the romance of his captivity, have surrounded his name with a halo of poetry. Abd-el-Kader is really a great man: he fought for the independence of his country; he displayed remarkable talent for diplomacy; he overreached all the French generals in his negotiations; he did not lack the organizing genius, so rare in our century; his family life was pure, and his character not stained by avarice. Though less cruel than his Arabs and Kabyles, and far more magnanimous than all those chiefs and princes who have based their power on religious fanaticism, he is still not free from blame. The murder of Bethuna, the inoffensive Kabyle chief of Arzew, throws a shadow on the character of the Emir; his boundless ambition led him to the unprovoked attack on the state of Ain-Maadi, where he spent his energies and resources for no practical purpose; and again it was his ambition which made him forget the gratitude due to the Emperor of Morocco: this put him in antagonism with his protector, and caused his final overthrow and captivity. He is now the pensioner of France, and the French have scarcely any serious resistance now to anticipate in Algeria. They have occupied all the principal towns of the Regency, and their sway is acknowledged by all the Arab tribes. The Kabyles south of Bujia and on the Tafna may still from time to time annoy the lords of the country, and try to throw off the foreign yoke which but slightly oppresses them; but their resistance will always be easily crushed, and they cannot hope to escape the grasp of France. The war has entirely come to an end with the defeat of Abd-el-Kader, and even the hopes of any later successful insurrection have been extinguished by his surrender, since no other chief can start with the enormous prestige of the Emir, and even, if partially successful, would soon be put down by the jealousy of the other chiefs. The Regency has been definitively conquered and pacified since 1848. From that time, it has had no other enemies than the Oases-States.

Ain-Maadi, El-Aghuat, and Gherdaia, have been already subjected: Tuggurt and Wurgelah have alone remained independent.

The French nation has spent, in twenty-three years, between seventy and eighty millions sterling on the conquest and colonization of Algeria; and this expenditure is one of the main sources of the financial embarrassments of the country, being the principal cause of the continuous deficits in the budget, since the Regency absorbed one hundred million francs a-year ever since 1840, principally for maintaining an army of 100,000 men in the field. What has been achieved by such an outlay? and is there any probability of a return for such sacrifices? These are the questions which every economist puts to the historian. Statistical figures answer sufficiently. There are, according to the census of 1852, 124,400 European colonists in Algeria; 69,980 of them being Frenchmen, the remainder Spaniards (35,130), Italians, Maltese, Germans, Irish, and Poles. Of the European population, 80,142 live in towns, and only 44,258 in the country, of which about 32,000 are agriculturists. Ireland, with its six millions of wretched inhabitants, sends, in one year, more emigrants to America, than France, with its thirty-six millions, has sent in a score of years across the Mediterranean. Algeria has not relieved the mother country of her pauper population, and the emigration has not promoted, in any way, the well-being of the working classes, either in France, by draining off their surplus, and causing a rise of the wages; or in the colony, by establishing there a numerous, happy, agricultural people. According to the above cited figures, one-third only of the European population of Algeria live in the country, two-thirds are publicans, hotel and coffee-house keepers, traders, and servants in the towns, living principally upon the immense government expenditure; so that nearly one half of them might be justly called camp-followers, since, as soon as the African army, which even now amounts to 65,000 men, is reduced to a more reasonable figure—as soon as the army-officers, whose pay goes into the pockets of the French

town population, leave Africa, all those jobbers and shopkeepers and publicans will retire with them to France. And even the 32,000 so-called agriculturists do not belong to that sturdy race which forms new prosperous states in the wilderness of the far west in North America; one-third of them are gardeners, who have planted themselves in the immediate neighbourhood of those towns where there is a permanent French garrison, in order to provide them with vegetables and fruits, and thus depend entirely on the army.

But it would be unjust to pass a severe judgment on the French nation as unfit for colonization, on account of the want of success of their African plantation in the first twenty years. The Government has done much, one may say, more than that of any other country, for the future welfare of the colony. A net of high-roads has been constructed all over the Regency, in order to connect the different towns and camps of Algeria; and though it was originally from a strategical point of view that it was constructed, still its benefit extends to all classes of inhabitants, and even the natives have learned already the importance of cheap communication. It is an every-day's occurrence to see wild Hajutes and ragged Kabyles in the stage-coaches which run in every direction from Algiers over the Metija, and across the Atlas. Great works of drainage and of irrigation have been commenced, and are carried on with vigour in the plains around Algiers, Bona, Constantine, Mascara, and Oran; and Bugeaud has, by his schemes of irrigation in the plain of the Sig, raised for himself a more lasting monument than by the treaty of the Tafna and the battle of Isly. On the whole, the French have to contend in Algiers with more serious difficulties than either the Americans in the west, or the English in Australia and New Zealand. The natives of Algeria are more numerous than the aborigines of any district of equal extent in America or Australia; besides, they are more civilized. They do not belong to a decaying race, which wastes away by the very contact with the intruding superior race and its vices. They are partly shepherds, partly agri-

culturists; not hunter-tribes, such as must follow the buffalo into the wilderness, as soon as the noise and bustle of colonization drives the game from their territory. The Arabs and Kabyles have long ago taken possession of the country, and every tribe has its well-defined territory. With their numbers and their energies, it would be too dangerous for the French to enforce the bold and barbarous principle, that all the former titles have become void and merged into the right of conquest, and that the land has become vested in the government of the conquering nation. The natives of Algeria being sober, some paltry presents and a great deal of intoxicating spirits cannot induce them to sell their heirdom and the resting-places of their fathers. The Kabyles of the mountains have tilled nearly all that portion of the Atlas which can be tilled with profit; and if the plains look deserted and uncultivated, we should not forget that, to live by cattle-grazing, requires more room than to produce food by agriculture. It is true that bye and bye the Bedouins might be induced, by the prospect of greater income, to till the ground, to live in fixed settlements, and to sell the territory then sensibly superfluous; but a population which has but few wants, is little inclined to the more toilsome life of the agriculturist and of the mechanic, and to exchange its unbounded freedom for some ignoble comforts. Until now, therefore, only the neighbourhood of the cities has been open for colonization, since only the Moors easily parted with their land, principally in the first epoch of the French dominion, when, acted upon by religious fanaticism, they emigrated into the interior, without caring for their property. No doubt, the public domain of the Deys and Beys, which has been reasserted by the French, contains many estates, but they are surrounded by the territories of the tribes. Though large in extent, they do not lie in contiguity, and are, therefore, always exposed to the inroads and robberies of Bedouins and Kabyles. They do not allure colonists, for European settlers do not like such neighbours. Large areas have been acquired by drainage; swamps have been filled up; and waste land, which, from the luxuriance

of the dwarf-palm, is unfit for pasture grounds, may be occupied by industrious settlers: but, on the whole, the land is not in a condition which might induce wealthy colonists to settle thereon.

The national character of France is likewise very different from that of England or America. The French, like all the Celtic races, cling more to their native soil than the Anglo-Briton; and there are no greater political rights held out in Algeria for the agricultural paupers, which might allure them to cross the sea. On the contrary, Algeria is dependent on the ministry at war: it is always in an exceptional position; the sword rules as yet in Africa, and the rights of the civilians are not sufficiently guaranteed against the arbitrary sway of the military officers.

The domain of the French government contains now 390,600 hectares of land, of which 160,000 are in the province of Constantine, principally around Bona; 183,000 in the provinces of Oran and Algiers, the old domain of the Deys; to which were added above 100,000 hectares, which formerly belonged to the tribe of the Beni-Ammer, in the province of Oran, having been confiscated when this tribe followed Abd-el-Kader to Morocco.

From 1830 to 1847, about 48,000 hectares of the domain were either sold or granted away to colonists. The Republic again issued different grants to the extent of 22,000 hectares, whilst 250,000 hectares have been purchased by European speculators from the natives. But of this great expanse bought from the natives, scarcely more than 20,000 hectares are really under culture. The domain not yet granted away is likewise uncultivated, except to a small extent in the immediate neighbourhood of the camps, where the soldiers work the fields and mow the meadows. Only a small portion of the domain-fields in the province of Constantine is leased out to natives. The land, therefore, available for purposes of colonization, amounts to about 640,000 hectares, but scarcely 50,000 hectares are really cultivated, the meadows included, which do not require any other culture than mowing, or any other care than that of keeping the cattle out of them.

Now, in order to show the proportion of these figures to the whole extent of Algeria, we must remember that, according to the statistical accounts of 1846, the extent of the Tell—that is to say, of the coast and of the Atlas, the arid steppes of the Belad-el-Jerîd, and the oases of the Sahara not included—was estimated at 15,400,000 French hectares, which were classified in the following way:—

Arable land actually tilled by natives and Europeans,	770,000
Meadows which can be mowed,	770,000
Pasture grounds,	4,389,000
Forests available for timber,	115,500
Forests injured by fire and thickets,	169,400
Extent covered by shrubs and dwarf-palms,	3,696,000
Land overflooded in winter and spring, but affording good pasture in summer,	231,000
Swamps,	23,000
Barren rocks, sand, lakes, and rivers,	5,236,000
	15,400,000

On the whole, therefore, the results of the colonization are not very splendid as regards agriculture. Not one-tenth of the ground available for culture has as yet been taken up, though France has spent millions upon millions to advance the welfare of the colony. Indeed, thirty-four places have been fortified, barracks have been constructed for 70,000 soldiers and for 20,000 horses, and hospitals for 12,000 invalids, to the extent of £2,500,000. We have already mentioned the net of high-roads, and the works of drainage and irrigation; many old Roman aqueducts have been repaired, new ones built, immense works undertaken for the extension and safety of the ports of Algiers and Bona, churches, mosques, fountains, hospitals, orphan-houses, schools, bridges, light-houses, and wharfs raised, and villages constructed. The sums spent in this way amounted, according to the French Blue-books, to above £4,600,000. Above £7,000,000 sterling, have therefore been expended with lavish hands for works of public utility in Algeria in the course of twenty years. The sacrifices of France were great, but the present generation will scarcely get a fair return

for them, as, according to the budget of 1849, the income of Algeria was the following, in round numbers:—

1. Direct taxes,	£16,400
2. Stamp-duty, and income from the domain,	138,000
3. Forests, salt, and import-duty,	134,000
4. Post-office,	33,000
5. Tribute of the Arabs,	82,000
6. From different sources,	34,000
7. Local municipal taxes,	200,000
	£637,400

Whilst the expenditure was the following:—

Army,	£2,160,000
Military constructions,	180,000
Administration,	980,000
Public worship and education,	22,000
The judiciary,	25,000
Post-office, custom-houses, &c.	41,000
Plantation of new agricultural settlements,	400,000
Local and municipal expenditure,	200,000
Total,	£4,008,000
The deficit, therefore, amounted to	£3,370,600

We see, then, that Algeria has surely no right to complain of the stinginess of the mother country; yet in spite of the immense expenditure for securing the welfare of the colony, the colonists did not, as was expected, appear in crowds in the beautiful country, which is only at two days' distance from France. The Government has made easy grants of large extent to capitalists, under the condition of settling a certain number of families on the estates, and of building houses for them, and providing them with the means of living on their first arrival. In vain has the administration sent over the paupers of France, built villages, bought all the necessary agricultural tools and cattle, and even cleared the ground for them by soldiers; in vain have the veterans got land-warrants for their military services; in vain have religious and socialist communities been planted in the Metija and on the Sig, and political offenders sent

over to Lambessa on the Aurès. Hundreds of millions of francs have been spent, and yet the result, as regards the increase of population, is smaller than in any of the new States of America, or in any of the agricultural colonies of England. The reason is palpable, though the French do not seem to understand it: the French Government meddles too much in the affairs of the colonists, even more than the English Colonial Office, and does not allow the action of local self-government; the colonists, therefore, rely entirely on the Government, and do not exert their own energies. It is over-nursing which chokes the African plantation.

As to the natives, they have been greatly benefited by the French conquest. Before 1830, the price of a bull in Algiers was about sixteen shillings, a sheep was sold at two shillings, a hundred of eggs or a hundred of oranges cost sixpence, and a quarter of wheat could be had at twenty-six shillings. To-day the prices are about the same as those of Europe: the income of the tribes has therefore been considerably increased. Many Kabyles, Biskaris, and Mozabites, have been attracted by the high wages into the cities, and the Arabs throng to the fairs with their agricultural products. They begin to become acquainted, little by little, with the comforts of European life, and they possess the means of buying them. They have not yet given up the habit of hoarding; but as soon as they shall become aware of the security which they enjoy under French supremacy, they will spend the treasures which they formerly hid. They have already become the wealthiest Mussulman population in the world: moreover, the wealth has been diffused among them generally; it is not only the chiefs, but all the members of the tribes who grow rich. It is impossible that such a change should not engender great results in their social condition; so much the more, as in all the cities Arab schools have been established by the French Government for the natives, and two Mussulman colleges have been endowed in Algiers and Constantine. Since the French have no proselytizing tendencies, the children of the Jews and Moors, and even of many Arab Marabuts, attend those schools

assiduously. Even the female schools found Mussulman pupils, as soon as the parents became convinced that the children were not Christianized, and that no interference was attempted with their religious convictions.

As to the way in which the natives are governed, the inhabitants of the towns—that is to say, Moors, Jews, and the temporary population of Kabyles and Biskaris—are, of course, under the French centralizing administration, which is still more stringent in Algeria than in France, but less arbitrary than was occasionally that of the Janissaries. The Kabyles, on the other hand, are as free as they ever have been: they owe only nominal allegiance to France; their chiefs, elected by the tribes, appear once a-year before the French commanders, who do not fail to give them the investiture, being unable to control them efficiently. Many of the mountain tribes bear even that token of subjection indignantly; nearly all the disturbances since the downfal of Abd-el-Kader occurred in "Great Kabylia"—that is to say, the mountain-range around Bujia and Jijelli, or farther east on the plateau called by the French "Little Kabylia." But the severe chastisement which never failed to follow any outrage or defiance of French authority, has broken the spirit of resistance, even in the fastnesses of the Jurjura, French columns having, in 1851 and 1852, scoured nearly all the mountains which were deemed inaccessible up to that period. The Arab tribes of the Belad-el-Jerîd are likewise but nominally subjects of France; but even the oases of Ain-Maadi and of El-Aghuat have acknowledged French sovereignty; only the Beni-Mozab and the inhabitants of Tuggurt and Wurgelah remained independent. But the Mozabites court already the friendship of France, well aware that their remoteness from the coast could scarcely protect them any longer from being annexed to the Regency, in case of hostilities. The Sherif of Wurgelah alone remains an enemy to France, and often harasses the tribes which have made their submission to the "Rummis."

The administration of the Arabs in the Tell is now a compromise between the old traditional self-government of the tribes and

French centralization. M. Cochut, a distinguished French economist, describes it in the following way :—

"France governs the Algerine tribes by about one hundred native agents, who receive regular pay from the Government. Seven of them bear the title of Khalifas, sixty-one are Aghas, twenty Kaids. Those officials are a sort of commissioners, transmitting to the tribes and executing the orders of the French authorities; they are the natural chiefs of that Mussulman militia which is bound to take up arms within the territory of their tribes in case of emergency. They assess and collect the taxes; they enforce the fines; they inquire into crimes, and punish them; they are the guides of the French troops. Their principal means of action lies in the superintendence of the fairs, since in those countries the fairs are political assemblies, which bring together the nomade population. It is only at the fairs that the Kaids and Aghas can enforce the payment of the tribute when it is not voluntarily given, since the necessity of exchanging the products of industry for corn, forces even the Kabyles and Saharians to appear in the markets.

"The Khalifas, Aghas, and Kaids, are appointed by the Governor-General, on the presentation of the commanders of the provinces, who have previously to inquire into the merits of the individuals to be presented, of the native and French agents of the different localities. The local Sheikhs and Kadis of the tribes appear every year at the seat of the Provisional Government, and receive their investiture. By this means the French are able to control the loyalty of the tribes. In the time of the Deys, the Sheikhs had to give presents to the Beys for their investitures; the French, on the contrary, give a regular pay to those chiefs, since they are regarded as imperial officials.

"The French agents enforce their authority by the auxiliaries and the militia. The auxiliaries, who are called Makhsen, are tribes in the pay of France, obliged to take the field at the first summons. They get £7, 8s. a-year per head, and £10 for every killed horse; in case of a regular campaign, they are entitled to

an extra pay. There are three such auxiliary tribes in the province of Algiers, and three in the province of Oran; in Constantine, the most peaceful of the provinces, the French have no need of auxiliaries. The native militia, or constabulary, are either Khialas (horsemen) or Askers (footmen): they live upon their fields or among the tribes, and must give assistance to the French agent. The horsemen among them get tenpence a-day, the constables on foot, fivepence. Their number amounts over all the Regency to one thousand eight hundred men.

"At the head of the administration of the natives are the Bureaux Arabes, thirty-four in number. They are presided over by officers of all grades, from the colonel to the lieutenant, according to the importance of the locality. Those officials are required to be thorough business men, conversant with the Arabic, endowed both with resolution and with good-will towards the natives. They have to be arbitrators, but such as shall give weight to their award by the sword. Their powers are entirely discretionary, and are subject to no other control than the superintendence of the higher commanders. They have to inquire into the necessities of the natives, to make known their complaints, to superintend the assessment and collection of the tribute, and to decide all the matters of the tribes which are brought before them; they control the native Sheikhs; they prepare the means of conveyance for European troops; and, principally, they give any information required to the central administration. From fortnight to fortnight they have to report about everything occurring with the tribes, which might be interesting and valuable to know. Therefore every Kaid is obliged to keep a record of all the news in circulation among his tribe, according to certain queries which he has to put to the Sheikhs under his control. The French officer inspects those records, and prepares the report for the Bureau. Each tribe has here its separate book, showing the principal leading facts concerning the tribe—its population, the extent of its territory; its wealth in cattle, horses, and corn; its state of feeling towards France and the neighbouring tribes. Those books give the

statistical information which becomes the basis for fixing the tribute.

"It was not originally contemplated that the Bureaux Arabes should be courts of justice; however, many cases are brought before them, and the officers act as arbitrators, from whose award there is no appeal."

As the Bureaux Arabes afford the French officers an opportunity for distinguishing themselves, but do not offer such pecuniary advantages as might induce them to cling for ever to their post, the service has been until now always prompt, zealous, and effective, sometimes perhaps violent, but on the whole just; and we know that primitive populations do not resent occasional arbitrary measures, if, on the whole, the administration of justice is prompt, and not corrupt. The Arabs of Algeria, therefore, place confidence in the Bureaux Arabes; they call the presiding officers "sons of power," and feel no distrust of them.

On the whole, therefore, we may justly state that a great improvement in the lot of the Algerine Arabs has been the result of their conquest by France; and if European colonization has not as yet succeeded in proportion to the enormous sacrifice of the mother country, the increased wealth and civilization of the natives might, at a not very distant period, make Algeria a valuable acquisition to France, and rouse a spirit in the Mussulman population which should tend to a higher development and revival of energies among the millions belonging to that creed.

Such are the results of the rule of France in Algeria. In a moral point of view, the French have some right to be satisfied with them, principally, when contrasting what they have done in twenty-three years with England's century in India. There, too, the country was chiefly under Mussulman rule when the Christians came in; there, too, the new lords were pushed by the force of events to new conquests, until all the native princes were deprived of their countries, or at least of their full sovereignty; there, too, the wars between the tribes and principalities have ceased ever since the extinction of national independence: the

conquerors secured peace to the conquered population. But here the comparison stops. "Military men have governed Algeria, little caring for the financial sacrifices of the mother country, but deeply interested in the welfare of the new dominion, and therefore often lavish in the expenditure for public purposes." India is governed by civilians, yet military men are always powerful enough to entangle the Government in wars, which lead to fresh acquisitions; but when the generals take any steps towards the improvement of the acquired territories, they all invariably fail to overcome the mercantile spirit of the real sovereigns of the country, and the short-sighted routine of the administration, which does not care for the future. In fact, the Indian Government is an administration by civilians, but of such as are appointed by a company of merchants, which has no other interest in the country than that of a regular moderate income from the capital invested in the East India stocks. They do not like to expend large sums for works of public utility of which the return is not immediate. In order to avoid a temporary outlay, they allow the embankments of the rivers, the canals, and the tanks to decay, and the old palaces, mosques, and temples to go to ruin. Few roads are built; the education of the natives is little cared for; no field is opened to the ambition of the old aristocracy of India; and the cumbersome forms of English law, not congenial to the Hindoo and Mussulman mind, unsettle the moral views of right and wrong with the people. Comparing the late Sir Charles Napier with Marshal Bugeaud, the Englishman towers far above the Frenchman; still the unscrupulous Frenchman did more for Algeria, because he wielded a discretionary power, than the able and straightforward Englishman could do for India. What might men like Sir Charles Napier achieve in the Indian empire, were their energies not fettered by the short-sighted routine of the administration, by the mercantile spirit of Leadenhall Street, and the narrow views of the Board of Control!

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